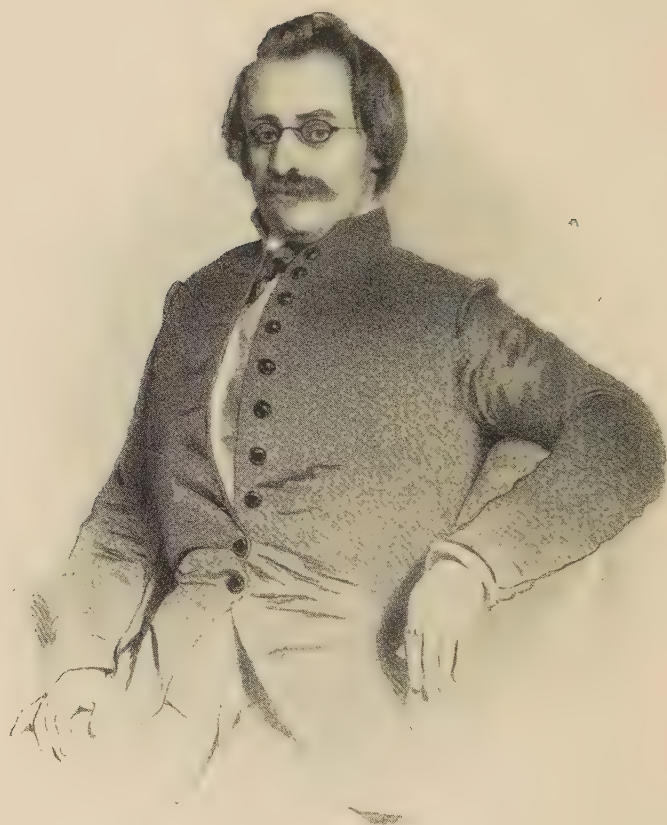


Pilgrims of '48

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Joseph Goldmark

In the coat of the Academic Legion, 1848

PILGRIMS OF '48

*One Man's Part in
the Austrian Revolution of 1848
and a
Family Migration to America*

By

JOSEPHINE GOLDMARK

WITH A PREFACE BY JOSEF REDLICH

*Professor of Comparative Public Law
in Harvard University*



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ἄμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι
μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι

PINDAR

BUT THE DAYS THAT COME AFTER
BEAR TRUEST WITNESS.

Preface

MISS GOLDMARK'S book is, in my opinion, a very original piece of historical writing. The first part portrays old Austria, particularly old Vienna, the leading men of the Vienna Revolution of 1848, and the principal events of that fateful year. The author achieves this by connecting the biography of her father, one of the most prominent men of the Vienna Revolution, with a very careful description of the social, political, and cultural features of old Austria and the life of her people. For this purpose the author makes full use of the original sources of the history of the Revolution which she has studied in the libraries and archives of Vienna. Moreover, she combines with it very interesting source material from the letters and papers of her own father and her family. The documents and speeches which she thus contributes are of real historic value. This whole first part of Miss Goldmark's work is, so far as I know, a first, and a successful, attempt by a modern writer in English to give a lively description of this part of Austrian history. It is a most useful work for all American university students of modern European history. At the same time it is written in

such a charming style that it will not fail to attract a large reading public in general.

The second part, which describes the immigration into America of the parents of the author and their friends, also is founded on private letters and papers printed for the first time. They are particularly interesting because they give a very good insight into the character and ideals of those cultured men and women who, as typical Forty-eighters, emigrated to the United States after the defeat of the liberal and democratic ideas for which they had fought in their old homes in Central Europe. I believe that the second part of the book should also stimulate the keen interest of a wide reading public in the United States.

JOSEF REDLICH.

*Cambridge, Massachusetts,
June, 1930.*

Introduction

IN presenting to American readers the story of the Revolution of 1848 in Vienna, a historical episode which may at first thought seem antiquated in sentiment and remote from the modern scene, two convictions have dominated my mind.

The Revolution of Vienna is, first, in itself of heroic proportions and dramatic quality. It is a story of compelling tragic interest.

It has, in addition, a special appeal for Americans. In the flux of peoples who came to this country at the middle of the nineteenth century, one special group became known as the "Forty-eighters." These were people who, after the failure of their hopes in mid-Europe, sought in the new world the liberty for which the liberal youth of France and Italy and Germany and Austria had died in vain. The Forty-eighters were folk distinguished by certain characteristics. They brought to this country a certain strain, a certain quality and flavor recognized as distinctive. Their lives were knit up into the fabric of the nation. What they contributed is part of the American heritage. As a background, then, of American life, as one of the spiritual sources from which it has drawn, the Revolution of '48 is significant for Americans.

The year 1848 was, indeed, one which left an ineffaceable mark on European society, and the last ripples of that tragic wave of failure which engulfed its high hopes did not die away until they merged into the greater world disaster of 1914.

The year 1848 [says G. M. Trevelyan] was the turning-point at which modern history failed to turn. The military despotisms of Central Europe were nearly but not quite transformed by a timely and natural action of domestic forces. It was the appointed hour, but the despotisms just succeeded in surviving it, and modernized their methods without altering their essential character. The misfortunes of European civilization in our own day sprang in no small degree from those far-off events.

The special story of the Revolution of Vienna has been overshadowed by the more famous revolutionary movements of France and Italy. Yet the Viennese episode has a flavor and an entity all its own. Conceived and carried through in the burning enthusiasm of that extraordinary year, at a period of dynamic emotional and spiritual release, the Revolution of Vienna for a brief time succeeded beyond the imagining of men. Metternich's fall resounded through the world. And for the subsequent twelve months, from March, 1848, to March, 1849, the young men who shaped the destinies of the ancient Austrian Empire, who faced death on the barricades of the beautiful old city, steered with success a middle course between the parties of reaction and of mob passion. More than that, in the brief period of a few months they hammered out a modern, liberal constitution for Austria, more just to its minority races than any subsequent one. That constitution was, unhappily, never adopted; and Europe, blind to the implications of Austria's South Slav problem, proceeded on the path which was to involve mankind in the supreme disaster of the World War.

In 1848 this critical problem—the equal treatment of races in a federal state—had been clearly envisaged. On the momentous thirteenth of March, when the Revolution of Vienna broke out, Adolf Fischhof, one of the characters of our story, Joseph Goldmark's closest friend, in the first public political speech ever made in Vienna pleaded for the reconciliation of national discords within the empire. Again, the most powerful speech of the liberal Reichstag of '48 was made by a member of the Left on behalf of the amity of their constituent races; and his prophecy of disaster to come from unjust racial discriminations was borne out to the letter, after seventy years, in 1918.

The events of the modern day are thus closely linked to the progress of events in '48, and lend a special interest to that struggle.

The Revolution of '48 is significant in another connection.

It was a movement of liberals at a time when liberalism was a potent force in the world: never perhaps more potent than in the wave which swept over Europe in that momentous year. To the men of the time liberalism seemed indeed the hope of the world. They had lived under an autocracy which denied them some of the elementary safeguards of life. They had lived in insecurity of person and belief; in imminent danger of the all-powerful police system, when freedom of speech, or of the press, or of education, was a scarcely whispered hope.

It is easy today to recognize the limitations of that contemporary liberalism; its preoccupation with political aims; its failure to apprehend the industrial slavery which was even then, in Austria, in process of growth. The new economic pattern of society and its control did not enter into the thought of the March liberals any more than it entered into the liberal thought of other lands. Karl Marx, who spent a week of September, '48, in Vienna to preach his doctrine of the class conflict and the true nature of capital, found neither the workers nor their leaders of the university group ripe for his more radical doctrine. In England one of the greatest liberals, John Bright, was, as a mill owner, an opponent even of Lord Shaftesbury's factory acts. It was the liberal doctrine of *laissez faire* in industry which contributed in substantial measure to the terrible plight of English factory workers, and thus led indirectly to the widespread emigration of skilled artisans to America.

Yet the only constructive opposition to the tyranny of Metternich's era was the liberal opposition; before this onset the Austrian autocracy fell with a crash. It was the liberal Reichstag of Vienna, of whose Left Goldmark was an active member, which has forever to its honor two durable achievements of that liberty they had won at the sword's point: the enfranchisement of the peasants from cruel serfdom, and the liberation of the Jews from humiliating taxes and restrictions.

Again, it was the Left of that Reichstag which offered to

Austria's Italian policies a minority opposition which was as steadfast as it was bold; and while the Left failed to check Austria's military program, they stood for Italian liberties in no uncertain terms—to their own cost, as Goldmark subsequently learned. Their protest should in justice be recorded as opposed to the traditional and execrated Austrian policy in Italy. The story of '48 is thus a high-water mark, a culmination of liberalism—today eclipsed in almost every country of the world.

Joseph Goldmark, the central figure in our story of Vienna, was a Forty-eighter in the strict sense. Like other political refugees, he came to this country from a temporary exile in Berne and Geneva, after having fought and having played a leading part in Vienna during the fateful year from March 13, 1848, to March 6, 1849.

The other characters introduced in the second part of this book, the members of the Brandeis and Wehle families, who migrated from Prague, were Forty-eighters in the same sense as were many other German and Austrian settlers in the United States who did not take part in the actual fighting. Even before the outbreak of March, '48, they had reached the painful decision of leaving their native land. They sought a new world which promised them "civil and religious liberty and the fruits of our labor, free from the oppression of princes," as it is phrased in a campaign pamphlet issued in Wisconsin in 1846 by Germans resident there and eager for immediate citizenship.

Disillusionment and despair followed upon the failure of '48. But many of that generation were fortunate in casting off their allegiance to the old country and joining their fortunes with the new at a time when idealism could find scope on another continent. The Great Experiment, the pioneer among nations, invited their hopes not in vain.

* * * * *

"There is nothing that more divides civilized from semi-

savage man," says Trevelyan, "than to be conscious of our forefathers as they really were, and bit by bit to reconstruct the mosaic of the long-forgotten past."

In this chronicle of related families an attempt is made to reconstruct some bits of the mosaic. It is an account in many respects incomplete and desultory, shaped inevitably by the material at my command. The lapses and lacunae are many, breaking the continuity of the narrative. But it has perhaps the value attaching to any authentic story of human generations, of the ebb and flow of human destinies:

All the forms are fugitive,
But the substances survive.

My interest has been the more stimulated to reconstruct this bit of family mosaic because of the invigorating contrast it affords with the grim and painful records of so many recent immigrants to our country who tell a tale picturesque, it may be, but usually one of fierce struggle, of misery and oppression, of final success achieved after a sad disillusionment with the land of their hopes.

The story of this group is very different. Here were immigrants who found their haven. Scant means, stringent economy at times, they knew well enough; and they all suffered hardship of one kind or another. The extravagant dreams with which they came to these shores were bound to fade. The crudity of the American scene to which fortune brought them was, to the older men and women of the family, only too evident. In the beginning, like all immigrants from the Pilgrims down, they were homesick; my grandfather, Gottlieb Wehle, indeed was scarcely able to surmount that homesickness all his life long. Several of the group, owing to the urgency of circumstances, returned later to the old country.

But for the rest America filled from first to last her historic, her immortal rôle as the land of opportunity, and heart's desire. Unlike the alien newcomers of today, especially those of Jewish birth, whose initiation is prone to be associated with

overcrowding and industrial misery, this more favored group entered America through the blossoming peach orchards of central New York, whose delicate rose beauty enchanted them as they journeyed westward on the slow-moving Erie Canal boat just eighty years ago.

Who they were, how they chanced so to be journeying in a company of twenty-six persons, what their past had been in the old Bohemia, and to what future they went forward in the new world, I have sought to piece together from the memories of those living only a few years ago, from old letters, and from Frederika Brandeis' unfinished memoirs. The story of Vienna and my father's share in it is told mainly from the official documents, from his letters, and from the reminiscences of his contemporaries.

Thanks are due to various libraries in the United States and in Vienna to which I am indebted for special privileges in obtaining access to the literature of the period treated in this book: The Library of Congress, the library of Princeton University, and the library of Columbia University; in Vienna, the Stadthausbibliothek, the Parlamentsbibliothek, the Nationalbibliothek, the Universitätsbibliothek, and the Haus, Hof und Staatsarchiv. The student of '48 is not only received in Vienna and its libraries with the charming courtesy characteristic of its people but is made to feel that the story of '48 is a still living tradition.

To Professor Josef Redlich of the University of Vienna and the Harvard Law School I am indebted for his kindness in giving advice in the choice of authorities and also for reading my manuscript.

J. G.

*New York, N. Y.,
June, 1930.*

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PART I

The Forty-eighters in the Old World

Pilgrims of '48

The Story of Vienna

Childhood and Youth of Joseph Goldmark

JOSEPH GOLDMARK was born in the year 1819 in the province of Warsaw. He was the son of a young and passionately attached couple, Rubin Goldmark, a notary and cantor, and Edelize Mendelsburg.

When the child was only two years old, his mother died. The poignancy of that early loss is still manifest in a letter written fifty years later by Rubin Goldmark to his distant son, recounting his first love and marriage. He afterward married a second wife, who proved a kind stepmother to Joseph, showing to him as much affection as to her own large family. Yet Rubin Goldmark never forgot the Edelize of his youth. Her dowry of 1,500 ducats enabled Joseph's father to send the boy to Vienna for a university education, though Joseph, like many students, had in large part to support himself while studying.

My dearest and only son [writes Joseph's father from Budapest in December, 1866], I can imagine how strange the address "only son" will seem to you, in view of my five other sons. Yet it is true, for without considering that you are indeed singled out by your filial love, you are actually my one and only son so far as concerns the memory of your lost mother.

I am impelled to preface my letter with this introduction by the realization that you did not know your blessed mother . . . I believe it my sacred duty to tell you more about her name, her family and her character.

Your mother was the daughter of my stepmother and thus my stepsister. She was born in Kasimir, six miles from my birthplace, Lublin. I loved her with the passionate first love of a youth of twenty-one years and she became my wife. But it was written in the book of Fate: "Not long shalt thou enjoy possession of this angel," for scarcely two years after our happy marriage she was, to my anguish, torn from me to live on in a better world. In *you* she left me the dearest pledge of her love. Her death made me, in the first year of my sorrow, incapable of settling down to any undertaking and so it happened that I an only son, left my

father's house and my home in early youth to find relief for my broken spirit in the outside world. . . .

Your lost mother was the granddaughter of Joseph Mendelsburg, one of the richest and most respected men in the province of Warsaw, and you were named Joseph after him. Your mother was considered a cultivated woman according to the standards of her time; besides being of unusual beauty she was a pattern of gentleness and womanly virtue. She died as she had lived in piety and devotion on December 14th, 1822.

For eight years after his father's departure Joseph lived with his grandparents in Poland. Then his father returned to take the little boy to his new home in Hungary. How tenderly the child must have been cherished is shown by a quaint letter written by his grandmother to his father, directly after their departure from Lublin. Rubin Goldmark had married again in the interval and had a growing family, the youngest of whom was at this time Carl, the future composer. Joseph was now ten years old. His grandmother writes to her son-in-law:

LUBLIN, Thursday [1829]

My beloved and honored Stepson

I was rejoiced to hear that you had arrived safely with the child in Krakau and had travelled home from there. Only I was greatly pained to learn that your son, my grandchild, Jacob Joseph, fell ill of a fever in Krakau. No medicine cures such a sickness. But they say that the spleen of a young heifer helps it. I have no doubt you will laugh at this, nevertheless I write it to you and I beg you in case the child is seriously unwell to do everything in your power to cure him. I need not ask you to be careful. Is he not your son? . . . Write to me with your own hand, for you know how much I love you. I entreat your wife also to take good care of my grandson. I hope she will consider him as her own child, as becomes a mother.

Do not allow your son to run about in the streets. Tell his teacher, so that people shall not have occasion to criticize his bringing up.

Your mother,
LEAH.

From his twelfth to his eighteenth year Joseph was educated at the royal gymnasium of the little town of Keszthely, in

Hungary. From that school he graduated in 1837, the second among the nine *eminentes* of his class, according to an old printed list of scholars preserved by him, together with his reports for each university semester, in all his subsequent travels. In 1838 he went up to the University of Vienna. He was admitted to the philosophical department, where he studied for two years, followed by five years in the medical school. In 1845 we find him taking his practical training in obstetrics. But his bent was always chemical research rather than the practice of medicine and in 1845 he obtained a research post in the laboratory of H. Schrötter, professor of chemistry at the Polytechnic.¹

It was at this time that Joseph's younger brother Carl at the age of fourteen years also came to Vienna from Keszthely to seek his fortune. The musical gift which was to make him eminent was already marked and imperious. He came to study music and for about two years, from the summer of 1844 to the summer of 1846, lived with his brother until Joseph obtained his interneship at the Allgemeines Krankenhaus.² The real companionship of the two brothers, however, belongs to a later period of their lives and may therefore be reserved for a later chapter.

Metternich and the Growth of Liberalism

JOSEPH GOLDMARK'S student years in Vienna thus coincided with the close of what is known as Metternich's Era. To appreciate more fully the significance of the year '48, and the achievement of those who devoted to it their passionate hopes for a new birth of freedom, we must first recall in a general way what was the position of Austria at this time in Europe, and the great odds against which the forces of liberalism had to contend. This brief survey of a great epoch may seem to carry us somewhat far afield from the experiences of Joseph Goldmark. It is, however, essential for a comprehension of his

¹ For the controversy between Schrötter and Goldmark as to the discovery of red or amorphous phosphorus, see Appendix.

² Karl Goldmark, *Notes from the Life of a Viennese Composer*, translated by Alice Goldmark Brandeis (New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1927).

story and for the story and prepossessions of those who, like him, changed their allegiance to a happier land.

We must bear in mind, then, that after the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the commanding figure in the European world was the Austrian chancellor, Metternich. He was the head in fact, if not in name, of the Austrian Government. He was, indeed, much more. He was the dictator of Europe, the head of a "system" of military and political power which for a third of the nineteenth century dominated the Continent. Readjustments of territory after 1815 had resulted in a loose organization of the thirty-eight German states with a Diet composed of delegates of the various princes, over which Austria presided. Thus, after 1815, Austria, the "heart of Europe," had come to hold the first place.

Metternich's policy was to preserve the *status quo*. To this end his "system" was directed. It amounted to what has been called "the policing of the whole continent for the suppression of liberalism." For in liberalism the old master of Austria's destinies saw the first ominous step which must inevitably lead to radicalism and destruction of the body politic. His whole life, to his thinking, had been that of "an apostle of the old order, of battle against the ideas of 1789 and the Revolution which, Proteus-like, had sprung from them."³ As early as 1819 fear of the spirit of liberty set free in the world by the French Revolution had led to the issuance, by the German Federal Diet, of the famous Carlsbad Decrees. These decrees were designed for the purpose of muzzling the press, the universities, and all free thought, and bound the various states to grant no constitutions. A special government official was appointed for each university to supervise professors and students, with power to dismiss any professors whose views he considered undesirable, "hostile to the public order or subversive of existing governmental institutions."

For about seven years after the Congress of Vienna, Metternich's supremacy was absolute. But between 1821 and 1830 the hidden fires of liberalism were once more burning through

³ Heinrich Ritter von Srbik, *Metternich, Der Staatsman und der Mensch* (München: Bruckmann, 1925), II, 244.

the crust of reaction in Greece, in Italy, in Poland, in Belgium. Even though the flames were again quenched in blood, the embers were still alive in the subject peoples, destined to an ultimate outbreak against autocracy.

Autocracy, meantime, was already faring badly in two European countries—Great Britain and France. The famous English Reform Bill of 1832 had, against the strenuous opposition of the old order in and out of the House of Lords, enfranchised a large part of the English middle class. Not only was the franchise greatly widened but seats in Parliament were redistributed so as to give representation to places, including some of the large towns, which had never before been represented. In France the revolution of 1830 had placed on the throne the Citizen King Louis Philippe under the revolutionary tricolor instead of the white flag of the Bourbons.

In both countries, Great Britain and France alike, a new political power, the *bourgeoisie*, had arisen and had won its first struggle with the old privileged orders of which Metternich was the supreme exponent and defender. Henceforth, while still dominant in the mid-European countries, the subtle old diplomatist and molder of empire found himself on the defensive.

The turn in human affairs from which had sprung the new *bourgeoisie*, by this time holding power in these two western countries and destined in due time to confront Metternich at home, was that greatest of all revolutions, which changed the whole face of the world, material and moral—the revolution in industry.

Needless to say, the industrial revolution was not limited to a mere change in manner of manufacture. It inaugurated a new pattern of society. Reacting incredibly far and wide, in a sense subversive of the whole human past, was the change from hand to machine operations. When the first fly-shuttle enabled a weaver to weave twice as much cloth as before, requiring twice as much thread, when with the first spinning jenny a spinner spun eight threads simultaneously, man started on the long road which was to lead to factories, the growth of cities, the expansion of commerce, the stimulation

of science, and most important—as Hayes points out—the development of the new doctrine of political democracy.

While with one hand the Industrial Revolution dealt the masses untold injury, with the other it held out a bright promise of the future. To offset the evils of the factory-system it offered a political remedy, a remedy which had never before been seriously tried,—democracy.⁴

The new political power of the industrial *bourgeoisie* was the first fruit of the industrial change.

It was inevitable that these men of the middle classes, the favored children of the Industrial Revolution, should exercise a powerful influence on politics. Men who by their energy and determination had forced themselves ahead in the world of business were not likely to rest until they had won a place for themselves in politics. . . .⁵

Middle-class reforms naturally followed: in Great Britain, the Reform Bill of 1832 and the repeal of the Corn Laws, municipal reform, free trade; in France, similar essentially middle-class measures, such as extending the municipal franchise, reducing the tariff, initiating an educational program. Under the surface, as yet inarticulate and suffering all the hardships attendant upon the new mass production, the workers bore the brunt of the new era.

But in the Germanies during this period (1822–30) notwithstanding the grant of constitutions in a few liberal states, notably Bavaria and Württemberg, political freedom was still crushed. With the exception of single inspired voices there was here no political revolt against autocracy. Heine, indeed, could write in 1830:

Alas for the great week of Paris! The wind of Revolution [*der Freiheitsmut*] blowing from over there did, to be sure, knock over some of the candles in Germany's dark night, so that the red curtains of a German throne or two caught fire . . . but the old watchmen who do the police work of the German Kingdoms are

⁴ Carlton J. H. Hayes, *A Political and Social History of Modern Europe* (New York: Macmillan, 1918), II, 100.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 89.

already dragging out pails of water to put out the fire and will keep the candles better snuffed for the future!⁶

But at this period, as Trevelyan puts it, the German "men of genius and instincts for action were dedicated to other ideals." Art and letters, and later, philosophy and science bloomed in a wonderful renaissance; in history and philology, in the study of their past greatness, the Germans sought outlets for their intellectual activities. The tragedy for the future of the human race lay in this, that when finally the German national spirit took fire, it was Prussia and not Southern Germany, which obtained the leadership; Prussian ideals conquered and Germany "was destined to be united, not in 1848 on a basis of freedom, but in 1866 and 1870 on a basis of military Kaiserdom."

Meanwhile, even the faint stirrings of revolt awakened in the Germanies when Byron's death focused the world's eyes upon Greece, when Carbonaro heroism turned sympathies to Italy or to other lands where men were dying for freedom—even these faint stirrings sufficed further to arouse Metternich's policies of repression. As late as 1832 and 1834 he forced the passage by the Federal Diet of measures supplemental to the Carlsbad Decrees. Censorship of the press and government supervision of teaching at the universities were strengthened. "All political meetings were expressly prohibited, all revolutionary songs and insignia—the latter referring to the badge of black, red and gold, the symbol of German unity—were forbidden, under penalty of fine and imprisonment."⁷ Additional powers were given the Diet or central authorities to curb any leanings toward liberalism in individual states, some of which, as we have seen, had dared grant liberal constitutions in the face of Metternich's disapproval.

While the Germanies and Austria above all thus remained subject to more or less complete autocracy, another powerful

⁶ Heinrich Heine, *Sämmtliche Werke, Reisebilder II. Italien, Schlusswort*. (Stuttgart, Cotta'sche Buchhandlung), VI, 203.

⁷ Charles M. Andrews, *The Historical Development of Modern Europe* (New York: Putnam, 1904), p. 260.

force was developing in the world following the enfranchisement of the *bourgeoisie*, notably in England and France. This was the emergence of the working classes for whom a further extension of the new democracy seemed to afford the only hope of escape from the miseries of the early factory system. Just as the *bourgeoisie* had emancipated themselves from the tyranny of the old privileged order and had effected reforms in their own interest, so in turn the factory workers, now massed in great cities or in factory districts, who had borne the brunt of *laissez faire* in industry and were living in the dreadful misery reflected in Engel's picture of the England of 1844, began to demand some measures of relief.

By 1848, even in backward Austria, in which modern industry did not develop until twenty-five years later than in England, a new union of liberals, students, and workingmen had evolved. It was not until the demands of democracy were forcibly put by this new, loosely knit, threefold alliance that the long brewing storm broke, encompassing Metternich's fall. How this alliance was formed, what were the actual conditions in *Das Vörmärzliche Oesterreich*, or "Austria before the month of March," as it was familiarly called, we have still to retrace before we reach the great "March Days" of 1848, when a mob of students and workmen stood massed, incoherent and hesitating, before a craven Assembly, and two young physicians, Fischhof and Goldmark, spoke the "first free words" in Austria that signaled the actual attack upon privilege and Metternich's System. This was on March 13, 1848. That very night Metternich, "still very courtly in his blue swallow-tail coat, still suavely ironical," laid down his office and fled; on March 14, freedom of the press and the promise of a national guard was granted; on March 15, the constitution. The harvest at last was ripe for the sickle.

The Old Kaiserstadt

WITHOUT entering upon the vastly complicated national composition of the Empire, or attempting to describe the many different races which were included within its boundaries, it

suffices here to point out the three main divisions of its people—German, Slavic, and Magyar. The Germans were predominant in the Austrian provinces and a minority in Bohemia; the Slavs comprised five separate races, of whom the Czechs of Bohemia were most important; the Magyars were the dominant race of Hungary.

Leaving aside for the moment the feuds and strife of the other nationalities, we will address ourselves first to the history, during the momentous forties, of Vienna, an Austrian city predominatingly German, yet marked by a distinctive national charm and vivacity far removed from the rigidity of the North Germans—more nearly approximated by the more gracious temper of the South Germans.

Joseph Goldmark during his twelve student years, in the heyday of his ardent youth, knew the old Vienna of legend and song.

's giebt nur 'a Kaiserstadt

's giebt nur 'a Wien

ran the joyous, confident Viennese refrain.

During the early forties the beautiful old city—where the Italian baroque style had been molded into so delicate, so lovely a line of façades—was outwardly at its prime. Music, dancing, the theater, the opera—these were not merely diversions, they were the stuff of life itself, “historic inheritances” of the most charming and light-hearted capital of Europe.

“What wonders the air of Vienna can work on the right people, the world is well aware,” says a passionate lover of old *Wien* at a sad ebb of her fortunes many decades later; “Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms have added and still add unceasingly to the happiness of mankind, of all tongues and of all lands.”⁸

Reschauer, historian of the Viennese Revolution, writes with intimate knowledge of the participants only twenty years after the crucial events he records:

In the forties a liveliness was manifest in the theatrical and

⁸ Anton Bettelheim, *Wiener Biographengänge* (Wien: Wiener Literarische Anstalt, 1921), p. 7.

musical world which was well calculated to capture the gay, pleasure-loving nature of its people, and which was responsible for the fact that a new opera, a new play of Nestroy's, a new waltz by Strauss or Lanner, Jenny Lind's appearance, etc., were the talk of the day for weeks on end.⁹

Society in the *Kaiserstadt* in the forties consisted of several different classes. First among these was the imperial court circle, the purely aristocratic, historic nobility of the Empire. During the eighteenth century there had grown up the so-called "second society," consisting essentially of ennobled court official and military families, but including also the scholars, writers, and scientists, the artists and musicians who, though suffering the intolerable burden of the censorship and other restrictions, were the intellectual life of the country. Closely associated with this group and sharing with it a more or less common public opinion was the newer middle class which developed in the early nineteenth century with the advances in industry and manufacture.

In the time before March, before the storm burst, Vienna was at the apex, as it were, of her salient characteristics.

Never was Vienna as Viennese as then. Never was it so full of *joie de vivre* and so charming; never intellectually more productive, never more independent of the outside world, conscious of its own individuality.

And yet the culture of Old Vienna with all its special charm, was suffering a profound change from which it never wholly recovered. Tired skepticism, superficial polish, dizzy sensuousness were growing upon it. In the pre-March days these were only shadows cast upon a lovely sunny picture. The genius of the city was still able to transmute them into artistic forms, its sweet sensuousness to find masterly expression in Strauss, its ironical skepticism in Nestroy. In the extraordinary blossoming of the theater the dream-life of the city assumed the semblance of reality.¹⁰

How real, how important this "semblance of reality" was to the young intellectuals whose indignation with the conditions

⁹ Heinrich Reschauer, *Das Jahr 1848, Geschichte der Wiener Revolution* (Wien: Waldheim, 1872), p. 16.

¹⁰ Hans Tietze, *Wien* (Leipzig: Seeman, 1918), pp. 246-247.

of the real world was now coming to a head, is suggested in a letter from one of them, Ferdinand Kürnberger, writing from his nine long months' imprisonment in Dresden in the spring of '49:

What of the opera? Is "die Hasselt" still singing? How is the theater *an der Wien* getting on and the theater in the *Josefstadt*? Many an opera is being given here during my imprisonment which I have been longing in vain for years to hear, for example the Secret Marriage [Il Matrimonio Segreto] of Cimarosa which Börne calls almost as beautiful as "Figaro's Wedding." And I must be locked up here!¹¹

One of the great events of the year in the *Kaiserstadt* for all classes of society was the annual carnival, when all youth was caught up in the spirit of the dance.

Why now everyone is walzing who is not deep in his winter's sleep or has not the gout [writes L. A. Frankl early in 1848 in his monthly banter to the feminine readers of his "Sonntagsblätter"]. The earth itself which ordinarily only turns on its axis is now walzing around. The dance of the spheres is now—a waltz. And while we are speaking of waltzes, ladies, shall we meet in the Redouten Ball which will be held for charity in the Redouten Hall?¹²

But even in this light column a more serious note begins to intrude:

How many starving people could be fed, how much misery be relieved if women would determine for one whole carnival to go to balls without flowers and would give to charity the almost incredible sums spent on them.

For under the gay, light-hearted surface of the imperial city there brewed the witches' caldron. The elements of fierce unrest—nationalistic, political, and industrial—which were operative in the other countries of Europe were at work in

¹¹ Ferdinand Kürnberger, *Briefe Eines Politischen Flüchtling*s (Wien: E. P. Tal, 1920).

¹² *Sonntagsrede an unsere Leserinnen, Wienerbote. Beilage zu den Sonntagsblättern*, 1848, No. 4. The beautiful Redouten Hall may still be seen in the Hofburg in Vienna.

Vienna as well. In Austria, indeed, owing to its racial complexities, national sentiment was not only to stimulate as elsewhere all the pulses of freedom, but was in the end to dominate the democratic effort and to prove its ultimate undoing.

In 1846 the poet Bauernfeld could still say of the Viennese in his ironical verse: "*Was Regierung! Was Verwaltung! Wiener Schlagwort: Unterhaltung.*"¹³

Yet a serious political observer, Schuselka, later a leader in the Revolution, had three years earlier found the nation already showing signs of change. He justly maintained, says Srbik,

that the Austrians could no longer be reproached with standing still in the midst of the general spiritual upheaval; nor with lack of interest in free institutions. Vienna could no longer be reproached with blindly living the life of the Phaeacians. The people in Austria has grown serious, belief in the infallibility of the higher powers has ceased; people are thinking . . . comparing.¹⁴

In Vienna during the forties the great bureaucratic governmental machine was administered not by the feeble-minded Emperor Ferdinand but by the so-called Council of State composed of Metternich, Archduke Louis, an uncle of the Emperor, and Count Kolowrat, minister of the interior. Under the Council, Sedlnitzky, the hated chief of the regular and secret police, wielded the censorship, inspected private correspondence and saw to it in general that change, *bête noire* of the old *régime*, should not dare to raise its head.

The good-natured Emperor Ferdinand himself was not hated by the people, as was the so-called "Camarilla" by whom he was surrounded, among whom the Archduke John was the only one who held views of government at all sympathetic to liberalism.¹⁵ And behind the scenes, most hated of all at court by the later revolutionary sentiment of the city that recognized

¹³ "What of government! What of administration! Vienna's key word: Enjoyment."

¹⁴ Srbik, *op. cit.*, p. 213.

¹⁵ Later elected Administrator (*Reichsverweser*) of the Germanic Confederation by the Frankfurt Parliament.

her powerful hostility, was the Archduchess Sophia, wife of the Emperor's younger son and mother of the next Emperor, Francis Joseph. Sophia, a woman of remarkable will power and ambition, had early in her career determined that the feeble Emperor Ferdinand should abdicate in favor not of her husband but of her oldest son—a procedure which was in due time carried out. She was popularly known as “Frau Camarilla,” and her own deep resentment of the popular movement was vividly expressed in a remark to General von Kemper in 1849: “I could have borne the loss of one of my children more easily than I can the ignominy of submitting to a pack of students. In the future the shame of the past will seem simply incredible.”¹⁶

But the Revolution of 1848 in Austria, it should be remembered, was in no sense a republican movement. Its leaders aimed, as Cavour aimed later, at a constitutional monarchy after the British pattern, and they viewed themselves as the liberators of the Emperor no less than of the country, from sinister tyranny.

A single example, in the person of an individual germane to our story, may show the lengths to which police espionage was carried. Baron Doblhoff was in 1847 a highly respected member of the Austrian Estates-General, the aristocratic Assembly which we shall soon see swept away for the democratic though short-lived Viennese Reichstag of 1848.¹⁷ In 1847, as a member of the Estates, he had incurred the suspicions of the still confident, still arrogant imperial authorities. In an effort to incriminate him his body servant, an old soldier, received orders from the secret police to report to them each day exactly what persons had visited his master, to repeat whatever conversations he could overhear, to hand over to the police for their examination his master's letters, etc. The old soldier in despair at the rôle he was forced to play finally confessed the whole to his employer. Doblhoff, a man of high spirit as well as high standing, dared express to the chief of police his re-

¹⁶ Quoted in Joseph Redlich, *Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria* (New York: Macmillan, 1929), p. 14.

¹⁷ For his rescue on October 6 by Fischhof and Goldmark, see p. 276.

sentment of this treatment. The only satisfaction he received, according to Reschauer, was the assurance that the espionage had been ordered by no less a person than Archduke Louis, who was—with Metternich and the Archduchess Sophia—chief defense of the old *régime*.

When a nobleman of high repute could be subjected to such treatment as that of Doblhoff, the lot of less distinguished persons who incurred the enmity of the system may be easily imagined. *Bourgeoisie* and workingmen, the liberal professions, booksellers and the press, the university world, professors and students alike, all lay under the shadow of the all-powerful bureaucracy and the military.

The Rise of a Proletariat

WITH the outbreak of the Revolution a new factor in the life of the old city made itself felt and indeed rapidly assumed threatening dominance. It was a factor new and incalculable in its effects. It was poverty on a scale hitherto unknown.

During the later forties, that is in '46 and '47, the more well-to-do classes almost suddenly found the *Kaiserstadt* wearing a new aspect. Penury, misery, and violence stalked among them. In the *Grenzboten* of February, '47, the one independent German newspaper which succeeded in maintaining itself in Leipzig, a contemporary vividly portrays the change:

Our gay, light-hearted Vienna, famous as the Phaeacia of Europe, has been stricken by pauperism, the ghost of the new times and the character which it now presents—once all gayety and pleasure—is all the more terrible.

Whoever knew Vienna of old—with its cheapness of living, the liveliness of its trade, the openhandedness of the prosperous classes and their steadfast principle of "live and let live"—whoever knew all this, knew too how easy it was for anyone to make a living, or even to have enough for comfort. That was the reason why there was such an influx of people into Vienna from the provinces. But how things have changed! Probably there has never before been such universal depression in Vienna, such common complaint . . .

Unemployment has increased incredibly, and the stagnation

of trade and lack of work in the factories has been a chief cause of the distress of the winter.¹⁸

Reschauer quotes another revealing statement of 1846:

Though the newspapers are strictly forbidden to give any news about attempted robberies, murder or theft, every one knows that the insecurity of our streets has increased enormously, together with the prevailing poverty and distress. This fact is very depressing, and any stranger who comes to Vienna now will no longer be able to call it "gay Vienna."

As a matter of fact, the misery in the more distant suburbs is such as has never before been dreamed of in Vienna; the beggars increase in numbers every day. Much is being done, but not nearly enough, to lay the ghost of poverty that stalks, larger and larger, in our midst.

This change in Vienna—the growth of mass poverty, the emergence of an industrial proletariat in the hitherto carefree city of song and dance—was to prove of utmost significance in the Revolution and in the story of Joseph Goldmark. As a member of the Committee of Safety of May, and later as a participant in the grim events of October 6, Goldmark was to learn to his cost the changed spirit of the working classes, though neither he nor his contemporaries recognized the vast import of the industrial changes of the decade. Political oppression and political measures engrossed them; but for an understanding of the course of the Revolution we must briefly turn our attention to the economic life of the country and the economic distress under which it was laboring.

Modern industry developed in Austria, as we have said, more than twenty-five years later than in England. While the industrial revolution had in the first quarter of the nineteenth century changed the face of English life, in Austria the old guild system of handwork had persisted, though it had, it is true, deteriorated in the quality of its products. During the early decades of the century manufacture was hemmed in by all manner of taxes, restrictions, license costs. The high tariff against foreign imports served further to hamper trade and

¹⁸ Quoted in Reschauer, *op. cit.*, I, 52.

industry. Austrian credit was at a low ebb. Machine work was opposed on the one hand by the guilds, desperately intent on maintaining their privileged status, and on the other hand by the Government which feared change of any sort, industrial or political. As late as 1841 there were in all Austria only 231 steam driven machines.¹⁹

But during the forties manufacture began to grow rapidly. In ten years the number of steam driven machines more than tripled. Handwork was increasingly superseded, with resultant unemployment and misery of thousands of working people.²⁰ In Prague, in 1844, the introduction of a new cotton-print machine had led to widespread rioting and attacks upon the hated machinery by the displaced and desperate workers.

Moreover the rapid concentration of production in the hands of a small number of large manufacturers worked great hardship. The small masters in the wool, cotton, and silk trades, in the clothing trades, in shoemaking and leather work, were pushed to the wall and had perforce themselves to seek employment in large concerns. "It is the universal terrible story of our century," says Zenker, "the reduction of the middle class to the level of the proletariat by the destructive power of the great industries."²¹ But these industries themselves failed to absorb the large numbers of small masters, bankrupted by the new mass production, who sought employment, as well as the rural workers who streamed into the capital. Unemployment and poverty, on a scale unknown before, inevitably followed.

A significant incident of this poverty was the increase in the factory employment of women and children. In the year 1845, for instance, in textile and paper factories employing almost forty thousand workers, men made up less than 50 per cent of the labor force. Factory legislation practically did not exist; children as young as nine years might legally be, and

¹⁹ Ernst Victor Zenker, *Die Wiener Revolution 1848 in Ihren Sozialen Voraussetzungen und Beziehungen* (Wien: Hartleben, 1897), p. 255.

²⁰ In certain branches of handwork, such as gold and silver work, the manufacture of lenses and optical instruments, etc., Austria continued to hold its place in world competition.

²¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 51.

were, employed ten hours per day. Weekly earnings were lower than in England or France, while the cost of living steadily rose. To cite a single example, with average weekly earnings of 3.57 florins per person, one of the chief articles of food, potatoes, cost 2.08 florins per peck. Small wonder that the suburbs of Vienna in which the industries were concentrated—silk and cotton mills, machine shops, etc.—were filled with idle workingmen and women, rapidly growing desperate and ready to join any movement which might bring them bread and relieve starvation.

Of any working class leadership in Austria at this time there is no evidence. The writings of contemporary French socialism—Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Saint-Simon, etc.—were unknown to them. They had no leaders, no program, no theories. They had only, to incite them, their suffering and despair. And when March 13 came—the magic day which united all classes—workingmen, seizing the tools of their trade or any implements, joined students and *bourgeoisie* before the Stadthaus, leaving more of their dead upon the streets than any other class, understanding little of the political hopes which animated their new leaders, but naturally joining in any attack upon privilege.

The New Leadership

THERE thus existed, for the first time in the long history of Vienna, a new industrial proletariat, as yet docile or incoherently resentful but capable, under any leadership, of formidable strength.

Leadership, meantime, was developing in a different quarter. For contemporary with the awakening of the working classes during the forties, and notwithstanding the most efficient censorship, the most zealous police, there began to develop among certain groups of educated young men in Vienna views totally at variance with the Metternichian principles of obedient citizenship, views which began to reflect the doctrines of dangerous authors whose writings were so sternly prohibited, under severe penalties, from crossing the frontier.

Sedlnitzky had committed a grave indiscretion. One day in 1842, when Metternich happened to be absent from Vienna on a journey for his health, the Chief of Police had authorized the formation of a literary society designed, so its founders said, for the study of the progress of literature. A highly respected councilor of state, a former teacher of the Emperor, appeared to vouch for the loyalty of the young men forming the society. It bore the innocuous name of the "Legal-Political Reading Club."

Metternich had a keener eye for dangerous possibilities; he never ceased to call the authorization of the Reading Club a blunder. In spite of police restrictions upon its activities it soon grew to be a center of progressive thought. It numbered among its members liberals of the most diverse types and occupations: professors, high state officials, doctors, lawyers and writers, merchants and manufacturers, even nobles, officers, and priests.

In this Club the spiritual life of the capital found expression [writes L. A. Frankl, himself a prominent member and one of the poets of the Revolution]. As the stock market was the best indicator of political conditions, so the club was a thermometer, though in less degree, of public opinion in Vienna. It was visited by all the prominent foreign visitors of almost every European country, who kept us informed, better than books and papers, of what was happening in Germany, England and France, and who did not fail to arouse the great souls among us. These frequent visitors took the place of many a strictly prohibited book, many a forbidden pamphlet. . . .

Baron Sedlnitzky made trouble for the Club in every possible way. For any man who sought a political position or promotion, membership in the Legal-Political Reading Club was damning. The Club tried in every way to show its interest in public affairs. . . . It desired above all to have public addresses on generally interesting questions of the day.²²

One such address on prisons appears to have been delivered, but it aroused too great an interest and Sedlnitzky "saw to it

²² Ludwig August Frankl, *Erinnerungen* (Prag: Koch, 1910), p. 280.

that this speech was the first and last one allowed." He soon began to call the Reading Club the "hearth of revolution," but, as Frankl points out, police persecution only lighted on that hearth the flames of martyrdom.

The chasm between the government and the governed became ever greater. The *Intelligenz* refused to continue to be led in leading strings as though they were minors; they pressed with growing vigor for a change from the patriarchal state based on bureaucracy, army and church to a liberal constitutional state.²³

Among the influential members of the Reading Club were some of the University professors. Like other educational institutions, the University of Vienna had long lain under the black shadow of the Carlsbad Decrees.

In no country was teaching bound by meaner restrictions or more pedantic forms; in no country was the content and method of instruction more anxiously prescribed on paper by the authorities.²⁴

Only a few of the younger professors tried to break away from this intolerable governmental tutelage and to teach more in the spirit of the times. Students of intellectual ambitions who were disgusted by the regulated instruction imposed upon them managed by hook or crook to get possession of the works of prohibited authors which the Government sought by crude police methods to keep out of the country.

"Have you no forbidden books?" travelers were asked at the Austrian border at Salzburg for instance, as a young Swiss student records in a letter to his family in 1828 when tramping through the Tyrol with fellow students from Heidelberg. Many years later, on the other side of the Atlantic, Joseph Goldmark was to meet the writer of this letter as the world-famous naturalist, Louis Agassiz.

"It astonished me, also," continued Agassiz in the same letter, "to see that we were not entered on the list of strangers published every evening. So it was also, as we found, with

²³ Srbik, *op. cit.*, p. 183.

²⁴ Jarcke, quoted in Reschauer, *op. cit.*, p. 66.

other students. It seems this is a precaution against any gathering of students."²⁵

But somehow the ideas of the new time evaded the most zealous police methods.

The influence of the authors interdicted by the censorship upon the views and the principles of a majority of the students was unmistakable, even before the year 1848. At many an examination, the citations and opinions of the candidate proved that he knew as well as the required textbooks,—or even better—the works of Rousseau and Voltaire, Fichte and Hegel, Börne and Heine. . . .

The Austrian educational *régime* tended, indeed, to drive the students into any possible revolutionary movement which might arise. Even before the year 1848, at the University of Vienna, they were more than ready for it.²⁶

The trouble was, of course [as Redlich puts it in his life of the Emperor Francis Joseph], that the intellectual and political life of the people did not stand still during these years. On the contrary, new social forces, new ideas of law and state, philosophy, education and science were exercising a stronger and stronger influence in every department of life, cultural and economic . . . A wealth of political criticism poured forth in pamphlets that, printed in Germany, got smuggled across to Austria in spite of the censorship.²⁷

Under such conditions nothing less than a sensation was caused when Professor Hye of the law faculty, a member of the Reading Club, dared at the Ph.D. examination of a certain candidate to express himself upon a public question. He took occasion publicly to denounce the destruction of any independent state by a stronger one, comparing such action to a murder in private life. This was in December, 1846, a few days after the seizure by Austria of the independent little republic of Cracow. The allusion was unmistakable; the students broke into applause; the imperial officials who were present left the room, together with some professors. Hye would have paid dear for his courageous words had not the Government,

²⁵ Elizabeth Cary Agassiz [ed.], *Louis Agassiz. His Life and Correspondence* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1886), pp. 87-88.

²⁶ Reschauer, *op. cit.*, p. 66.

²⁷ Redlich, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

after a tedious investigation, decided that in view of the dangerous tendencies of the day, it was wiser not to press the matter. The professor's words attracted attention abroad as well as at home. The *London Times* devoted an editorial to the incident, bitterly attacking the Austrian Government.

But it was only single, liberal-minded, and courageous professors in the faculties of law and philosophy, like Hye and his colleague Kudler and Fuster the Catholic priest, later condemned to death with Goldmark, who dared to risk their positions and even personal liberty for freedom of speech and of teaching.

The Medical School

ONE department of the University alone enjoyed an honorable, a unique distinction. This was the Medical School, second at this time to none in Europe, not even to the Medical School of Paris.²⁸ The medical faculty was free, both in its teaching and faculty control. It was no chance coincidence that three of the leaders of the Revolution, Löhner, Fischhof, and Goldmark, were young physicians who had taken their medical degrees in the middle forties. It was, again, no chance coincidence that when the hour for action struck, the medical faculty alone backed the demands of the students and sent a special deputation, under a white flag, through the turbulent streets to the Emperor and his ministers.

We may well ask how the medical faculty had emancipated itself. For it had shared fully in the universal humiliation of free thought. It had sunk to the position of a mere subordinate sanitary council; its faculty meetings were high-handedly conducted by government officials; any members of the faculty

²⁸ "As a medical centre, Vienna has had a remarkable career, and her influence particularly on American medicine has been very great. . . . The new Vienna School, which we know, dates from Rokitansky and Skoda, who really made Vienna the successor of the great Paris School of the early days of the nineteenth century. . . . Austria may well be proud of what Vienna's school has done for the world, and she still maintains a great reputation." William Osler, "Vienna after Thirty-four Years," *Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 9, 1908, I. 1523. Quoted in Harvey Cushing, *The Life of Sir William Osler* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925), I, 116.

who attempted to speak out were subjected to offensive police surveillance.

In the early forties this tutelage began to be felt intolerable. The younger professors pressed for revision of the faculty rules. The Government, in the belief that medical science was in no direct relation with politics, relaxed its restrictions upon teaching to a degree unknown in other departments of the University. The medical faculty made the most of this license, especially during the students' period of practical instruction in the famous clinics of the Vienna General Hospital, when teachers and pupils were necessarily in close contact. The more progressive professors did not hesitate to pass from scientific teaching to caustic comment on social and political conditions; students attracted from more liberal countries by the fame of the Medical School tended naturally to bring in more radical ideas, and to stimulate hatred of the existing political system.

The number of medical students in Vienna was unusually large. Students streamed in from all parts of the world [writes Fuster, who became chaplain of the Academic Legion and one of the most ardent of the revolutionary leaders]. The influence of those who came to Vienna from free countries and who preached the gospel of freedom with youthful enthusiasm was extraordinarily great. To this influence must be added the enlightenment, the heightened intelligence and practical sense which the study of natural science arouses. If you compare conditions in the other departments of the University and their antiquated old dogmatic courses, you will not ask why the revolutionary movement in the March days started with the medical men who might have been supposed to be least concerned with politics.²⁹

Equally penetrated with the new political doctrine was the Polytechnic:

All that has been said of the medical students is true of the technical students. The Polytechnic enjoyed a great reputation. It had large numbers of students both from at home and from other countries who eagerly pursued courses in mathematics and

²⁹ Dr. Anton Fuster, *Memorien vom Marz 1848 bis July 1849* (Frankfurt: Literarische Anstalt, 1850), p. 17.

scientific and technical subjects. Practical competence, keenness, good judgment are characteristics of technical students. Medical students and technicians associated more together than did the other students.

Secret societies sprang up at this time at the University ostensibly for social purposes but in fact increasingly political, their main object being the circumvention of the censorship and the provision, for their members, of prohibited books and papers. Frankl describes these societies in his reminiscences. As early as 1843 the *Iduna* was founded; in 1845 the *Arminia* and the *Helikia*; in 1846 the *Liberalia*; in 1847 the *Teutonia*. By March, 1848, there were nine secret societies among the students.

Young Austria

It is characteristic [says Frankl] that the majority of the members were medical students and that the law students, being better acquainted with legal regulations, were more cautious, especially in the beginning, about joining the secret societies.³⁰

Frankl was himself a medical student, an enthusiastic participant in the secret propaganda of liberty.

In spring or summer, the societies would take long walks to the old Greifenstein Castle, to the Sophienalp or to Hainbach, would hold parliamentary sessions, make speeches and work up great enthusiasm over what they would do after the absolute rule of the present, in the freedom of the future.

It was not only youthful oratory which they indulged in. Frankl goes on to describe their more serious pursuits:

Hilarious and gay as the students were at their *Kneipen* and excursions, and on their walking trips in the woods and mountains, they were seriously enough occupied at their meetings. The ideas which they had gained from books and papers procured by their respective societies, here found expression. . . . Books on the proletariat, on the condition of the factories, the demands of employers and of the working classes were discussed; no con-

³⁰ Frankl, *op. cit.*, p. 317.

temporary questions were ignored. The secret societies corresponded with those in Breslau, Erlangen, Jena, Leipzig and Tübingen, and students taking holiday trips brought in new, fresh currents of thought.

The University of Vienna comprised at this time two thousand students. For us it must remain a standing wonder that these young men, whose contemporaries today are little engrossed by political issues, should have been the actual head and front of deadly revolution, before whose impact the great antagonist went down in a flash and on whose backing the liberal success, during its all too brief period of power, depended. The students of Vienna were, as we have seen, not alone among their comrades in their stand for liberty; they were indeed only living up to the great, the then dominant academic tradition, that with the free play of the mind there goes hand in hand the hatred of oppression, and a passion for human liberty—a hatred and a passion which found release in direct political action.

The censorship, with its brutal raiding of booksellers' shops, confiscation of books by basketfuls and imprisonment of the proprietors, was indeed increasingly felt to be a national humiliation. In 1845 a great petition of the booksellers asking for relaxation of the terrible pressure of the censorship was presented to the Government.

Ninety-nine writers and poets, scholars and artists, almost all the important Austrian names in the world of science and art, Grillparzer at the head . . . the most famous professors of science and philosophy, medicine and law . . . all were signers of the petition. . . .

Metternich . . . did not receive the deputation, since he did not recognize the right of petition on the part of private persons; he declared that he did not know what a committee meant in Austria. In answer to the botanist Endlicher, one of the originators of the petition, Metternich declined in accordance with his political philosophy to have the government hectorred into granting petitions [*der Regierung Koncessionen abtrotzen zu lassen*].³¹

³¹ Srbik, *op. cit.*, pp. 223-224.

It was as though the old privileged order, dimly apprehending though denying its imminent danger, sought by brute force to stem the rising tide—but in vain. What they were persecuting was something too elusive, too subtly interfused, to be crushed. It was the power of great ideas which thrive on martyrdom. The “cup of blood and tears” was drunk, not alone by heroic sons and daughters of Italy.

You dedicate your lives
To her and you will be
The food on which she thrives
Till her great day arrives,

sings Meredith's immortal Vittoria to Young Italy.

But at home in Austria, too, the great ferment was working. In the very citadel of the hated *Tedeschi*, there had grown up a generous Young Austria, not indeed organized under that name but banded together in the various associations and groups to which we have referred, bitterly resenting not only their own wrongs but the added shame of their country's record in Poland, in Hungary, above all in Italy. Under the very eyes of the censorship the most dangerous of teachers, the archenemy of privilege, Mazzini himself, numbered among his disciples many of the youth of Vienna. His open letter to the Pope in January, 1848, urging the Holy Father to place himself at the head of Italy's national movement, made a profound impression on the Austrian radicals.

In the Reading Club [says a contemporary account], people cannot make enough of Mazzini's letter. In spite of other important things which have happened, it has been a constant topic of discussion here for the past week. The passion of his plea has carried away most of us. The publication has made an even greater sensation among the students, who read it aloud day after day in the coffee-houses. Many of them know every word of it by heart.

A fantastic fellow who lives on Wieden Street has addressed a paper to Archduke John, on Mazzini's model, urging him to place himself at the head of the German speaking people. . . . If only the police does not take the matter up.⁸²

⁸² Quoted in Reschauer, *op. cit.*, pp. 76 and 60.

"We feel in Vienna," says another account of a year earlier, "that the Italians' slogan, 'Death to the Austrians' is directed not against us, but against our ossified 'system,' and we ourselves hate this same 'system.'"

The keen sympathy of Austrian liberals with the cause of Italian freedom is, again, concretely shown in the story of Joseph Goldmark; for the military court which later condemned him to death together with his two colleagues of the Left, Fuster and Violand, rested its sentence in part on the championship of Italy by these three young men in the Viennese Reichstag. Indeed the day was to come when the whole Left was to take its stand against the Government's Italian policy.

The Rising Tide

So much, then, for the general conditions in Vienna when news of the Sicilian uprising of January, 1848, the overthrow of the French Dynasty, and the establishment of the French Republic on February 24, ran through Europe like electric sparks.

It would take us too far afield to dwell with equal detail upon the long and complex history of the two other dominant races of Austria, the Slavs and the Magyars. The tragic failure of the Austrian Revolution, which drove Joseph Goldmark and many of his contemporaries into exile, was perhaps in largest part due to the conflict of claims of the many different nationalities which composed the Empire. In Hungary, for instance, the Magyars, who resented the oppression of the Austrian bureaucracy and prided themselves on their ancient constitution, themselves in turn fiercely oppressed the various nationalities then composing Hungary—the Serbs, Croats, Slovaks, Roumanians, etc.

But at the dawn of the Revolution a more or less common impulse governed the essential demands of the Germans of Vienna, the Czechs of Bohemia, and the Magyars of Hungary—that is, a determination to obtain freedom of the press, of

religion, and of person, and greater democracy of representation in a constitutional state.

Neither Hungary nor Bohemia, it should be remembered, desired to break away from the Empire. They acknowledged the Emperor as their dynastic head and legal sovereign, but they demanded treatment as autonomous, not subject races. The Czechs after centuries of oppression had been turning with aroused enthusiasm to the study of their ancient language and literature. They sought recognition of the Czech tongue and nationality, and equality in all things with the Germans, who formed a minority in Bohemia and whom they hated with an intensity fully reciprocated.

On March 3, 1848, only four days after the news from France had been received, Louis Kossuth in the Hungarian Diet in a passionate speech voiced the Magyar demands. Kossuth had already spent three years in prison for his liberal opinions directed against the privileges of the feudal nobles. His speech of March 3 was the spark which ignited the fire in Vienna:

Out of the charnel-house of the cabinet of Vienna a pestilential wind sweeps by, . . . exerting a deadening effect on our national spirit. . . . Our task is to found a happier future on the Brotherhood of all the Austrian races, and to substitute for the union enforced by bayonets and police the enduring bond of a free constitution.

March, 1848, came in, then, tense and ominous. Rumors, fears, excitement of all kinds filled the air. The wave of revolution which had spread through Europe during the first ten days of March had transformed the imperial city. It trembled on the brink of something terrible, something unknown: that great, perilous "change" so long suppressed, so long staved off by the system.

The most conservative elements were now affected. Even the *Gewerbeverein* or Manufacturers' Association had dared to call a special meeting to record their concern about public affairs. In an address to the throne, in language the servility of which enraged the liberals, the manufacturers expressed

their respectful sense of danger threatening the state and its credit, and begged the Emperor to take appropriate measures to restore confidence.

So implicating, so revolutionary was the mere act of public petition that many a prosperous citizen stayed at home rather than risk attending so dangerous a session of his association, and many who came left their homes with misgiving. The Archduke Charles Francis, patron of the Association, who was present at the meeting, after a few moments' alarming hesitation, graciously accepted the audacious resolution. Tumultuous applause followed.

But the address was not so well received at court. Early in March a conference of the highest state authorities was summoned to consider the matter of petitions. On the very day before the outbreak this conference, sublimely ignoring the thunder in the air, declared the "gloomy prognostications" of the Manufacturers' Association to be "exaggerated and untrue" and, in spite of Archduke Charles Francis, actually chose this time to censure the Association for overstepping its province.

On Monday, March 13, the Lower Austrian Estates-General were to meet. It was a sign of the new weakness and division in the Government that, though fearing that other petitions were to be presented and that the Assembly might itself ask concessions, the authorities did not dare to forbid the session.

The Assembly, while it contained some progressive members like Doblhoff, the poet Bauernfeld, and others opposed to the system, was essentially feudal and aristocratic. Neither the great body of citizens nor the peasants were represented in it; nor had the Assembly any thought of resisting the Government or of demanding radical changes. In Metternich's phrase, still effective, the Estates-General "might assent but not assume the initiative."

But the manufacturers' petition, servile though it was, had consequences unexpected and startling. Its feeble phrases had broken with precedent. The imperial presence had been approached, as it were, rudely and unannounced; and nothing

had happened. No one had been sent to prison or even arrested. The imperial sanctity had evidently been overrated; others might now petition too, and more boldly. A flood of petitions broke loose in Vienna. Of these one was a courageous petition of several thousand citizens addressed to the Estates-General. But it was the petition of the students which precipitated the first bloodshed.

On Saturday, March 11, a rumor spread that the students of the University and of the Polytechnic were about to join the ranks of the insubordinate and proposed to march to the Landhaus on March 13 when the Estates were to meet there. They would encourage by their presence and applause the progressive members of the Assembly and carry to them, for transmittal to the Emperor, a petition demanding reforms in unmistakable terms. Such a threat of defiance the police could not ignore. Orders were issued to the Rector of the University to summon all the professors to the Aula or great Assembly Hall on Sunday morning. They were instructed to learn their students' intentions—to calm as best they could, and to restrain the younger generation.

Meantime in coffeehouses and on the streets the spirit of insurrection among the young men was making itself manifest. "*Pereat Metternich and Archduke Louis*" was now an openly heard cry. A group of students from the Medical School and the Polytechnic had been meeting secretly at night, posting sentinels against the approach of the police, to block out the rough draft of the petition which was to be signed *en masse* by all the University, or at least, by all students who had the courage to do so. It demanded in respectful form but unequivocally, freedom of the press and of speech; equality of religious belief; publicity in the courts and equal representation in the Assembly—then still limited to the clergy and the feudal nobility, without any representation of the peasants and citizens.

The last meeting for drafting this petition was held on Saturday night, March 11. Its wording was carefully considered. To the counsels of prudence on the part of some, urging servile phrases and in particular the avoidance of the

dread word "liberty" in their demands, the braver spirits offered a passionate refusal. "Friends! Think of our honor in the sight of all Germany. Rather no petition at all than one that is servile! Those who are afraid have fears only because they think the police system is still in its prime. But this system *must* fall, and even if we are sent to prison, we shall soon be freed. We must dare everything."

These were brave words; but the night of the eleventh was a heavy one, full of foreboding on the part of those who were directing the movement. It had been decided that the petition in its final form was to be brought to the Aula on Sunday morning. Should the police intervene to disperse the students, the first signatures were to be obtained at any cost, the remainder to be affixed to the paper as soon as possible thereafter.

To the students gathering early on Sunday the sight of the professors coming to their conference was ominous. Hye, Endlicher, Fuster, and a few others they trusted. "All the others are traitors and betrayers" was the angry murmur. The Rector had carried out his instructions and was urging the faculty to exert their influence against revolt. Most of them were wholly desirous of so doing.

The temper of the few liberal professors was shown by the great burly priest Fuster, who met the Rector's injunctions with the plea that he could not, at a moment's notice, change the sermon which he had prepared beforehand and was about to deliver at the morning service. The sermon, it must be admitted, was not calculated to restrain or allay resentment. It was a stirring defense, at a time when such words were fairly treasonable, of the ultimate power of truth. A new and better day was dawning which demanded from everyone that he should subordinate his own advantage to the common good. The preacher ended on a passionate note: "In your country's cause," he cried, "no sacrifice can be too great." His hearers, already tense with suppressed excitement, left the church as though electrified, and made for the Aula, where the great petition was to be signed. "If we had not won," commented

Füster dryly in later years, "my sermon would have cost me dear."

In the Aula the petition was read aloud to the assembled crowd amid tumultuous applause. "Pens—a table—sign, sign!" cried a hundred voices. Two professors made their way with difficulty through the enthusiastic mass to the platform. They were Hye and Endlicher who, while themselves liberals, feared the results of this unprecedented independent action on the part of the students and were intent upon checking them. But the persuasion of even the most trusted of the older men now fell upon deaf ears. The hesitations, the inhibitions of years were overcome and nothing less than the actual presentation of their petition to the Emperor in person would now satisfy the aroused spirit of the young men. The most that Hye and Endlicher could accomplish by earnest pleas was that they should themselves be spokesmen for the University, on condition that they would deliver the petition to the Sovereign that day. Upon this assurance the students finally dispersed.

Hye and Endlicher, true to their word, did after much difficulty obtain an imperial audience at six o'clock in the evening. It was short. The significance of the students' bold stand, news of which had profoundly impressed the whole city, had not yet penetrated the court; and the Sovereign in accepting the petition had merely said that he would take it into consideration. He had, however, received into his own hands the brave sheet, embodying hopes and desires now at last in the open, and with this accomplishment the two professors were perforce content. Not so the students. Several hundred awaited the return of their emissaries and at the Emperor's reported response broke into bitter laughter. Their first move, then, had been a failure. They had allowed themselves to be checked by the dictates of prudence. The next day should see a more vigorous demonstration. Let the professors come to the Aula again on Monday and attempt to stop them a second time. In this spirit they awaited the fateful thirteenth of March, a day destined to live in history and in the memory of liberal Austrians ever after.

If we now pause to ask ourselves why the Government, with Metternich and Archduke Louis still predominant, with the

police and military still in control, neglected to take precautions to crush the revolution incipient at their very doors, it is evident that various factors conspired to paralyze their action.

By this time it was evident even to the court that some demonstration must attend the heralded convening of the Estates on March 13; from curiosity if from no other motive the citizens would congregate before the Landhaus; the two thousand students had made it clear that they were bent upon serious action; disorder and violence among the workmen in the factory suburbs had increased. Metternich was not indisposed to grant the Estates some concessions, with the thought that Austria would, if skilfully maneuvered, outride the European storm.

Had not both conservative and liberal sentiment abroad advocated political concessions through hostile critics such as Palmerston, through more friendly advisers such as the King of the Belgians and Prince Albert in England?

Early in 1847, Leopold I warned Austria of the need of adjusting her internal affairs to the new political climate, especially in view of English Whig policies "without on that account falling totally in with the so-called spirit of the times." (*Ohne deshalb dem soidisant Zeitgeist mit Bart und Paletot völlig in die Finger zu geraten.*)³³

Before the storms of March the Prince Consort said to the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Moritz Dietrichstein, that the spiritual and moral movements arising in different parts of the world were so unmistakable, that Austria alone could not oppose them and cut herself off from them; that she could not buttress herself on ancient principles exclusively, instead of instituting reforms in generous measure.³⁴

To the liberal world in Austria, however, there had gradually come to be one *sine qua non* of reform. And that was the retirement of the old man who had for forty years been an ever more potent force, Metternich himself. Nothing can show

³³ Egon Caesar Corti, *Leopold I von Belgien* (Wien: Rikola Verlag, 1922), p. 142.

³⁴ Srbik, *op. cit.*, pp. 247-248.

more clearly the advance of the liberal opposition than the sarcasm in the then famous reference book, Rotteck's *Staatslexikon*, for 1847 actually calling for Metternich's withdrawal.

For decades Prince Metternich has been the centre of the Vienna cabinet. Upon his aging head is laid a burden of responsibility too heavy—as is evident to contemporaries and will be evident to posterity—for any man; too heavy even for the most stiffnecked and overweening pride. Supremely desirable were it that a weary head should be relieved of its burden, should not be exerted beyond human powers.

And yet so firmly entrenched still seemed the old man's power that on March 6, only six days before he and his system were to topple over like a house of cards, Doblhoff was writing to a correspondent in Hamburg: "Friend, we have naught to hope for, Metternich is stronger than ever."

Archduke Louis, the Emperor's spokesman, was still bent on measures of repression only, and in the confusion of counsel early in March, precautions taken by the police were such as might have sufficed for a riot, but were powerless against a determined revolution based on long maturing liberal sentiment against the antiquated Austrian system, led by young men feeling themselves participants in a great, a historic cause and not afraid to die for it.

March Thirteenth

AMONG those who knew that something momentous was brewing for the thirteenth were two young men whom circumstances and their own force of character were to make leaders in the day's crucial events and in the train of events which followed. These two young men were Adolf Fischhof and Joseph Goldmark, known to their friends as Castor and Pollux. They were both assistant physicians in the Vienna General Hospital, each under his own *primarius*. They roomed together and were bound by the close tie of friendship and common interests.

Moreover they had both spent their school years in Hungary, where alone, of all the Empire, the tradition of ancient freedom had survived the Metternichian oppression. A school-

boy composition of Fischhof's—the dramatization of Mme. de Staël's patriotic "Corinne or Italy"—shows the youthful tendencies already apparent in Goldmark's closest friend. Fischhof's first published article, which appeared in 1844, is likewise significant of the sympathies dominating the circle in which Goldmark lived and worked. It was an obituary notice of a young colleague who had died suddenly in Constantinople, whither he had been called as director of the Turkish Medical School founded for the better training of doctors in Turkey. This was still four years before the outbreak. The police were still all powerful, public opinion not yet born. Fischhof writes daringly, in bitter resentment of public indifference to a man who "had set up on the banks of the Bosphorus, in the midst of a fanatical populace, the banner of science, the holy flag of progress.

As children follow the trumpets of wandering showmen, so we are satisfied to follow and applaud every triumph of foreign nations. We hear their news with rapture, as though they were our own triumphs, applaud them in our papers day by day until foreigners are good enough to throw us another bone to satisfy our hunger for world achievements. We Germans are the star-gazers of Europe always looking into the future. We have grown so far-sighted that we cannot any longer see what is happening in our very midst.³⁵

Fischhof had graduated from the Medical School in 1845, Goldmark in 1846. From January, 1846, to May, 1847, Goldmark had supported himself by teaching chemistry and by research in the chemical laboratory of the Polytechnic Institute closely associated with the Medical School. A testimonial dated May 18, 1847, signed by Schrötter, Professor of Chemistry, by the Director and the Vice-Director of the Institute, testifies to the young man's "scientific knowledge, perseverance and competence" during that period, in mineral analysis and analysis of organic substances.

This is not the place to give an account of the chemical discovery made by Joseph Goldmark while working in Schrötter's

³⁵ Richard Charnatz, *Adolf Fischhof* (Stuttgart and Berlin: Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger, 1910), p. 13.

laboratory, of the fruits of which he was deprived by his absorption in the Revolution, and the subsequent necessity of flight from his native land. In August, 1847, he read a paper on his work before the convention of Hungarian Physicians and Naturalists held at Oedenburg, entitled "On the Production of Red Phosphorus."³⁶ This red or amorphous phosphorus was later utilized in the manufacture of the modern safety match.

At the time we have now reached, March, 1848, Fischhof and Goldmark were necessarily, like other young hospital physicians, hard pressed by their professional duties. But they had not studied in the one enlightened and progressive department of the University in vain. They had learned more than medicine.

Professional duties [writes Fischhof's biographer] filled the days, but at night when the lamp was lighted in the little cell of a bedroom the company of good books was eagerly sought. Studies of many kinds filled these arduous months: politics, economics, history—subjects far removed from their medical duties. Indeed, the dissatisfaction among the doctors of the General Hospital was only a reflection of the intense bitterness which existed in all intellectual circles in the city. The anticipation of great events to come ran through the world; it was felt that something new and strange was impending.³⁷

Every free hour which could be won from their medical practice and scientific study the two young men devoted to their favorite political and philosophical writers [says a sympathetic obituary notice of Joseph Goldmark's life].³⁸ Among these Rousseau and Börne were prominent. A group of medical colleagues and other friends gathered about them, all young men in the late twenties or early thirties, who sought to construct an ideal state and society, far removed from pre-March Austria, the realization of which every one of them hoped to live long enough to see.

³⁶ "On the Production of Red Phosphorus. By Dr. Josef Goldmark of Vienna," Geyza Halasz [ed.], *Historical Sketch of the Convention of Hungarian Physicians and Naturalists Held at Oedenburg, Aug. 11-17, 1847* (Pest: G. Emich, 1863), p. 178. For further discussion of this subject see Appendix.

³⁷ Charmatz, *op. cit.*, pp. 15-16.

³⁸ *Deutsche Zeitung*, Wien, April 21, 1881.

They were constantly together with one another; they discussed the writers of the day, the personalities whose words echoed far and wide in all countries from France, England, Hungary. They were enthusiastic for the German and Italian struggles for unity and hated with an equal passion Guizot and Metternich with his satellites.

But all this was necessarily in secret (in camera caritatis). The outside world knew nothing of this turmoil. Passionate as were the feelings of these fiery young men they were under the hard necessity of earning their living and had to devote their energies to their professions.

On the morning of March 13 Adolf Fischhof and Joseph Goldmark, having completed their early morning duties at the General Hospital, had each one gone his separate way to the Landhaus. A great mob stood before it. In the center were massed the students, surrounded by crowds of citizens and workmen from the suburbs.

The students had met, as planned, at the Aula in the early morning. Large groups of medical students and students of the Polytechnic had marched over to join their comrades of the other University faculties, philosophical, legal, etc.

As soon as I reached the University at eight o'clock in the morning [said Füstcr in after years], I beheld the true face of Revolution. My colleagues wanted to discuss matters further and still try to dissuade the students from action, but they could not get a hearing. Only one of the philosophical faculty, Professor Kunzek, the physicist, was at least listened to. He had taught for many years at Lemberg, had seen the sad fate of the Polish students who took part in the Revolution there. He had seen his own beloved pupils dragged off, in chains, to prison. He could not believe that a revolution would prevail now against the power of the Government. At the thought of the sad fate that these young men, like the Polish students, would encounter, he was so much overcome that he was moved to tears.

The students revered the humane old man [*hatten Respekt vor dem alten menschenfreundlichen Manne*]; they listened to his description of the fate of the Polish students but were not dissuaded from their undertaking.⁸⁹

⁸⁹ Füstcr, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-28.



*Courtyard of the Former Landhaus, Vienna, 1929
Scene of the Speeches of March 13, 1848*



*Wellhead in the Courtyard of the Former War Building
Where Latour Fell, October 6, 1848*

Professor Hye had reported to the assembled crowd the reception of their petition by the Emperor. It was greeted by hooting. "Not an hour's delay!" "We speak for the people!" "The Estates must face action." "To the Landhaus; to the Landhaus!"—such were the cries of the now thoroughly aroused young men.

"Never shall I forget that sharp loud unanimous *No* which rang out in answer to the professors," wrote Dr. Hans Kudlich in reminiscence of these days.⁴⁰ He was at this time an enthusiastic young fellow of twenty-five years, recently come to the University from the parental farm in Silesia where he had grown up, and where he had known from earliest childhood the intolerable feudal servitude of the Austrian peasants, even those of substantial means. In his memoirs, written twenty-five years later, the scene lives again in all its intensity:

I still see before me the wildly enthusiastic group as they crowded into the Aula on the 12th and 13th of March. I still see before me the long line of those marching to the Landhaus, determined to cover Austria's shame with their bodies, their lives. . . . Truly, comrades, we lived through great days. A sad sequel, to be sure, followed. We had to see the whole glorious spring sowing trodden underfoot by the rough boots of soldiers. But just to have lived through those days is enough for one life.

The students' march through the city to the meeting of the Estates had been in the nature of a triumphal progress. "To the Landhaus!" was echoed at every street corner, and from all sides crowds of citizens, including not a few women, and workingmen from the suburbs joined the enthusiastic, exalted band marching quietly forward in regular formation. "Something is going to happen at last. The whole University has turned out," cried the onlookers. As they passed the Magistrates' building in Jordan Street someone called out, "Down with the Mayor's rule." "*Pereat, pereat*" was the deep response. At the Judenplatz an old man addressed the marchers in a loud voice, tears rolling down his cheeks: "God bless the

⁴⁰ Hans Kudlich, *Rückblicke und Erinnerungen* (Wien: Hartleben, 1873), I, 153.

youth of Austria. Long live young Austria." "Long live Austria!" called back the marching students.

In the neighborhood of the Landhaus [says Reschauer], a dense crowd had collected. "Here they are; the students are coming" was the universal shout as the procession approached, and the crowd separated right and left leaving an open space up to the Landhaus through which the young men might march without hindrance.

But arrived at their goal, the marching throng stood in hesitation. What should be their next step? To make a demonstration before the Landhaus, to put heart into the Estates had been their intention. But the doors were closed. No man knew what was going on behind them. No sign came from within.

Fischhof and Goldmark in the midst of the crowd waited with the rest for something to happen. They grew restive, anxious, alarmed finally lest the golden moment pass and the momentum which had so long been gathering be lost without impelling the Assembly to action.

"It seemed to me," said Fischhof in later years, "that we could not bear to lose a moment such as had never before occurred in Austria. Was there no one who was man enough to kindle the crowd, no one capable of putting into enthusiastic words the great historical significance of the occasion?" "You are no better than the rest," he said to himself. He had not spoken in public before; but the greatness of the occasion carried him away and fired his eloquence. He gave no thought to the "Damoclean sword of the police" hanging over them all; he thought only of his country. "Listen, friends," he cried aloud. "Silence, listen!" cried those standing near him. The crowd began to push toward the speaker. Two young men raised him on their shoulders. From this height he could be both seen and heard. He plunged into his subject:

This is a great day, a day of the deepest significance, when after a long, long time the Austrian Estates-General meet to express the wishes of the people and to lay before the throne the ideas which are filling men's minds. But if this day is to fulfill its

destiny, we must play our part. We must hearten the men up there by our encouragement, strengthen them by our support, lead them, by our participation, to the goal we desire. We have a solemn mission to perform [he went on with heightened enthusiasm], *he who on this day has no courage belongs in the nursery.*⁴¹

The crowd of students and citizens was listening intently. They broke out into wild applause. Every sentence was cheered to the echo. When he could make himself heard, Fischhof continued: "Time presses; perhaps only this moment is ours. So let us sum up briefly, but with all the force at our command, what we need, what we ask, what we demand."

Rapidly he enumerated them, the rights denied so long, now so well worn, then new, radiant, seemingly the hope of the world. "First of all, freedom of the press." He quoted Sheridan's impassioned words with an equal passion. "Give me a servile upper house, give me a cowardly lower house. Leave me only a free press and I dare them to touch a single one of the liberties of old England."

Next in order, freedom of belief, freedom of teaching, representation of the people, a united Austria:

Ill advised statesmanship has kept the peoples of Austria apart. They must find a common meeting ground and increase their strength by union. Then the weakness of one nationality will be balanced by the force of the others, and their united strength, if devoted to the good of the state, will raise Austria to a pitch of power and well-being hitherto undreamed of.

In these words Fischhof at the very dawn of the new political day, with genuine political sagacity, touched on the political problem which was crucial not only at the time, but which was to prove momentous for our own generation and for the world's future—the problem of the federal or federated State. The excessively centralized *Polizeistaat* or police state of Metternich's devising was soon to collapse. The federal or federated state of various nationalities—involving problems of local autonomy versus centralized control—was to be the cen-

⁴¹ Charmatz, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-20.

tral issue of the new political program. Fischhof in his initial speech voiced not only the great liberal aspirations, but foreshadowed the specific constitutional and racial problem impending before Austria. "Long live Austria and its glorious future!" he shouted at the end. "Long live the federated peoples of Austria. Long live freedom!"

"So the great word was out and its enemies had heard it" for the first time, in a great public meeting in the old feudal city. Far and wide it echoed. The people of Vienna had risen and had a voice. "Freedom, freedom!" "Metternich must resign!" "Arms, arms for the people!" "The censorship must go!" "Now or never!"—such were the cries which made themselves heard through the furious excitement and noise following Fischhof's speech. The throng surged to and fro in the uproar, still in chaos, not yet clear whither or where it should turn.

Gradually a small group began to gather about another young man, who was urging with all the power at his command that the crowd should form in order, should force their way at once into the meeting room of the Estates and compel them to seize the moment for action. The members of the Estates, he said, must set out at once for the Hofburg, and demand from the Emperor himself the abandonment of the system and all its works. Let everyone follow the Assembly and within a few moments all Vienna would be on foot and ready to back the demands of its representatives.

This second speaker following Fischhof was Goldmark. Finally he made himself generally heard in the uproar:

Listen, friends, if we stay on here in this court making speeches, that will not help us or our fellow-citizens. We have had enough talk among ourselves. Now is the time to get the Estates to act. [*Der Monologe hätten wir genug gehört, suchen wir lieber mit den Ständen ein Zwiegespräch anzuknüpfen.*]⁴²

This proposal [says Bach in his carefully documented history of the time] was received with a storm of applause. If Fischhof's speech was revolutionary from the mere fact of having been made, Goldmark's proposals were much more revolutionary. Most of

⁴² Reschauer, *op. cit.*, p. 186.

the crowd had vaguely intended to make a demonstration of sympathy with the Estates, and the situation had become painful just because the demonstration seemed doomed to failure. Goldmark cut the Gordian knot: the Estates must be compelled to take action and given a warning.⁴³

Goldmark's words, says Reschauer, gave the crowd their cue. They turned to the windows of the Landhaus, overlooking the court, where various figures were seen crowding forward, and then putting Fischhof at their head they made for the doorway which led to the assembly chamber.

From now on the scene resolved itself into a bitter conflict of will between the conservative Estates under their cautious president Montecucculi, playing for time, and the enthusiastic students and citizens determined to force the issue of direct dealing with the Sovereign. The crowd which had followed Fischhof into the chamber in great disorder did, it is true, at the exhortation of their leaders withdraw again to the courtyard. But there oil was poured upon the flame of their impatience by the burning words of no one less than Kossuth himself. His speech, just translated from the Hungarian into German, was read aloud by a young Tyrolese student, punctuated by the wildest applause. Every denunciation of the system, every appeal for freedom by that incomparable orator fanned the excitement higher. The arrival at the close of the speech of a written communication from the Estates who had been in private session, was the final straw. Far from agreeing to carry the demands formulated by Fischhof to the court, they once more proposed some lukewarm measures of relief. At this the crowd again and with greater violence broke into the assembly chambers, and practically drove out the reluctant legislators to set out for the Hofburg. Not even the arrival of the soldiers who appeared in the Herrengasse at this moment could stay them or undo what had been achieved.

The military arrived; and the Revolution came into being in a baptism of blood. The first victim to the glory of the University was a young student only eighteen years old, a hand-

⁴³ Maximilian Bach, *Geschichte der Wiener Revolution im Jahre 1848* (Wien: Ignaz Brand, 1898), pp. 9-10.

some and brilliant young mathematician, whose untimely death roused his comrades to desperation. This was no "kid-glove" (*glacéhandschuh*) revolution, as has sometimes been intimated. In Kudlich's honest narrative the fierceness of the military attack upon the students and working people is amply evident:

The *Pionniere* began to bayonet and shoot on us defenseless men at the command of their furious commander Czermak—let his name be remembered! They beat at us with their gun barrels and butt-ends. The captain cut in with his sword, stabbing right and left accompanying every blow with curses: *Canailles*, wretches, take that! A soldier with a bayonet attacked me, twice he tried to reach my breast. My stick saved me. Twice I parried the bayonet and protected myself with my stick. He attacked me again and pierced my uncovered right hand. His bayonet was so sharp, my excitement so great that I felt no stab or pain. The wound was star-shaped. Not until a warm stream of blood flowed down my face and trickled from my hat, did I notice that it came from my hand. My opponent had pierced my right hand near the wrist and had cut into the pulse [*radialis*].

I knew there was no time to lose, ducked into the midst of the *Pionniere*, pushed through them, ran about twenty steps up the Herrengasse until I could turn off left into a little street. Here I saw corpses lying about. Crying out for vengeance, covered with blood from head to foot, I reached the Wallnerstrasse where I fainted from loss of blood. When I regained consciousness I was sitting in an armchair in a surgeon's office, the surgeon was busy binding up my hand.

A few days later the young man wrote exultantly to his father and mother on their Silesian farm:

Writing with my left hand! My right is wounded in our country's defense. . . . It was Monday. We were victorious and threw 5000 soldiers out of the city. In the new constitution the peasants will be represented too and have a share in settling taxes and laws. I am proud of my wound. Many were killed. Fourteen are to be solemnly buried today.

By the afternoon of March 13 in all parts of Vienna there was fierce fighting. The demand for arms, for the formation of

a national guard, for concessions of all kinds grew apace. Even the members of the Estates, who had now reached the court, were urgent for concessions.

For the first time in the history of the imperial city barricades were improvised against the police and the soldiers, whose firing upon unarmed citizens aroused bitter resistance. The workingmen fought with whatever weapons they could get hold of—crowbars, axes, stones, and heavy sticks—forcing their way into the inner city from the suburbs.

The students, congregating again at the University, were desperate for arms, without which they felt themselves powerless to follow up the morning's victory. The Rector, under strong pressure, had been dispatched to the Council of State at the Hofburg to claim an ancient privilege of the University and demand that the students be armed in the interest of the public safety. By nightfall he had not yet returned from his embassy and the young men were determined to wait no longer than nine o'clock before resorting to the desperate exploit of storming the armory. An eyewitness describes the agonizing delay and the imminent danger which still hung over the leaders of the Revolution. Fischhof was indeed being urged by his friends to flee the city that night.

What would the next day bring forth? New slavery, new misery, prison and chains for those who had fired and thus far led the Revolution. I seemed to see in the halls of the revered old University none but candidates for the Spielberg. The tragic fate of Silvio Pellico, Maroncelli, Gonfalonieri, and many other political martyrs forced itself more and more painfully on my remembrance. It was a terrible hour. "Arms, arms!" That was the common, agonized cry. And God had mercy. The arms came, and never was a loved one more passionately, more enthusiastically greeted by her beloved than the weapons were by the students.⁴⁴

They were to march to the arsenal to receive muskets. It was again a triumphal tour. For meanwhile, at the Hofburg, the incredible, the almost inconceivable had come to pass. All afternoon through the turbulent streets successive deputations had made their way to the court, first the Estates, then a

⁴⁴ Dr. Schlesinger, quoted in Reschauer, *op. cit.*, p. 267.

group of well-known citizens, then the Rector of the University with attendant professors, finally members of the medical faculty, known at that time as the most fearless champions of freedom. "Way for the doctors! Free passage for the representatives of liberalism," the crowd had yelled in recognition of the medical men as they passed under white flags through the throngs.

Under pressure from all these successive arrivals, insisting, as had Lafayette at a different court shortly before, that the popular uprising [*émeute*] had swelled to a revolution, the Council of State finally comprehended that the game was up. Some authentic, some paramount concession must be made to allay the storm. It was the final mark of Metternich's long supremacy that at the crucial moment no other sacrifice than he himself would suffice.

"*Le 13 Mars au soir une générosité et une délicatesse exagérée vous ont engagé à nous quitter,*"⁴⁵ Archduchess Sophia afterward wrote to the old statesman in London, but all the world knew that the bulwark of the old order had gone down before the glorious 13th of March. By half-past eight in the evening the news spread like wildfire that Metternich had resigned.

The city [writes another eyewitness] was soon illuminated in token of joy and the University was the spot where the joyful tumult was greatest. For the University could assert: "This is my work. People of Austria, I have saved you."

As Fischhof's biographer puts it:

The most daring dreams were exceeded. The impression made by the events of March 15, 1848, were never forgotten by any contemporary. The people had risen and Austria could celebrate its new birth, social and political. Ferdinand Kürnberger wrote in triumph: "The youth of the University said *Let there be light*, and there was light. The world was made in six days, Austria in two." Even the ill-humored and timid Grillparzer admitted in those days: "Fellow-citizens! You have done a heroic work. No one can fail to admire you."

⁴⁵ Quoted in Redlich, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

Indeed no people ever celebrated their liberty with more passion, more true feeling than did the Viennese, who seemed to many a graybeard to be changed beyond recognition.⁴⁶

Long did the University cherish the glorious record of her sons. "*Wir feiern noch die Märztage*" (we still celebrate the March days⁴⁷), said one of the leading men of the medical faculty, Dr. Lothar von Frankl-Hochwart, chief of the Neurological Department, to the writer of this chronicle in 1912. It was his father, Ludwig August Frankl, the well-known poet, who in the first uncensored political verse in 1848 had sung the glories of the University's achievement. The verses, composed in the heat of the moment while on sentry duty, do honor less perhaps to the young poet's literary gifts than to the great emotion under stress of which they were composed, and which was shared by so large a portion of the people of Vienna.

*Was kommt heran mit kühnem Gange?
Die Waffe blinkt, die Fahne weht,
Es naht mit hellem Trommelklange
Die Universität.*

*Und wendet ihr euch zu den bleichen
Gefall'nen Freiheitsopfern, seht:
Bezahlt hat mit den ersten Leichen
Die Universität. . . .*

How far and wide the exploits of Vienna echoed may be shown by an extract from the London *Times* leader of March 21, 1848—a week after Metternich's flight to England.

The last beam of the old system has given way; or, to speak more respectfully of so experienced a statesman, Prince Metternich has been compelled to retire from a contest which he can no longer wage. . . .

Indeed, whilst the changes and perils of the most extraordinary half-century in the history of mankind have rolled to and fro upon the tides of time, the spectacle of that old man, whose

⁴⁶ Charmatz, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

⁴⁷ An article commemorating the March days still appears annually in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna on March 13 or 14.

reign commenced while our fathers were still young men, seated in immutable decrepitude at his wonted seat, seemed the sole remaining thing of an age that is past, . . . that, too, is gone—the oldest minister of the oldest court has been driven from office.⁴⁸

We have dwelt on the part played by Fischhof and Goldmark in precipitating the extraordinary events of March 13. In the period which followed, first of exaltation and hope, then of frustration and despair, the great day stood for them both, as it did for all the liberals, as the supreme symbol of triumph over impossibilities to be invoked at any crisis.

“Do not let us ask whether this can succeed or not,” cried Fischhof at a difficult meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of Thirty on the framing of the Constitution, of which he and Goldmark later were members. “Let us just remember that the 13th of March succeeded and do our duty as representatives of the people, come what may.” And Goldmark declared that since the 13th of March he had held to the principle *what you do, do thoroughly*. In March they had not been deterred by the dictates of prudence; why should they be now?

Goldmark's Public Life

MARCH 13, then, saw the resignation of Metternich, the arming of the students. On March 14, the censorship was abolished and an Assembly of representatives from all the provinces excepting Hungary and Venetia was promised. On March 15, the hated Sedlnitzky resigned and a new constitution was promised.

The months following these great days were the springtide of the liberal revolutionary movement, carrying on its irresistible current the still hesitant, still reluctant reactionaries. On March 20, the Academic Legion had been formed, whose picturesque uniform of blue with its Calabrian hat and waving plumes could not disguise the deadly earnest of its young members. Of this corps, which was to play a formidable part in the summer's activities, Goldmark was a captain. A much more

⁴⁸ Quoted in Louis Leger, *A History of Austria-Hungary* (New York: Putnam, 1889), p. 525.

responsible post which he also held at this time was the presidency of the Student Committee, a small group of students and professors who controlled the policies and actions of the Legion. To the amazing scope of this small group, Ernst von Violand bears witness:

Workmen and peasants all turned for assistance to the students who did all they could, in the almost total lack of any responsible government, to preserve order and to afford assistance.

If there were complaints against an employer, students went to him and obliged him by persuasion or threats, to live up to his promises. If anyone was in great need, the students took up a collection. In excessively long-drawn trials, the students personally or through the newspapers put pressure on the officials and judges to do their duty. . . . If anyone was sick, the medical students prescribed for him or referred him to some well-known and kind physician. In short, everything, affairs of honor, quarrels, hardships, every imaginable kind of thing came before the students' Committee.

It must be admitted to their credit that they handled things in their self-appointed field with surprising skill and usually with satisfactory results. Their reputation and the confidence of workmen, small shopkeepers, and the peasants increased from day to day. Their power grew thereby; their fame spread to the smallest villages in the provinces, whence peasants often came on behalf of their communities and begged to have students sent to teach them their rights and arbitrate their quarrels.

The students were the terror of every village tyrant however distant from Vienna; the terror of every dyed-in-the wool bureaucrat [*eingefleischten Bureaukraten*]; of the Jesuits and Ligourians, indeed of all enemies of the people whatever their cloth.

But it was not only their enthusiastic compatriots like Violand who were ardent admirers of the student group. When the young Viennese delegates made their way to a student convention in Eisenach, Germany, preceding the Frankfort Assembly of June, 1848, one of the German boys whom they met there was a future American citizen, a future American Cabinet officer under President Cleveland—Carl Schurz. Schurz was himself later to play a heroic rôle in the German struggle for

liberation. In his *Reminiscences* he writes of the impression made by the Viennese delegates at Eisenach:

Those who attracted the most attention both within and without our assembly were the Viennese of whom nine or ten had reported themselves. They wore the handsome uniform of the famous "academic legion"—black felt hats with ostrich plumes, blue coats with black shining buttons, tricolored black-red-gold sashes, bright steel-handled swords, bright gray trousers, and silver-gray cloaks lined with scarlet. They looked like a troop of knights of old. . . . But it was not their outward appearance alone that distinguished them. They were men of marked ability and already had a history behind them which made them an object of general interest and appealed in a high degree to the imagination.

Nowhere had the university students played so important and prominent a part in the revolutionary movements as in Vienna. To them was largely owing the uprising that drove Metternich from power. Deputations of citizens and peasants came from all parts of Austria to present their grievances and petitions to the "Aula," the headquarters of the students, which had suddenly risen as an authority omnipotent in the opinion of the multitude. . . .

It was, therefore, not astonishing that the Viennese legionaries, who had already made so much history, were among us regarded as the heroes of the day, and that with eager attention we listened to their reports about the condition of things in their country.⁴⁹

Yet many of the students of the Legion had paid dearly for their achievements at home and their standing in the liberal world. Fuster, their devoted chaplain, who never outgrew the enthusiasm of youth, bears witness to the sacrifices made in joining the Legion by the sons of conservative families:

The members of the Legion, whom I called my sons, suffered greater hardship than I did. Not only their friends and acquaintances, but even their nearest relatives, their parents and grandparents, brothers and sisters repudiated them. . . . Many students from rich homes had to apply to the Legion Relief Fund because their parents refused to support them. Many fathers

⁴⁹ Carl Schurz, *Reminiscences* (New York: Century, 1907), I, 145-147.

and mothers refused to pay for the uniforms of their sons who were members of the Academic Legion.

On the Tuesday after Easter there was to be a parade of the National Guard and the regular troops. The Legion decided to parade also. Fuster in his reminiscences recalls the Legion's appearance and the fine figure it cut:

Notwithstanding the rain the parade was a great success. The Legion was drawn up before the tent in which mass was celebrated. This was the first time it made its appearance, all together. The officers were in Legion uniforms; the other students wore Calabrian hats or German students caps, some were in uniform. The band played the solemn German national anthem, the whole Legion joined in singing it. It was a great moment. . . .

The Legion was the finest sight in the whole parade. Certainly there has never been a handsomer corps. It was the first corps of the *intelligenz*; indeed, so large a one had never existed before.⁵⁰

Fuster enumerates them all with gusto: medical students, law students, technicians, academicians, philosophical students.

"And among them the older men of the *intelligenz*, the faculty members, the older and the younger generation, full of enthusiasm for liberty, bound together in defense of their country."

On April 25 the constitution promised in March was promulgated. To the liberal forces it proved bitterly disappointing. It proposed the establishment of two chambers, that is, a senate composed of princes, nobles appointed by the crown, and large landholders; and an Assembly restricted to men of narrowly limited qualifications. The working classes were expressly disqualified from serving.

But in the short space of two months the face of Austrian life and manners had changed; and where before March 13 the students had formulated in danger and secrecy a halting petition, they now on May 5, under Goldmark's presidency, addressed to the Government a vigorous protest on the proposed composition of the Diet:

We are convinced that it is only mutual confidence which makes

⁵⁰ Fuster, *op. cit.*, pp. 99 and 105.

a government strong, a people happy and satisfied. A constitutional nation must have this confidence chiefly in its representatives, its legislative body. But this confidence our people cannot have if the first Reichstag, which is to decide the most important questions—so important for Austria's whole future—is not based on an election expressing the true will of the people.

To assure such an election, in which no class should be favored and none neglected, to assure "the rapid and energetic development of constitutional freedom," the Student Committee proposed immediate change in the qualifications proposed for representatives. They feared the senate especially, both the crown's power of appointment and the property qualifications. The great landowners, said their protest incisively, would seem to the people mere spokesmen for "the most dangerous of all aristocracies, the moneyed aristocracy [*Geldaristokraten*]." They demanded election of both chambers by the people, and other important reversals of policy.

Dissatisfaction with the government proposals was not confined to the students; similar protests were issued by the National Guard and citizen groups.

Indeed by this date, May 5, there had been formed on the initiative of the Student Committee a new joint organization of students and the National Guard, known as the Central Committee. It was designed "to work for the realization of the promises wrung from the government in the three ever memorable [*unvergesslichen*] March days," with special reference to the composition of the Diet. Fischhof and Goldmark were both members of this committee, as they were of all the important democratic bodies elected during the revolutionary period, and it is as a part of Goldmark's career that we must scrutinize some of the activities of these successive boards which rose and fell to be replaced by others which defied the Government successfully or yielded as necessity dictated. It was a practical, an invaluable school of politics for the young men who participated; and while many of the events which we are briefly to detail may be hardly worthy of treatment in a larger perspective of history, they are obviously appropriate and significant in the story of an individual who devoted to

these successive agencies of liberation his ardor, his deep moral conviction, his best talents. Goldmark was elected in turn to the Student Committee, to the Central Committee already mentioned, to the National Committee which succeeded it, to the Committee of Safety of May 26, to the Reichstag, and to various parliamentary subcommittees, chief among them the committee which sat from August to the following March to draft the constitution.

The remarkable work of the Constitutional Committee we must postpone for later consideration, after concluding our narrative of events. Here we may anticipate only to indicate the quality of the committee's work. In view of the almost total neglect by American and English historians of the so-called Kremsier Constitution (named from the little town of Kremsier to which the Viennese Reichstag was summoned in November) the estimate of this document and of the competence of its framers by Professor Josef Redlich of the University of Vienna and of the Harvard Law School, is all the more striking:

Notwithstanding the inevitable faults in this work of the young Austrian democracy, its fertility of political invention and its intellectual height were never afterward exceeded or, indeed, even reached by any legislative product of the great national parties of Austria in their later constitutional period. . . .

So harmonious and genuinely honest a piece of work as the draft prepared by Brestel, Mayer, Lasser, Rieger could be achieved only because the men who participated in it were animated by a really uncommon measure of good will and desire for harmony between the nations, parties and individuals concerned. Moreover they shared a high degree of idealistic devotion to a common purpose and an honest belief in the lofty principles to be embodied.⁵¹

We are to bear in mind, then, that during the spring and summer of 1848 while they were in power, the March liberals aimed above all to secure for Austria what they held to be the very palladium of their new liberties, that is a written consti-

⁵¹ Josef Redlich, *Das Oesterreichische Staats- und Reichsproblem* (Leipzig: Neuer Geist Verlag, 1920), I, 322.

tution, based on the best models, defining men's general social and political rights and setting up a new constitutional government for the Empire, with all its racial complexities. The reason why they deprecated violence and sought as long as possible to preserve peace and public order was above all to give a fair field to the approaching Reichstag, whose business it would be to work out the constitution. Violence they knew might—and in October did—give the reactionaries an excuse, an opportunity to reassert themselves. We shall therefore find Goldmark repeatedly exerting the influence which he had won over students and populace in the interest of peace and patient negotiation with the Government as against the immediate resort to more drastic measures.

The new Central Committee formed in May, on which both Goldmark and Fischhof were active, immediately followed up the students' protest against the proposed Diet by reiterated objections to the government plan. Very soon, however, question arose as to the legality of this new committee. Should it be allowed to include members of the National Guard, and thus be enabled to back its demands by forty thousand bayonets? The ministry shrank from holding office in face of such a coalition and announced that the committee would be dissolved by military command. To avoid this humiliating *dé-nouement* a deputation of the more moderate members, including Goldmark and Fischhof, proposed to the premier, Pillersdorf, that the Central Committee having accomplished its mission should voluntarily disband. The proposal was accepted, with a promise that the objectionable order of dissolution would be rescinded. But by the perfidy of the Commander of the Guard the promise was not kept. On May 14 by a special order of the day the Central Committee was disbanded.

Intense indignation and excitement followed. Was it for this they had dared and died in March? A great crowd composed of all classes of the population gathered at the Aula early in the day, determined to take some action.

After two hours' violent debate and harangues [writes an eye-

witness], Dr. Goldmark succeeded in having the decision left to the Student Committee which was to meet at three o'clock. Goldmark, as president, opened the session with a short, impressive speech. "May this meeting," he said, "give due weight to the high importance of this moment and realize that on our next steps there may depend the life of the ministry and the peace of the city." He asked the members of the committee to formulate the points demanded of the ministry and to decide whether to send a petition or verbal demands.⁵²

A deputation was presently sent with three curt demands: withdrawal of the order dissolving the Central Committee; the joint patrol of the city gates by National Guard and the regular troops; entrance of the military into the city only with the consent of the Guard.

A fourth point was urged: change in the composition of the senate. Goldmark actively opposed the inclusion of this point and succeeded in having it omitted on the ground that in the present crisis it only detracted from the force of the ultimatum.



The Conflicts of May

WHILE awaiting the Government's reply the scenes of March were again reenacted on the streets. A large crowd of excited students and citizens had gathered about the University. But this time they were fully armed. March 13, when soldiers had fired on unarmed civilians, had taught them a bitter lesson. The workmen of the suburbs notified the students of their readiness to put ten thousand men, at a moment's notice, into the city.

Goldmark who was posted at the Aula exerted all his powers to persuade the great crowd outside to await the return of the representatives sent to the Court; and finally in despair at the delay he himself joined a second deputation to enforce immediate concessions. But the people were not to be restrained. Soon a monster deputation, carrying a "storm petition" as it was called, followed their leaders in an ever increasing throng

⁵² *Wiener Sonntagsblätter*, No. 41, II Semester, 1848, p. 341.

to the Hofburg. For the second time, in May as in March, the ministry, faced with the hostile demonstration of thousands, resistance to whom they were assured meant immediate bloodshed, yielded every point. The change in the senate it was now too late to concede. "The ministry had called down a Revolution on its head. And now the Revolution made its own demands," says Maximilian Bach in his richly detailed history of these events.⁵³ One chamber only for the Reichstag based on universal suffrage! No senate whatsoever! These were the now irresistible terms of peace and to these the ministry and Emperor also yielded perforce.

But Ferdinand, terrified by the new temper of his subjects, fled next day with his family to Innsbruck, and to the great indignation of the people refused to return. His flight was due, in popular estimation, more to his reactionary advisors than his own will, and was keenly resented as an insult to the capital. Ten days later the ministry, in the hope of curbing the students and their increasing influence over the industrial classes, attempted once more to resort to repressive measures and thereby precipitated the more violent outbreak of May 26.

It was this time the Academic Legion which the ill-advised government sought to disband. The students had indeed, as a measure of conciliation, agreed to postpone further activities of the Legion until the autumn. But the order disbanding the Legion and closing the doors of the University, unexpectedly posted in the city on May 25, aroused men of all the faculties to desperate resistance.

The entrance of the military into the city and the placing of cannon at strategic points in defiance of the agreement of May 15, completed the rupture and again fired the spirit of revolution. Citizens and workmen forcing their way in from the suburbs rallied in great numbers about the University. Barricades were thrown up around the Aula, and soon 160 were to be counted throughout the city, substantial structures, two stories high, made of paving stones, bricks, planks, barrels, etc., capable of defying the cannon posted about.

"Vienna became a city of barricades," says Hayes, "gov-

⁵³ Bach, *op. cit.*, p. 390.



*Erection of Barricades in the Streets of Vienna,
May 26, 1848*

erned by a revolutionary Committee of Safety." Of this committee Fischhof was president and Goldmark an active member. After repeated negotiations the imperial authorities for the third time were forced to capitulate and rescind their action. Fuster describes the scene:

At midday Dr. Goldmark suddenly came to the University and asked me to go to the ministry once more with him and urge them to rescind the objectionable order. Numerous students joined us. We went with white handkerchiefs in our hands and white flags on our weapons over the barricades to the imperial War Department Building where the ministerial council was being held. On the way we met with the greatest sympathy for the Legion; even the National Guard Cavalry which was supposed to be reactionary showed us their fellow feeling. The anterooms of the Conference Hall were crowded with deputations from the National Guard who were trying to secure the recall of the order dissolving the Academic Legion. . . .

Our group came in to Pillersdorf. He looked like a corpse, terribly worn and gray as ashes. He turned to me and said, in a tone much altered from that of the morning: "What do you think, Professor? Is the Legion unwilling to be disbanded?" I replied: "What I said this morning has been doubly proved by what has happened since. The students would rather be torn limb from limb than dissolve the Legion. Mr. Minister, take heed and save human lives!"

We withdrew for a while and the Council was held after which we were notified that the order had been rescinded. With this news we hurried back, from barricade to barricade to the University.

Strangely indeed for the city of Metternich, only two months after his exit, reads the official proclamation of the ministry organizing the Committee of Safety.

The Ministerial Council is sensible of the extraordinary circumstances which have made it a matter of necessity that a committee of citizens, National Guards and students should be formed to watch over the order and safety of the city and the rights of the people.

To this new democratic body was intrusted "entire responsibility for public order and peace as well as preservation of

person and property." It was the boast of the committee, upon its dissolution after the Reichstag had convened, that it had fulfilled its formidable duties, and justified a departure in government wholly revolutionary.

The opinion of all reflecting and just-thinking people [they wrote], the numerous addresses and solemn deputations sent to them from almost every province, the increasing number of petitions which arrived every day, but above all the restoration of tranquillity in spite of ceaseless endeavors and intrigues of criminal agitators afford testimony that this body has justified the confidence of the people.

With the responsibilities of government thus laid upon them at a time of unprecedented excitement and in the presence of new and incalculable forces, it is not difficult to apprehend the growing dismay with which Goldmark and his friends saw the increasing violence of the fiercer elements in the population, peasants and workmen, and the imminent danger of a counter revolution by the court party. For gradually as the summer approached, the Revolution entered on its more radical and turbulent phases.

To take part in a revolution: no one can understand what that means who has not lived through such an experience [writes Füstcr in his memoirs, written in exile the next year].

Many of those who did not die a violent death suffered for years afterward. Goldmark's hair grew white in a few months. I had few gray hairs before the Revolution. Now I have many. Of course that sort of thing does not matter. If a man's courage does not fail him other changes are of little account. To be fine, life does not need to be long.⁵⁴

How far the so-called *Umsturzpartei* or party of overthrow was bent upon going, whether or no they aimed to overturn the dynasty as asserted in the courts-martial which later resulted in Fischhof's imprisonment and the exile of Goldmark, Füstcr, and others—certain it is that the more radical element was instigated to violence by the reactionary acts of the military party. Goldmark and his friends, it should be re-

⁵⁴ Füstcr, *op. cit.*, p. 233.

peated, like the liberals of England in the thirties and like Cavour and Garibaldi later in Italy, had, as Trevelyan puts it, "accepted the monarchy as the only way to national unity." When Fster, more impetuous than his colleagues, after the Emperor's flight to Innsbruck in August, rose in the Reichstag and warned the Sovereign of the fate of Louis XVI and Charles I, it was Goldmark who was first to hiss the speaker. He had joined with Fischhof and others of the Left in an address to the throne "demanding" the return of the Sovereign, not "begging" it, as the other parties proposed to phrase the address. "If I criticised the wording of the address," said Goldmark the next day, "do not think that I am lacking in respect for the throne. . . . I am as much a supporter of the dynasty [*bin eben so gut dynastisch gesinnt*] as any of us."

No, it was not the overthrow of the Emperor for which the March liberals contended. That way, they felt, lay anarchy, and anarchy no less than tyranny menaced the constitutional freedom for which they had been ready in March to make any sacrifice and on whose behalf, before the year was over, the sacrifice was to be called for.

Yet while they denied republican tendencies and stood explicitly for the constitutional monarch, Goldmark and his friends were under no illusions as to the sinister influences reigning at court and pitted against them. Without a ministry responsible to the Reichstag the new *rgime*, they realized, was no advance upon the old absolutism. Goldmark's interpellation of the Government on the Emperor's flight, delivered in the Reichstag on September 11, shows the political attitude of the Left during the spring and summer of '48. We may anticipate a little and quote the interpellation here for the light it throws on the complexion of parties:

Gentlemen, I do not see how anyone can deny that his Majesty's departure was a mark of reaction. Occurring without the knowledge of his responsible advisers, it must have been on the advice of those who are neither responsible nor in sympathy with our present conditions and actions, and the principles on which they are based. . . .

You will not deny that the written refusal to return, in reply

to the written request of the ministry itself, at the opening of the Reichstag, was again a mark of reaction. . . .

I may remind those honorable members of the present cabinet who were members of the previous ministry, of a late night hour of May 17th. I was one of the first to learn the sad news of his Majesty's departure. I immediately made my way with some of my friends to the ministry. I was convinced of the enormous importance of the next day and of the dangers that it might bring forth for the city of Vienna and for the monarchy itself.

At that time as at every opportunity, I devoted all my slight powers to assist in preventing the evils threatened by his Majesty's flight. At that time to prevent further trouble the ministry solemnly promised that all the unauthorized and irresponsible advisers of the crown who had misled the sovereign to take this step behind the backs of the ministers, would have to answer for their actions and would be subjected to the full punishment of the law. [Bravo!]

Some of the present ministers were members of the previous cabinet. I would therefore respectfully inquire whether the ministry has fulfilled its solemnly given promise? To what men did it entrust this inquiry and what results have been attained? I ask for a full reply.

To this formal interpellation the prime minister replied:

A formal investigation was undertaken at that time, and I am ready to lay the documents in the case on the table of the House.

Goldmark: May we not learn the result of the investigation?

Doblhoff: There was no result.⁵⁵

The Committee of Safety

THE weakness of the ministry and the legitimate foreboding of the Left are evident in this interpellation and reply. But there was something more critical for the new *de facto* government, the Committee of Safety, more critical indeed for the country than the political future, however ominous. This was the unemployment and desperate plight of thousands of workmen in the suburbs of Vienna, both factory and hand workers.

⁵⁵ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte über die Verhandlungen des Oesterreichischen Reichstags in Wien und Kremsier, 1848-49, September 11, 1848, p. 815.*

The coöperation of the intellectuals and the working people had started, as we have noted, before the Revolution, in the days of the Legal-Political Reading Club. The students had continued to take an active part not only in relieving the wretched poverty prevalent among the industrial population, but often in mediating between workers and their employers, helping the former to state their grievances, to obtain higher pay or better conditions of employment. There was a more or less paternal relation of the University group, or *Aula*, as it was generally called, toward the new proletariat. The language of one of the manifestoes to the workers, issued in May by the *Aula*, reads quaintly enough. Its tone is that of a simpler patriarchal era when industrial workers had but recently appeared on the national stage and were addressed, as it were, as children of the household. The workers, it should be added, responded in kind, with touching confidence in the *Herren Studenten* and pride at being associated with them.

Working men! [reads the manifesto]. You men know that we students have always had the best intentions towards you. We still have, and on the other hand, we expect you to join us in preserving order and quiet, of which we are all in great need and for the preservation of which the students, citizens and national guard have made a joint compact. [*Sich brüderlich verbunden haben*]. You are to go about your business as usual and thereby prove that we are right in saying that you mean to act well and honorably [*das Ihr wahrhaft gute und brave Leute sein wollet*]. Believe us students that this is the best plan, best for our good Emperor, for you, and for all of us. Signed for the students: Dr. Goldmark, Dr. Fischhof, Dr. Giskra, Unger.⁵⁶

For all their naïve tone the liberal leaders were yet well aware that without the confidence and support of the workingmen their hold was more than precarious; that class consciousness on the part of the proletariat was fraught with imminent danger of a conflict. They kept steadily in mind, as the Reichstag debates show, the need of harmonizing the diverse elements in the city—students, workmen, and citizens—or rather,

⁵⁶ Quoted in Bach, *op. cit.*, p. 414.

of not allowing diversity of interests or of sentiment to develop.

I know only too well the temper of Vienna [cried Goldmark in a later Reichstag debate, drawing upon the experience of these days on the Committee of Safety] and I know that no national guard in the world can stand against fifty thousand workmen once they take the bit in their teeth [*wenn sie einmal aus dem Zaume gekommen sind*]. . . . These are not threats, gentlemen. This is experience, repeated experience. On August 23 most unhappily [*leider Gott*] there was a split in our ranks. We who had been able from March 13th to August 23rd to prevent a split, we made no distinction between citizens and workmen. The conception of *Bourgeoisie* and *Ouvriers* did not exist. Not until August 23 did this cleavage develop. Do you know how deep it is?⁵⁷

On August 23, indeed, to glance ahead for a moment, rioting of the workmen occurred and the solidarity of the revolutionary ranks was broken.

To combat the lack of work which continued to cause distress and misery the ministry had attempted, as early as April, to provide employment both on public works and by stimulating private enterprise through remission of taxes and the like. After the uprisings of May 15 and 26 the Committee of Safety, under Fischhof's presidency, had taken over this function and organized public employment on a larger and more regular scale somewhat on the plan of the national workshops inaugurated at this time in France. Workers were assigned to jobs so far as possible suited to their capacities, pay was fixed at 25 kronen a day for men and 20 kronen for women, the hours of labor were regulated, work of children under twelve years was prohibited. An effort was made to prevent the influx into Vienna of outside workers, especially agricultural laborers, whose wretched sustenance on the land was shown by their eagerness to obtain the scant wage paid on public works.

But as a remedy for unemployment, the resort to public works was a poor makeshift. The "right to work" recognized by the Committee of Safety, too often degenerated into what the French in disillusionment at this time termed *le droit à la*

⁵⁷ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 13, 1848, p. 391.



*Barricade at the
University*



*Attack on the Rothes
Thurmthor*



*Barricade at the
Freyung*



*Barricade at the Rohte
Thurmstrasse*

May 26, 1848

paresse. Even Violand, the archradical among the March group, exclaims upon the demoralization and degeneracy among those employed on public works. Innumerable disorders followed. The Committee of Safety was overwhelmed with countless pleas for assistance by small masters deserted by hand workers who preferred idleness on the public works to regular employment. They were besieged by complaints of the rising cost of living, the profiteering of middlemen through giving false weights in bread, meat, and the like. Indeed the small *bourgeoisie*, finding its business still further depressed by the Revolution into which they had followed the Aula in March, began to lose heart in it. They feared further loss of credit and were intimidated by the growing tumults of the workers, with their nightly *Katzenmusik*, that is, nights of catcalls and fierce hooting of unpopular persons or even attacks upon them.

All manner of proposals, practical and impractical, were urged upon the Committee of Safety: establishment of communal workshops and communal housing on the pattern of the French *phylanstères*; establishment of people's banks such as those advocated by Proudhon, of coöperative industries without any financial backing; pleas for and against retention of the varied taxes and restraints on trade and manufacture.

Some historians of the epoch have sharply criticized the Committee of Safety for its failure to adopt radical measures in the confusion of issues. But drastic action was hardly to be expected. The liberals had fallen heir to ills of long standing inherent in the structure of Austrian society. That they succeeded during their short tenure of power, in keeping public order, and in mediating in innumerable cases of industrial disagreement and hardship is more notable than their failure to grapple with the underlying factors. They expected, in common with most liberals of their time, by political remedies to cure the economic ills of the country. They were standing courageously for the widest democratic electorate; their constitution was to be broad-based upon the popular will. Industrial as well as social freedom would follow. The new economic pat-

tern of society, the new means of production and their ownership did not enter into their thought. Karl Marx, who spent the first week of the following September in Vienna to preach the conflict of capital and labor (capital meaning, as he explained, raw materials and the means of production), left the city in discouragement. His doctrines fell upon barren ground.

Yet it should not be assumed that the March liberals were endeavoring to administer the Government in ignorance of current economic changes. A speech delivered somewhat later by Joseph Goldmark as a deputy in the Vienna Reichstag in support of a motion he had introduced to remove the tax on salt for technical and industrial purposes, is pertinent here. Some extracts from the speech may be quoted to show how the liberals kept abreast of economic developments.

Of all raw materials needed in agriculture and above all in industry, salt is one of the most important. The price of salt determines not only the prices of various technical products, but of whole branches of industry . . . for instance soda, glass, soap, sulphuric acid and in connection with these, dyeing establishments and the printing trade. We could not only supply our own needs but could even have a considerable export trade.

We import from England and France about a million [pounds] of soda, in addition to the quantities which we obtain from Hungary. If the price of salt were lower, we could export an equal amount.

We are told that if the price of salt were lowered there would be a great deficit in the state revenue, the tax amounting according to the figures at hand, to 12,700,000 fl.

In reply I would remark, first, that as the reduction in postal rates has shown both here and in England, with lowered costs both consumption and revenue increase. Second, the present revenue from the tax on salt comes chiefly from domestic consumption. If therefore the price of salt,—immense quantities of which remain unused—is made as low as possible for agricultural and technical purposes, there can be no question of a reduction in tax returns.

Moreover, with an increase in consumption more workers will be needed, hence more men employed, who are now out of work owing to the present unfavorable factory conditions, entailing

perhaps the lasting poverty of many workers. I believe this last reason is an important one in favor of my motion.⁵⁸

The Assemblies of Frankfurt and of Prague

IF we pass over the events which occurred outside of Vienna during the spring and summer of 1848 it is, as we have already intimated, because we are concerned here with the subsequent disasters in Vienna which determined Joseph Goldmark's further career; and we must leave the reader to pursue at his pleasure elsewhere the tangled history of the Slavs, Magyars, and other races within the Austrian Empire.

We must, however, diverge from our immediate story to refer here briefly to two outstanding political events which occurred outside of Vienna and which profoundly influenced the subsequent course of affairs there. These two events were the German and the Pan-Slav National Assemblies, called in the early summer of 1848, respectively, in Frankfurt and in Prague.

As we have already indicated, the forces of liberalism within the Germanic Confederation were not strong enough during this great year to weld the states into an organic whole. But following the wave of revolution which spread in ever widening circles from Palermo and Paris, constitutional reforms had been granted in some of the more advanced states, notably in Baden, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony. The liberals succeeded, moreover, in a new and ambitious enterprise: the calling of a freely elected national Assembly of all the German people, as distinguished from the existing federal Diet which represented the princes only.

The Frankfurt Assembly projected by a few men of vision and courage met in May. It was composed of nearly six hundred representatives, one for each fifty thousand inhabitants of all the states of the confederation. The aim of the Assembly was to define the general fundamental rights of the German people, and to draw up a constitution embodying a new form of association between the states. The federal Diet having tem-

⁵⁸ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 20, 1848, p. 657.

porarily resigned its powers, a new provisional government was established. To the satisfaction of the advanced wing, the choice of administrator [*Reichsverweser*] fell upon Archduke John, the most progressive-minded member of the Austrian imperial family.

The Frankfurt Assembly, like the contemporary Vienna Reichstag, was destined, in spite of the learning, the labor, and the political brilliance of many of its members, to fail. The Reichstag we are presently to consider in greater detail. We can comment here on the Frankfurt Convention only in its relation to the German liberals in Austria, among whom Goldmark and Fischhof and their friends belonged.

What part was Austria to play in the new alignment of German states? This was obviously for the German Austrians a question second in importance only to the make-up of the Austrian Empire itself. Indeed, the two problems—the make-up of Austria and of a new Germany—were inextricably interwoven.

The Austrian Empire looked back on six centuries of unbroken rule, and since 1815 had dominated the diplomatic history of Europe. It had successfully disputed with Prussia the leadership of the Germanic confederation. Now it was confronted with revolution at home and under the necessity of coming to terms with its own disaffected subjects. Were all the Austrian provinces to join in the new German Empire?

The Viennese, naturally, being German Austrians, were heart and soul for joining the new German confederation. Early in the spring the colors symbolizing German unity—black, red, and gold—were raised on the Stephansturm and on the Hofburg. On June 8 the Committee of Safety adopted an address, drawn up by Goldmark, expressing to the Frankfurt Parliament the sympathy, encouragement, and confidence of the people of Vienna:

On the 15th of May we Austrians entered upon the path which leads to the best form of government, a constitutional monarchy, based on popular assent. If German unity is to be consummated, its Parliament cannot be less progressive than we. Forward! is the solemn watchword of the times. We have responded to it and

have reached a station which we long to have all our German brothers share.

Representatives of the German People! As long as freedom's sun shines on the walls of Vienna, know that its people will not cease to live and if need be to die for German nationality, German law and German liberty.⁵⁹

To this Pan-German sentiment the Czechs of Austria, as leaders of the Slav nations, entered an emphatic negative. So great was their fear of absorption by Germany that they refused even to send delegates to Frankfurt. The Frankfurt Assembly on the other hand countered by proposing to refuse admittance into the new Germany to any non-German lands. Thus a deadlock resulted which was indeed never solved; and the Frankfurt Assembly died after a year of effort unrewarded by any immediate results.

The German people [says the sympathetic historian, George Gooch], had learned to think, but not to act. Ideas could make a Constitution but not a nation. Yet the toilers in the Frankfurt vineyard had not labored wholly in vain. They had focussed the demand for unity and liberty, and the debates fostered the political education of the people. Though the Constitution was still-born, the conception of German unity was embodied for a brief space in concrete form.⁶⁰

Meantime the Czechs, under the leadership of the eminent historian Palacky (later an associate of Goldmark's on the Austrian Constitutional Committee), were not content merely to refuse coöperation with Frankfurt. National sentiment was in the ascendancy, in the air. The Czechs in turn called a national, Pan-Slav Assembly to meet in Prague in June. What Frankfurt was to the Germans, Prague should be for the Slavs: a rallying ground, a platform, a trumpet call to national unity.

⁵⁹ *Adresse der Gesamten Einwohner Wiens an das Souverane Parlament zu Frankfurt*, Wien, am 8 Juni, 1848. Flugblätter. Nationalbibliothek. By resolution of the Committee of Safety the address was ordered to be printed and widely distributed, and a committee of three was appointed to present the address in person to the Frankfurt Parliament. The three members of the Committee were Goldmark, Purtscher, and Gürnbel (Protokoll des Ausschusses der Bürger, National-Garden und Studenten vom 10 Juni, 1848).

⁶⁰ George P. Gooch, *Germany* (New York: Scribner's, 1925), p. 20.

But the Slav venture ended more quickly in disaster. Fighting broke out between the Czech students and workingmen and the regular troops. Countess Windischgrätz, wife of the imperial Commander in Chief, fell by a chance shot at her own window. On June 17, Windischgrätz bombarded and reduced the city. Thus the Pan-Slav conference, designed to further a great Slav revival and Slav leadership in Austria, closed in bloodshed, and the Czechs turned perforce to Vienna to refer their national claims to the Reichstag. Intensely nationalistic Czechs were elected as representatives. "Havlíček confidentially admitted to me that if there had been no Windischgrätz, you would never have come here," exclaimed one of the German Austrian deputies to the Czech delegation at a moment of exasperated disagreement. "But you did come. So you are committed to our union" (*der allgemeiner Vereinbarung*).

So far as concerns Hungary, by June, 1848, that country had succeeded in wresting from the imperial government a separate constitution and a separate ministry, but itself continued to oppress its own subject peoples. The internal warfare of the Magyars with the Southern Slavs under their Ban Jellačić, directly concerns our story. For by early fall the Hungarians, invaded and hard pressed by Jellačić, who had gained the imperial approval, were begging assistance from the democrats of Vienna. They thus precipitated the fatal events of October 6, events fatal to all the hopes of the March days, fatal to the work of the Reichstag, fatal, in the end, to the last hope of the liberals, the constitution.

The Vienna Reichstag

IN Vienna the stage was set for the first meeting of the Reichstag on July 10 in the Imperial Riding School—a beautiful white and gold colonnaded hall adjoining the Hofburg—while Germans and Czechs, Magyars and Serbs and Croats were at daggers drawn. The Reichstag was composed of nearly 400 members, 183 of whom were present at the first session. In the Viennese elections the moderates had won overwhelmingly.

Among others Fischhof, Goldmark, Fuster, and Violand were returned.

Precarious enough was the outlook for this young assembly, consisting of half a dozen jealous nationalities—the cultivated Germans, illiterate Galician peasants, Italian-speaking Dalmatians, Czechs determined to preserve their ancient nationality, Poles and Ruthenians with their separate languages, etc. Would they, could they indeed, ever amalgamate for coherent action? Matters the most elementary, such as choice of the official tongue, led to long-drawn, embittered debate.

Whose fault is it [cried the Polish peasant Safka in broken German, voicing an ancient, long suppressed hatred], whose fault is it that in Galicia the peasant cannot speak German, but only the lord? From the beginning of time up to the 15th of May we have been as much oppressed and burdened as was ever possible. In Galicia the peasant has no home, no clothing, nothing. Everything has been taken from him by his nobles; he has nothing to live on and so he cannot go to school. Let this chamber, I beg, itself answer the question [*so bitte ich die hohe Kammer sich selbst zu erklären*], why we have no one who can speak German.⁶¹

German was finally agreed upon as the official tongue but with the proviso that interpreters should be allowed for the different languages.

An incident which brought Goldmark to the fore during the early weeks of the session illustrates the clashes of racial animosities. Of these none was more bitter than the old feud between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia. For three centuries, ever since the defeat of the Czechs at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, the Germans in Bohemia, who were Catholics, had fiercely oppressed the Protestant Czechs. Not until the early nineteenth century had the Czechs obtained more humane treatment and some recognition of their ancient nationality. The Czech language was again allowed in the schools and a Czech university established, but the animosity between the two races persisted.

In the early days of the Revolution, however, in the pure flame of that idealistic, burning fire, the young men of the

⁶¹ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, July 12, 1848, p. 11.

Left sought above all to sink national differences in a common accord. Löhner was later to make the most moving as well as the most statesmanlike speech of the whole session in an impassioned plea for amity with the Hungarians. In the first days of the session it was Goldmark's good fortune to have the occasion of saving one of the Czech leaders, Dr. Rieger, from insult and injury on the streets.

The Czech delegation, owing to delay in their elections, had been late in arriving in Vienna. This delay gave some color to the charge of bad faith on the part of the Czechs. The Czechs, it was said, were trying further to postpone the already long-delayed opening of the constituent body.

Dr. Rieger and two compatriots, on leaving the session of July 18, were set upon by a street crowd and followed with hooting and threats as far as the *Graben*, where they were attempting to get into a *fiacre*. Various national guardsmen urged the Czechs to get away as quickly as possible from the excited crowd which continued to collect. Goldmark happened to pass by with two other deputies. He immediately went to the assistance of his Czech colleagues and succeeded in dispersing the crowd, which had begun to unharness the horses of the *fiacre*. "I must testify that we owe it to the eloquence and energy of our colleague, Dr. Goldmark, that nothing worse happened," declared Rieger in the Reichstag next day. Goldmark declined with appreciation to receive a proposed vote of thanks from the chamber, on the ground that his act was not worth such a signal distinction. He expressed confidence, as did Fischhof and other Germans, that the hostile crowd of the previous day had not represented the real loyalty of the people of Vienna to the constituent assembly.⁶²

The Czechs formed the right wing of the Reichstag; the Tyrolese and court party known by the imperial colors as Black-and-Yellows (*Schwarzgelbe*), the center; the Viennese liberals the left wing. Into the details of their deliberations, lasting from June to October, '48, in Vienna, and from November to March, '49, in the little town of Kremsier, we shall not attempt to enter except in so far as the debates clarify the

⁶² *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, July 19, 1848, pp. 65 ff.

course of events, and the part played by the main characters of our story. The durable achievements of the Reichstag were two: first, the freeing of the great agrarian population of the provinces from their servile state, an emancipation from feudal servitude comparable to that accomplished by the French Revolution; and second, the abolition of special taxes and restrictions imposed upon the Jews. The efforts of the Left, moreover, in attempting to reverse the Government's Italian policy is a neglected historic record not to be omitted in any account of the Revolution.

The Emancipation of the Peasants

THE intense bitterness of the peasant deputies and of the liberals in the Reichstag against the feudal nobles is readily comprehensible if we consider the intolerable oppression and personal servitude under which the great peasant population of the country had always lived.

The *Robot* and *Frohnde* were the chief hardships, that is, forced labor on their lords' estates, and the requirement of feudal dues in money, produce, live stock, and wild fruits of field or forest. With church tithes and local and state taxes in addition, the lot of the peasant was practically one of slavery. The game laws were stringent; stringent the regulations governing the peasants' most intimate affairs. Marriage, choice of trade, removal from the land, all were subject to his lord's approval, with recourse only to slow, long-drawn-out legal redress. The lord, it is true, on his part, owed his tenants protection and services of various kinds, legal and other.

During the forties the spirit of revolt, while much slower to develop than in the towns and cities, had nevertheless been growing in the great rural regions. Under the preceding emperor, Joseph II, the first breach had been made in the feudal system with respect to some of the severe personal restrictions, and by the time of the Viennese Reichstag the imposition of the *Robot* and *Frohnde* were attended by riots and peasant uprisings.

At the third session of the Reichstag on July 26, 1848,

Hans Kudlich, the youngest member of the Assembly, introduced the most important bill of the entire session. In a single sentence it abolished the old, deeply entrenched feudal land system, leaving open the question of compensation of the landlords. The representatives of the landed interest however were powerful, and for weeks the Assembly was torn by bitter debates centering chiefly on the question of compensation.

Immense enthusiasm had greeted the introduction of this long overdue act of justice. Kudlich afterward thought that if it could have been put to a vote at once, before the opposition had time to crystallize, it might have been passed immediately. On several occasions he spoke at length in defense of his bill. It was for him the first, the most pressing, the supreme obligation of the new Reichstag. "The emancipation of fourteen million peasants takes precedence over any other reform."

Kudlich came of generations of peasant stock. He knew whereof he spoke. All the folkways of his people were familiar to him. Their immemorial wrongs he had "drunk in," he said, "so to speak, with my mother's milk." The peasants' lot was his own intimate concern "through the memories of my youth, of my parents, my brothers and sisters, my constituents." He was one of them; and his blood was up. The age of submissive serfdom had passed.

"Whoever, since the 13th of March, does *Robot* duty one day longer, who pays another *Groschen* of feudal dues, is a traitor to freedom," he had cried in his very first speech as a candidate for the Reichstag, in his home district in Silesia.⁶³ But the peasant could not free himself; his past slavery had poisoned his whole being.

No people on earth has drunk deeper of the cup of serfdom than the Austrian people [he declared after victory had been won]. And of all Austrians, the peasant has been the most bitterly oppressed. There he lay bound hand and foot and might not move a muscle; and next to him stood the cruel, greedy vultures who hacked at his flesh and sucked his blood. So it was, from year to year, from century to century! Fathers bequeathed

⁶³ Kudlich, *op. cit.*, I, 300.

serfdom to their sons; sons to grandsons! Many an eye looked to Heaven with the reproach: Lord, how long?

No less than seventy amendments⁶⁴ were offered to Kudlich's bill before its triumphant passage. If we refer but briefly to the debate on this historic legislation it is because the main personage of our story took a more prominent part in subsequent debates on issues on which he was better informed. Both Goldmark and Fischhof were among the enthusiastic supporters of Kudlich's bill though they did not speak at length in its behalf. They both, with other thoughtful members of the Assembly, deplored the excessive time spent in the debate and sought repeatedly to bring it to a close.

Let the methods by which and by whom compensation should be paid be given over to a commission, which should be instantly appointed [cried Fischhof]. Consider, gentlemen, that for three weeks we have stretched the hearts of twelve million peasants on the rack of this debate. Let us decide today. Let us be just but let us also be merciful! [Applause.]⁶⁴

The next day Goldmark arose and appealed again for action:

In the interest of this Assembly's dignity I feel compelled to declare that after three weeks of debate it might well take a loftier stand than it has yet done and vote first on the principle of freeing the peasants from slavery and feudal servitude, and then vote secondly on the question of indemnity. I repeat, the Assembly does not display itself in the best light, by considering the money-bags first [*das zuerst an den Säckel gedacht wird*] before the principles of freedom are recognized and established.⁶⁵ [Stormy applause from the Left; continuous hissing from the Right.]

The chamber voted to close the general debate. The next day, August 31, Kudlich's bill was passed, ushering in a new birth of freedom for the great agrarian population, and at a stroke, as it were, demolishing a bitterly hated, medieval system of privilege. Compensation of the landlords was agreed

⁶⁴ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, August 29, 1848, p. 115.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, August 30, 1848, pp. 143-144.

to; by a vote of 224 to 125 it was decided that a separate indemnity fund should be provided by each province. The tribute of a torchlight procession was offered to the young member whose brilliant championship of the peasant class from which he had sprung led to the most far-reaching act of the Reichstag.

Goldmark's appeal to principle on behalf of Kudlich's bill was characteristic not only of the man, but of the temper of his associates. It is true that the inexperience of the Reichstag members, and the entire, the unheard-of novelty for most of them of taking part in parliamentary procedure and public debate, led to endless wrangling and waste of time over such matters as the order of business. Many members—probably a third—did not participate in the debate and voted only when important motions were translated into their respective languages. Often passion ran high and the proceedings were interrupted by tumults. But more surprising than the crudity of the Reichstag is the eloquence, the courage, and the statesmanship of many of the speeches. On occasion the debate compares not unfavorably even with the finest speeches in Hansard. A considerable number of the deputies like Goldmark and his friends had been members of the Committee of Safety and other committees. Responsibility had taught them invaluable lessons; they knew the conditions whereof they spoke and this first-hand knowledge gives the debates a realism which was not at all incompatible with the passionate ideals of the speakers. The first hour of the session was given over to interpellations of the ministers who sat on the ministerial benches. In these interpellations on governmental policy and procedure the Left succeeded at least in writing into the record of history their minority protests even when they did not succeed in enforcing their demands.

By summer the ministry had changed. During May and June the weakness of the premier, Pillersdorf, had forfeited the confidence of the Viennese. His dismissal had been secured by Archduke John, the most trusted member of the imperial family, who had presided in the Emperor's stead at the opening of the Reichstag, but had immediately thereafter been

called as Administrator to Frankfort. Ferdinand, to the great resentment of the Viennese, remained away from Vienna. Doblhoff was now premier, with a few liberally inclined ministers, but the ministry of war was still held by the reactionary Baron Latour.

The subsequent intrigues of the reactionary party and their political repercussions must next engage our attention before taking up the second important achievement of the Reichstag, the liberation of the Jews from unjust taxes and restrictions.

Latour and the Counter-revolution

LATOUR was a partisan of the old *régime*. The imperial court party had all his allegiance; to preserve the supremacy of Vienna over Budapest and to resist as best he could the new-fangled notions of liberty was his consistent aim. For this end he grasped at any weapon; and such a weapon he found in the Croatian general Jellačić, whose army we have already seen converging upon Hungary. Jellačić was now not only leader of the Southern Slavs against the oppressive Magyars; he was commissioned by the Emperor as field marshal to reduce to submission the Hungarians under Kossuth.

Minister of War Latour was in constant secret communication with Jellačić during the summer of 1848. His further intrigues against the new order were not fully known until later years. He was in correspondence with Russia also; indeed immediately after the March days negotiations with Russia were begun by the imperial party, negotiations which were to result in the final subjugation of Hungary and the reestablishment of the reaction by the aid of the Russian army.

At Innsbruck, whither the court fled in August in its retreat from Vienna, there were daily conferences with the Russian Ambassador. Latour remained in the liberal cabinet only "in the interest of the good cause, to prevent greater harm," as Kudlich ironically puts it, while Windischgrätz was strengthening his army on the pretext of guarding against Russian aggression, and Jellačić was advancing against the Magyars.

In Vienna henceforth we are to see a strange alignment of parties. Within the Reichstag the Czechs joined with the reactionary ministerial and court group to oppose the Magyars and, despite the efforts of the Left, refused, on September 19, to receive a Hungarian deputation sent by Kossuth to state the case of Hungary and ask for aid against the Croats and Jellačić.

Of the arguments advanced by the Left in urging at least the reception of the Hungarian delegates while their cause was being considered, Löchner's was considered the strongest. His long speech of September 19 is certainly one of the most eloquent delivered in the Riding School. Some brief extracts indicate its quality and the deep emotions aroused by the racial antagonisms within the Empire. Both the Right and the Center had sustained the Czech president of the Reichstag, Strobach, in denying entrance to the Hungarians on the pretext of the order of business. But was a mere pretext to be allowed to intervene at such a crisis?

Tomorrow, indeed, the Croatians may come and I agree that if we admit the Hungarians, we must admit the Croats likewise [said Löchner]. Let us mediate between them. Let us seek to make peace, like brothers. What, I ask, have the Croats, the Slavs, to fear in this Reichstag? If you will look around, you will see the majority are Slavs. The Magyars make a request of you; we make the same request. We trust in your impartiality. We expect from the majority of Slavs more justice than from the devious winding ways of a political party which I would elsewhere designate in other terms.

If as Representative Rieger said earlier, the monarchy lasts only as long as the Slavs desire, then, Slavs, show today that this is solemn truth; and make it last! [Great applause.]

Do you want us to reach the point when Hungary and Croatia locked in a life and death struggle shall be laid waste, that a last Turkish war shall unleash its horrors . . . is that Christian politics?

Take care, gentlemen, there are moments in history which cannot be set aside by the order of business. If ever the time comes when history shall call our roll, let us take with us the consciousness of duty done.

The crisis is upon us. I say again, when Hungary is utterly conquered, then it will be too late. Then the hand of the democrat will seek his sword in vain; then, freedom, hide thy face; then patriots, strew dust and ashes on your heads. Of dust and ashes there will be no lack, for centuries to come, from the ruined cities, the wasted fields on which no tree is left standing.

Then let those who sit in this circle steal away in shame. For of them it shall be said "They let a sister race be murdered, and as a reward were later themselves enslaved."⁶⁶

Löhner's noble argument was followed by others; the debate grew more and more vehement. Goldmark spoke with characteristic impetuosity. "This is a question of the life of the monarchy. Who can insist here on the order of business?" he cried and struck the desk with his fist. The house abandoned all semblance of parliamentary procedure so that the session had to be suspended for a half hour by the president since his call to order and ringing his bell was ineffectual.

We are not here merely to frame a constitution and to let everything else go to pieces [continued Goldmark later, aiming to enlist the self-interest of the Center]. If Hungary goes to pieces, does not that affect our own interests? Will it do our manufacturers any good if we give them a constitution and let civil war rage, so that Austria's granary goes up in flames? Shall we in that event have guarded Austria's interests? A thousand times, no!

He turned again to the more idealistic note:

Let us put ourselves in their places. How would we feel if we were answered as we are answering them, for anything may happen in this world? If we came and they showed us the door as we are now doing to them?

Yes, we call them strangers, because years ago they said *moriatur pro rege nostro* and now talk a different language. Verily, this politics is as like Metternich's as one egg is like another! This is no politics for the year 1848.⁶⁷

Notwithstanding the pleas of the Left, the Hungarians were

⁶⁶ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 19, 1848, p. 484.

⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 493.

refused a hearing and in due time Löhner's prophetic words were tragically verified.

The German liberals in the Reichstag, it is clear, feared the military power and a counter-revolution as much as they favored a generous treatment of Hungary. And of the danger of such a military intention there was now no doubt. Letters proving Latour's intrigues with Jellačić fell into the hands of the Hungarian ministry and were published in Vienna by Pulski, the Hungarian representative, a friend of Kossuth. Latour was not only directing Jellačić's campaign against Hungary but was preparing to send him reinforcements from Vienna itself; this fact Pulski also proclaimed, to the fierce indignation of the city. In reprisal, new disorders against the ministry were threatened by the opposition press which had rapidly developed after relaxation of the censorship.

It was no empty threat. The Viennese populace, as we have already intimated, was getting out of hand. Of the intention of the reactionaries to provoke disorder there was soon added evidence, important as proof of the chain of events leading up to October 6. Twice before that final debacle, in August and in September, the Reichstag succeeded in quelling violence precipitated by the imperial party.

Toward the end of August the ministry, over the heads of the Committee of Safety, decided that wages on public works must be cut, on the ground that this wage, low as it was, was yet a heavy drain upon the treasury. Riots followed the announcement. The ministry thereupon in defiance of the agreement of May 15 called out the regular troops, on the pretext that the national guard had split and could not alone quiet the rioters, some companies refusing to fire on the working people. Brutal encounters took place between the regular troops and unarmed men, women, and children. Several hundred persons were killed or wounded and intense excitement again prevailed in the city.

Under these circumstances the Committee of Safety, unwilling to accept responsibility for the ministry's action in precipitating the workmen's riots, resigned on August 24. Their function, they conceived, was at an end since the Reichs-

tag, the responsible constitutional agency of government, was now in regular session. At the next attempt of the ministry to resort to provocative military measures it was indeed the Reichstag which saved the day. In this action Goldmark was a prominent figure. Fischhof was at this time not in Vienna; he had been sent by the ministry on a special mission to Galicia to investigate and report on the cholera epidemic there, and accordingly does not appear in the Reichstag debates of August and September.

The new trouble was precipitated by a financial crisis—for during the summer the financial state of the *bourgeoisie* became continually more straitened. Numerous proposals to assist the small manufacturers and save their credit were discussed in the Reichstag but not acted upon. A private individual named Swaboda succeeded in floating stock for a kind of credit union, a private "Mutual Loan Association without Collateral." By the sale of two hundred thousand shares at twenty florins per share, bearing 5 per cent interest, Swaboda's capital would have amounted to four million florins. This was to be loaned to manufacturers for their business needs and to be repaid by them in monthly instalments, at fixed rates.

Swaboda appears to have persuaded many persons of the soundness of his scheme. It is said that in spite of public warning by the minister of finance, forty thousand persons subscribed. But difficulties soon arose. The shares rapidly fell in value and soon became worthless, amid great excitement on the part of the working classes and the small masters, who thronged the streets and invaded the Ministry of the Interior. September 12 and 13 were again days of tumult in the city, with excited demands for reinstatement of the Committee of Safety. Thereupon the Minister of War, as though determined to provoke an outbreak, once more called in the regular troops. The resentment and indignation of the Left may readily be imagined. A bloody conflict at the Aula seemed almost unavoidable.

To add to the excitement, Latour defended his procedure by announcing in the Reichstag, on September 13, discovery of a plot on the part of the Academic Legion designed to disrupt

the Reichstag and to drive out the ministry. Some of the National Guard itself, he said, had asked for reinforcements. His only proof of the plot, however, was an anonymous communication.

This announcement the liberals instantly and loudly challenged. It was here that Goldmark's intimate association with the Legion and his earlier presidency of the Student Committee stood him in good stead. He was spokesman for the Legion, at once on his feet challenging Latour's statement, upholding the good faith of the Aula, denying the need of regular troops. Many other able speakers followed Goldmark, but on this occasion it was he who took the lead in exposing the danger of reaction and in doggedly holding the ministry to the crucial point at issue: the recall of the military from the city.

The tenseness of the situation may perhaps best be realized from the minutes of this session. Löhner, the gifted leader of the Left, and the most eloquent speaker of the Assembly, moved, immediately after Latour's announcement, that in view of the dangerous state of sentiment in the city the Reichstag remain in permanent session. Goldmark made the first speech:

Gentlemen [he began with restraint], in the course of the months from March until today I have lived through many a grave and anxious moment and I have become convinced that the danger and anxiety of many a moment is increased by hasty and ill-considered action. I am pretty well acquainted with the temper of our city and I know that the measures which have just been taken are highly critical for the maintenance of order. I must draw the attention of the chamber to a fact of yesterday's occurrence.

Yesterday the public excitement increased precisely from the moment when the regular troops were called out. This is the sorest point in the opinion of the people of Vienna. If we want to encourage civil war, we can acquiesce in the measures which have been taken. I am confident that the district-chiefs of the National Guard do not always know the mind of the whole body of men whom they command. If any of them have given out that they need assistance, this is not the opinion of the people of Vienna.

I wholly disbelieve that even though great excitement rules at

the Aula the students have expressed any intention of disrupting the Reichstag. Whatever the rumors may be, I deny this assumption with complete certainty. I cannot conceal the fact that some single ministers are disliked and it is a matter of regret that this sentiment is carried over against the whole ministry. But I must insist that there is no lack of respect among the students for this Assembly and its president.

Gentlemen, I believe that our remaining in permanent session is a reasonable measure only if we are kept informed, in advance, of every step taken by the executive; if we are asked for our assent to every step. I should therefore like to move that so long as there are no authentic signed reports of existing conditions, the advance of the military into the city be stopped; so long as the National Guard is able to maintain peace and order, that it should continue to function.

Latour replied angrily to this speech, denying that the military caused trouble. "If a conflict ensues," he cried, "it will not be precipitated by our side. Let those answer for it who seek to arouse the masses and have caused a split in the National Guard."

Dr. Alexander Bach, the Minister of Justice, attempted a more conciliatory tone:

At this serious moment, gentlemen, we appeal to the patriotism of this house, and we say: let us stand together. Whether we sit on the Right or on the Left or on the ministerial benches we have only one purpose to serve—our freedom, our common fatherland.

But the Left was not to be put off with fine phrases, since the ministry opposed what they termed any infringement on the power of the Executive. In this contention they were upheld by the Right and the Center.

Tenser and tenser grew the mood of the Assembly as time passed, for the session of September 13 lasted eleven hours, well into the night. All manner of contradictory reports were continually brought into the chamber—barricades were already being erected, the people had risen against the troops. Minister Bach, who had been called out of the house at six o'clock, sent back to his colleagues the most alarming state-

ments. The minutes show the atmosphere in which these statements were read aloud.

Minister Hornbostel. I have just received a communication. [The drums of a passing company of the National Guard are heard.]

President to the Minister. Will you kindly wait a moment until the drums are quiet?

Representative Neuwall. I think we should send out word that they should not march past this building with drums and bands playing.

President. Is no usher here? [To an usher:] Let notice be given that unless absolutely necessary drums and music should cease in this neighborhood.

Minister Hornbostel. I have a written communication from Minister of Justice Bach. [Reads:] The resistance of a part of the National Guard, led chiefly by the Academic Legion continues. Wearing printed signs on their caps [calling for reinstatement of the Committee of Safety] they are marching about calling on other companies of the Guard to join them. . . .

A report has reached me that they are beginning to erect barricades in Bäcker Street and will proclaim the republic at 8 o'clock. . . . At the Aula a hostile, highly dangerous element is in control; we shall act with forbearance, but with utmost firmness. . . . I must open this letter again to add that barricades are already being erected at the University.

The commotion is growing more serious everywhere, and seems to be centered at the Aula. We count on the assent of the Reichstag to the steps which we may take in the interest of order and orderly freedom. BACH. [Calls from the center of Yes! Yes! from the Left No! No! Members arise. Tumult. The president rings for silence.]

Among others Kudlich spoke, denouncing the advance of the military, and warning the house of the imminent danger of bloodshed. The "Hainau Battalion," he said, was marching with six cannon against the University, and seven companies of National Guards were hesitating whether or not to go over to the students. Goldmark spoke again at some length:

Gentlemen, this is no light matter about the barricades. While you are discussing and even joking about the subject, we may

have on the streets the most terrible bloodshed. . . . How could the Minister of War, at a mere rumor, in consequence of an anonymous and unvouched-for communication lead the Reichstag to the point we have now reached? At a mere anonymous report to call out the regular troops and still to be keeping them on the streets! I see no way to ward off the greatest danger except the immediate withdrawal of the troops. [Great applause.]

Gentlemen, on May 26, I was threatened with hanging by the crowds because I insisted "No barricades," and counseled only peace. Nothing helped until the military was recalled from the city to their barracks. Unless you do the same now, you can pass motion after motion, you can establish martial law, you can do anything you like, but you will never pacify the people.

I have been asked to go out and try to quiet them and I will go and make the effort immediately, but even if no barricades have yet been erected, are we in a position to keep them from being put up? Consider, gentlemen, that the present moment is much too important to waste more time in debating whether or not we want the Committee of Safety reinstated. The first and indispensable measure is to recall the military to their barracks and to do so *immediately*. [Great applause.]⁶⁸

The members of the Left did not exaggerate; bloodshed was indeed imminent. The political pamphlets and leaflets which poured forth at this time, voicing the pent-up bitterness of students and citizens—though now they lie forgotten on remote library shelves of Vienna—yet bear passionate witness to the burning determination which once animated their authors.

It was a terrible moment [says for instance one of the pamphlets describing the tumult of these days]. A large number of the National Guard went over to the regular troops. All guns were loaded, the match was handed around. The fate of Vienna, perhaps of all Austria hung in the balance. We realized that we were in the minority . . . so we withdrew to our usual meeting-place, the University. When we reached there we heard that the regulars had already occupied the Hoher Markt. The alarm bells were immediately rung, paving stones were ripped up to build barricades. The entrances to the University were strongly guarded and every one awaited the next turn of events.

There were then scarcely two hundred of us, but we had the

⁶⁸ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 13, 1848, pp. 343-402.

courage to oppose ten times our number in the square and to await certain death. "Life is not of all good things the greatest," says Schiller and we would add: "But the greatest thing is freedom and the preservation of the glorious deeds of March and May."

Suddenly, there was loud cheering and the Seventh Wiedner Company marched in. We in turn cheered the brave fellows who had joined the Aula for Freedom's sake. Several other companies followed, so that we were soon an imposing force and need fear neither man nor devil. . . . Later, at the Reichstag's command, the regular troops had to withdraw, and this restored peace. So this time, civil war has been averted, but who knows whether at another encounter there will be a peaceful issue.⁶⁹

Late in the day the chamber finally voted, over the protest of the ministry, the recall of the troops. Two committees were appointed, one to report on the Aula, the other to attend the ministerial council. But Goldmark did not await these formalities and hurried off to his old friends of the Legion and the University. He returned with reassuring news before the official committee:

I went direct from this session to the Aula with Representative Ambrosch. On the way we saw more and more crowds as we approached the University . . . whole companies of National Guards going to join the University as on May 15th. At the University I reported the vote of the house which was greeted with cheers. The students gave me their word of honor that there were no republican tendencies in today's commotion; that they would take no active steps and only stand on the removal of the military.

As we went away, more than one resolute looking working man addressed us and said: "Just give us a hint and we are ready" [*Nur einen Wink und wir sind bereit*]. Of course we did no such thing but on the contrary quieted them. The people are amenable if only the troops are removed. The chief cause of the excitement was due to the rumor that the Academic Legion was to be disarmed, and that those who had worn the printed signs had already been arrested and imprisoned. As a matter of fact an effort

⁶⁹ J. Frieser, *Bürger-krieg in Wien* (Flugblatt, Stadtbibliothek, Wien, September, 1848).

was made to erect a barricade. Professor Fűster was the foremost in preventing its construction.

This report the committee of the Reichstag which had later been sent to the Aula amply confirmed. The second committee reported that the ministry had finally agreed to withdraw the troops. The day was won. The only remaining point was *immediate* withdrawal. Goldmark in urging this point was restrained no longer.

Gradual withdrawal can take three or four hours. If we pass a resolution, it must be carried out in its entirety, or the chamber's resolution is no resolution. [Bravo.] I am not talking in my own interest, or capriciously. I am not saying this because I said it before, but because the chamber's resolution must be upheld. [Bravo.] If the military is gradually withdrawn it may be there still tomorrow. Who can guarantee us that something may not happen which will result in blood through a mere accident, a cobbler's boy, a mischance in the darkness of the night, mere mischievousness? The reaction may even provoke this, who will be responsible? I insist that we shall not adjourn until the military are back in their barracks.

Before adjourning at half-past ten at night the Reichstag had indeed succeeded in enforcing this demand. It likewise took a constructive step toward allaying the popular excitement aroused in the first instance by Swaboda's failure and the consequent losses of many small holders of his shares. On motion of Brestel and Goldmark, the Reichstag voted a credit of two million gulden in non-interest-bearing loans to manufacturers. A part of the sum was used to redeem the Swaboda shares at 20 per cent of their value—a measure which contributed not a little to quiet the people.

Thus, however, the tension between liberals and reactionaries grew, and within a fortnight had led to the long-dreaded catastrophe. We must however diverge from this melancholy sequence of events in order to do justice to some other activities of the Reichstag and to Goldmark's share in them.

The Left and the War in Italy

IN the session of September 11, Goldmark had succeeded in addressing two important interpellations to the Government. One of these already quoted dealt with the Emperor's flight and the imminent dangers of reaction; the other with the war in Italy—an interpellation which was to serve as one of the counts in the case built up against its author by the court which later passed his death sentence.

Goldmark, as Siegmund Mayer says in his history of the time, was a realist. His scientific training preserved him from the rhetorical flights in which his contemporaries sometimes indulged. Whether he spoke, as on September 20 in favor of repealing the tax on salt for industrial uses, or as on September 19 in favor of admitting the Hungarian envoys to avoid civil war, when he protested against the introduction of the military or the Emperor's flight from the capitol, he summoned, in each case, the relevant facts to sustain his plea. It was therefore entirely appropriate that he should be among the first to ask respectfully but with insistence for all the current facts on Italian affairs in order that the Reichstag might exercise its responsibilities; to demand that all papers and instructions issued by the ministry with reference to Italy be laid on the table of the house.

Austrian oppression and the Austrian war policies in Italy had by 1848 earned the execration of the civilized world. That the liberal Left of the Reichstag of Vienna sought at their peril, though in vain, to disassociate themselves from the infamies of the past and to right, so far as in them lay, their country's stand, it is a part of belated justice to record. The speeches of Borkowsky, a Polish member of the Left, of Füster, Violand, Goldmark, and others show that these young Austrians, at the opposite pole from the hated *Tedeschi* in Italy, were pleading the cause of Italian independence at home, with courage and eloquence and against the heaviest odds.

For they had against them not only the militarist group dominating the court, but also the specious pleas of the Center

and the Right within the Reichstag itself, defending the war in Italy in the name of "patriotism" and "national honor." "Patriotism," Borkowsky could proudly reply, "you do not need to teach to a Pole. A full page of European history is written in our blood. But patriotism too has its limits. . . . It is a heady drink. It benumbs the reason."

The debate on Italy was precipitated by a motion made on July 25 by a representative named Selinger who moved a rising vote of thanks to Radetzky's victorious army. To this proposal the Left refused to accede and sat in heavy silence while the rest of the Reichstag cheered. They absolutely refused, moreover, to have the vote of thanks recorded as unanimous.

For in this gesture of a cheer the liberals saw the ministry's desire to obtain a vote of confidence on the conduct of hostilities, and unlimited credit for the prosecution of the war. They sat in silence and awaited an opportunity to protest openly against the war, a continuance of which, they felt, disgraced the liberal cause before the world.

It must be remembered that after the fall of Napoleon Austria's domination of Europe had enabled her to play the part of supreme arbiter in Italy. Her army had, after the successive insurrections of 1821 and 1830, reinstated the displaced princelings and dukes who ruled Italy's various states. The three Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Lucca had been given over in 1815 to Austrian Archdukes. Lombardy and Venetia were Austrian provinces.

Now in the spring of 1848 for the first time Austria had met with effective resistance. In Italy as in France and mid-Europe revolution had conquered. Sicily, Naples, Florence, Rome, the Duchies had either expelled their oppressors or had extorted constitutional guaranties. In the north, too, in the Austrian provinces of Lombardo-Venetia the spirit of revolt was near the point of explosion. And the final spark which exploded it, liberating the long-pent fire in Milan and in Venice was, by the irony of circumstance, not the French Revolution of February, '48, but the glorious 13th of March in the heart of the Empire, Vienna itself.

In their later efforts to free Lombardy and Venice the March liberals were doomed to failure, but they had done for northern Italy at the crossroads what nothing else had done: their own revolt had irresistibly signaled the moment for action. Immediately upon receipt of the news from Vienna there followed, in Milan, the "Five Days" of March which drove out Radetzky; in Venice, the revival of the ancient Republic under Daniele Manin.⁷⁰

But in the summer of '48 the hour for Italy's redemption had not yet struck. Discord destroyed in a few short months what the martyrs of idealism had for a generation been dying for. The Pope withdrew from the liberal cause. Milan was reduced. Piedmont under Carlo Alberto failed to expel the Austrian army from Lombardy. By the crushing defeat of Custoza on July 25 Radetzky was again able to dictate terms, and on August 6 concluded an armistice with the Piedmontese.

The terms of this armistice were for some time kept from the Reichstag. Rumors of all kinds filled the air. As early as April, the new ministry, terrified by continued resistance at home, had been ready to accede to Palmerston's peace proposals, that is, to give up Lombardy and offer home rule to Venetia—a compromise which would at the time have satisfied the Italian demands. Radetzky, the eighty-year-old adored "father" of seventy-five thousand whitecoats in Italy might, feared the ministers, be needed at home where revolution in Hungary and Bohemia, as well as Vienna, was making over the empire into a semblance detestable to lovers of the old *régime*. In Grillparzer's famous and ignoble lines to Radetzky the Austrian reaction spoke for all posterity:

*Wohlauf mein Feldherr, führe den Streich
Nicht nur für des Ruhmes Schimmer,
In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich,
Wir andre sind nur einzelne Trümmer.*

⁷⁰ "On March 19 news reached Venice of the great occurrences of March 13, 14, and 15 in Vienna and was received with joyous tumults. The Piazza of St. Mark's was almost immediately filled with a crowd of people who repeatedly cried:

'Vivano i nostri fratelli tedeschi.'

Carlo Francesconi, *Die Revolution in Venedig und Mailand's Bombardement, Geschildert von einem Augenzeugen*. Flugblatt, Stadtbibliothek, Wien.

On August 7, Brestel, one of the ablest of the March liberals, had interpellated the Government, protesting against the use of twenty-five hundred Austrian whitecoats to reinstate the reactionary Duke of Modena.

A few weeks later the deputy from Trieste, Gobbi, protested against a proposal of the Reichstag Finance Committee proposing that the Italian war expenses be levied so far as possible on the insurgent Italian provinces, Lombardy-Venetia. The men of these provinces, said Gobbi, would have been of different flesh and blood from the rest of Italy had they not taken up arms against Austrian absolutism. For the rest of Italy, so recently governed "according to Metternich's system," said Gobbi, "had transformed itself into a free land, a free constitutional state, inhabited by a free people—free Italians."

The members of the Left on this occasion expressed in no uncertain terms their abhorrence of Austria's military reprisals in Milan "when," said the Pole, Smolka, "streams of blood had been spilled, when children, women, and old men had been cut down."

Those would have been more or less than men [he continued], who could have looked upon such scenes of horror either with god-like serenity or animal indifference. Considering men as men, men moreover with the hot blood of the south, what has happened since the occurrences of March in Milan was inevitable.

Lasser, on behalf of the conservatives, spoke in favor of the Finance Committee's report, attempting to arouse the military sentiment of the Reichstag on behalf of their troops, "our sons and brothers," who had defended the Fatherland from attack and, in Lasser's phrase, "had silenced the murderous slogan of the Italians, *Morte ai Tedeschi*, by the victories of the Austrian Eagle from Udine to Verona and Mantua and from thence to the Duomo of Milan." (Applause from the Right and Center, hisses from the Left.)

In vain was the opposition of the Left, offering various amendments to the Finance Committee. Goldmark in the end moved that paragraph seven, levying the war costs on Lombardy-Venetia, be omitted entirely—"a motion which would

have supplied the most effective remedy," said Borrosch next day. But the amendments were lost and the Finance Committee sustained. Representative Jonak thereupon interpellated the government, asking whether it was true that France and England had offered mediation. Had the central German government taken part in the negotiations? Minister Doblhoff replied vaguely. He was not yet informed on these affairs. The English ambassador might have intervened with regard to an armistice.

There the matter rested until Goldmark's longer and more specific interpellation of September 11 and the great debate of September 13. The extreme difficulties of the Left's position is made clearer by a long and emotional speech of Representative Strasser, a member of the reactionary Center, who argued at length on behalf of the Government's Italian policies:

Gentlemen, the importance of Trieste is in my opinion such that if the victories of our army had no other result than to drive the Piedmontese fleet out of the harbor of Trieste that would alone have been enough to earn for them the thanks and appreciation of the fatherland. . . .

Can anyone say that constitutional Austria has waged an unjust war of conquest? Have we not been attacked to this very day by treacherous foes under the guise of friendship? Have we not been forced to continue the war in our own defense, indeed merely to enable us to conclude an honorable peace?

Any state that allows itself to be deprived by a foreign foe of a part of its realm, ceases to be a state or at any rate, a power. And Austria was not to defend itself against a treacherous attack, Austria our glorious fatherland? And why not? . . . Because it is the desire of a greedy neighbor to grasp both straps of the Italian boot Genoa and Venice, so as to pull the boot on more easily?

Then Strasser sought to play upon the national pride of the various races represented in the Reichstag:

Are not the soldiers who have so distinguished themselves in Italy without exception from among all the nationalities represented here? Are they not our sons, our relatives, our brothers?

Did not you men of Bohemia, both Czechs and Germans, read with pride of your brave compatriots who bore witness once more to your traditional courage? You men of Steiermark, of Carinthia, Illyria, Istria, have you not cause to be proud of the deeds of your sons and relatives? . . . Have they not all recently again received a baptism of blood in the just cause of their Kaiser and fatherland? . . .

Such an army has already assured its place in the pages of history. . . . But I think we too, have a debt to pay and we for our part, cannot refuse a simple recognition of the army's courage, its endurance, its self-sacrifice and really remarkable achievements.⁷¹

In the face of such sentiment, further urged by the ministry and by other speakers of the Center and the Right, the Left obviously had need, in championing Italy, of their utmost courage and discretion. Only traitors, urged their opponents, could question the devotion and bravery of the army. The Left were at great pains, therefore, neither to question nor dispute this point. They would give the opposition no excuse to turn the debate on Italy into a prolonged defense of the military. On this point Violand in his anonymous account of these events lays special stress,⁷² and it is a point essential to bear in mind in reading Goldmark's interpellation of September 11 and the debate of September 13. The interpellation follows:

For almost six months now war has been raging in Italy which began, strangely enough, with a little cigar smoke,⁷³ but which now lays waste the lovely plains of Italy with a greater smoke, with fire and sword. And in spite of all exertions, in spite of the courage of a brave army and its aged leader, there is no near prospect of peace, equally indispensable for both sides.

I hold it to be the most sacred duty of every true representative of the people—who seeks in the real meaning of the word to represent and not to misrepresent their rights, to speak his

⁷¹ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 13, 1848, pp. 361 ff.

⁷² *Aus Oesterreich's Jüngster Vergangenheit*, Leipzig, 1849.

⁷³ This remark refers to the tobacco riots of January, '48, in Milan and the Veneto. The Italians, following the precedent of the Boston Tea Party, abstained from smoking, both to deprive Austria of the revenue from tobacco, and as a mark of patriotism. The smoking of Austrian officers precipitated rioting, savagely repressed by the Austrian military authorities.

mind openly and candidly about this war. It is in the interest, indeed, of the monarchy, whose welfare is bound up with that of our new liberty.

But in order to speak one's mind, it is necessary first to have the present condition of affairs openly, candidly and completely stated by the ministry. It is to the ministry that the people have entrusted the conduct of these affairs, and this same ministry is responsible for the preservation and not the destruction of liberty.

I lay special stress on a *complete* statement by the ministry. So far as I can judge the feverish pulse of the present, I believe it can be diagnosed in this way: because the past, with all the sins and crimes of the government, with all the offensive and defensive alliances of sovereigns against peoples has reached its final end and terminus; because from now on the peoples themselves will take council together, they must mutually agree on their several interests.

But in order that the people may express themselves about their foreign as well as their domestic interests, in international as well as their civil affairs, especially so that they may express their opinion on this Italian situation which has entered on a new phase since August 6th without the Reichstag's being clear or even informed about it, I ask the honorable ministry to answer the following questions:

What are the guiding principles of the ministry in the Italian situation? And on what basis is the pacification of Lombardy and Venetia being carried out?

What causes moved England and France to offer mediation, and has this offer been wholly or partly refused and if so, why?

I ask further: Has the honorable ministry decided on account of Italy to risk even the remote possibility of war with France which according to the papers only a few days ago was not entirely impossible? Or on the contrary is the ministry minded in such a mere eventuality, to enter upon any other alliance such as the old and I trust repudiated northern alliance?

What results were achieved by the truce with Sardinia which according to newspaper reports is preparing for war anew?

I lay maximum stress on the following question: To what men, besides the Field Marshal, has the ministry entrusted the conduct of affairs in Italy and what instructions have been given them? What is the status of these affairs at present?

Furthermore, is the ministry prepared to renew the defensive and offensive alliance of the late fallen ministry with Modena?

Finally I request the honorable ministry to lay on the table of this House as soon as possible all papers relative to Italian affairs and all instructions issued to all those who have participated in these events since the beginning of the war with Italy.⁷⁴

To these questions the ministry through Wessenberg, Minister of Foreign Affairs, a few days later replied evasively. They could not report on pending diplomatic exchanges; they desired peace but would defend Austria's honor; Modena, bound to them by family ties, had special rights to Austrian protection; the offers of mediation by England and France had been accepted.

Goldmark expressed the bitter disappointment of the Left at these evasive replies and tried again to press his inquiries:

I must ask again whether we as representatives of the Austrian people and whether the ministry which has obtained its mandate from us intends to enter into offensive and defensive family alliances if these are antagonistic to the liberties of the people [applause], and whether the ministry of the democratic party intends to keep up alliances entered into by Metternich [applause].

He demanded again that the instructions to Field Marshal Radetzky and all other papers relative to Italian affairs be laid on the table of the house. The next day Representative Strasser's revival of the Selinger resolution of thanks to the army gave rise to the general debate on the subjugation of the Italian provinces. Goldmark and others who desired to speak did not have opportunity to do so, owing to the curtailment of the discussion. The temper of the Left is however abundantly illustrated in the speeches of Borkowsky, Füster, and Violand.⁷⁵

A man is not less a patriot [said Borkowsky] if he applies his judgment coolly to the circumstances which arouse patriotic

⁷⁴ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 11, 1848, p. 314.

⁷⁵ *Ibid.*, September 13, 1848, pp. 357-369.

sentiment. The question which I am minded to put to this Assembly for its careful consideration is whether the war in Italy is a just war. To be sure Archduke John in the speech from the throne stated that the war in Italy was not directed against Italian freedom but to defend the honor of Austrian arms against the Italian powers. Nevertheless it would be hard to persuade the Italians that they are not fighting and dying for their liberty.

If the honor of arms lay in war and victory, the honor of arms would be as dangerous to the peace of mankind as the greed of tyrants. In my opinion the honor of arms lies in this: not to take arms against liberty, not to use arms as the toys of despotism. I pity from the bottom of my heart, I confess, those of my compatriots who voluntarily or involuntarily share in the Italian victories. [Bravo from the Left, hisses from the Right.]

I will not question the courage and self-sacrifice of the Austrian army in Italy, but if these noble qualities are misapplied they ought rather to be pitied than to be applauded. An unjust act is not justified even if the greatest effort and self-sacrifice is devoted to it. You cannot, gentlemen, invoke against me the name of patriotism. . . .

Indeed, my concern for the standing of this Assembly before the world is a matter of patriotism. I believe that the decision of the chamber on this motion is highly important. On it hangs the judgment of the civilized world as to the first Austrian Assembly. Can we be considered an assembly of free men if we declare that the subjugation of a nation is compatible with our ideas of freedom? [Hisses on the Right; bravos on the Left.]

Will not all our fine words about freedom, about the sacred rights of men and nations seem mere phrases which we use or abuse at will? . . . I have often heard in this chamber of the sovereignty of the people. Is the people to be sovereign only in Vienna and to have no will of their own in Italy?

Füster began by terming a legislative vote of thanks highly significant, the reward of a whole people, reserved for only great deeds. He, like Borkowsky, "had no doubts" of the courage and self-sacrifice of the army in Italy. He would dismiss, he said, certain scruples which might be raised against the proposed vote of thanks, namely, that the courage of the army had been stained by many a cruelty; that the army was hostile to the new political order of things.

But we have another scruple against approving a vote of thanks to our army [the speaker continued] that we cannot dismiss. We have so often heard in this house the assurance that the basic principle of this first Austrian popular assembly is the principle of democracy. Well, then, all our functions must derive from, and must be in harmony with, this principle. This applies directly to our decision about the vote of thanks. The Italian war we inherited together with many sad legacies of the old, absolute *régime*. I call this war a sad legacy and I am sure that to some degree at any rate everyone will agree. A French statesman has said: "Italy is like a tender flower which seeks to bloom, but which a cold, rough hand presses down."

I will not say that this phrase is true of all that the Austrian government has done but it is well known that in addition to the slow process of negotiations, doubly trying to the fiery Italians, the oppression of the police lies heavy on the land. . . .

The March days came, the people rose as never before; but they were not as fortunate as we; they fell and with them for the present the democratic principle in Italy.

Can those who call themselves representatives of the people approve, as they would by this vote of thanks, all the deeds of the former ministry with all their consequences? . . . All the more so, since in opposition even to the speech from the throne, as we can and must see, the army has advanced in Parma, Piacenza, and Modena, perhaps, no certainly, to force on the people hated regencies. [Bravo.]

. . . The Lombards and Venetians have been our fellow-citizens who are sore wounded and hurt, and every word of praise we bestow upon their victors is like rubbing sand into the wounds of the conquered. [Applause.]

Violand, ordinarily unrestrained, also employed utmost discretion in his references to the army, but he went beyond the other speakers in coming out for the total abandonment of the Italian provinces:

As far back as the Congress of Vienna many significant and independent-minded men had said and written that the acquisition of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces by Austria would be a source of never-ceasing trouble, constant uprisings, a great military establishment, and diplomatic entanglements. It would therefore be a source of political weakness.

The prophecy of these statesmen was borne out sooner and more tragically than they themselves expected. . . . The sad results of this short-sighted policy are clear as day. Streams of blood and countless treasure have had to be expended to prolong our precarious hold of these provinces by the wasting of cities and plains and a cruel war of extermination.

This dreary history has no connection with the courageous deeds of our soldiers. They have done their duty with extraordinary self-sacrifice, against a people breathing hatred and revenge. They have fought for the honor of Austrian arms. A bitter sorrow is cast upon these reflections if our army has been guilty of the cruelties with which they are charged, against unarmed men, women, old men, and children. . . .

I believe indeed that the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces may benefit the dynasty, but that their possession can be assured only by permanent martial law and an enormous army. The true welfare of the Austrian people would have demanded that Lombardo-Venetia should be freed from the Austrian Empire, after concluding favorable financial agreements. But this, it seems from Field Marshall Radetzky's last proclamation, from the latest occurrences in Italy, and today's announcement of the minister of war, is not to be.

This counsel of wisdom was, indeed, not to be. The Austrian ministry and military leaders after the victories of July merely played for time, allowing England and France, in the vain belief of Austrian acquiescence, to plan a European conference on the disposition of Northern Italy. But in effect, as soon as practicable, war was renewed on the Italian plains. Venice alone under Manin withstood the Austrian onslaught an entire year longer until August, 1849. Then the whole peninsula except Piedmont was once more under the rule of the foreigner and the church.

But in Italy the failure of '48 was the death of the seed, which brings forth fruits in its season.

Ay, the least
Dead for Italia, not in vain has died;
These dead be seeds of life. . . .

Ten years later Italy—"only a geographical expression" in

Metternich's sardonic phrase—had become a united nation under a liberal constitution.

But what mortal imagination could have divined that in the short space of another fifty years, in 1930, the rôles of Austria and of Italy as oppressor and oppressed would be completely reversed.

Oh holy liberty!
Oh holy rights of nations!
Bitter things I write
Because my soul is bitter for your sakes.
Oh freedom! Oh my Florence!

So Elizabeth Barrett Browning once wrote when Florence failed the cause of liberty; so might she write of Italy today.

The Abolition of the Special Tax on the Jews

SUCH having been the record of the Reichstag minority with regard to Italy, we address ourselves next to the Reichstag's legislation on behalf of the Jews—this, together with the emancipation of the peasants, being the most notable accomplishment of the Assembly. On October 28, 1848, the Reichstag voted to abolish the special tax imposed on the Jews—"this relic of medieval barbarism," as it was termed, in the course of a noble debate by Representative Schuselka, one of the leading members of the Left, a man of high standing with all parties. In spite of considerable opposition this act was passed without regard to party lines, strongly supported by the Minister of Finance. In view of the previous history of the Jews in Austria, and notwithstanding later still persisting social antagonisms, the rescinding of the old law was a genuine advance of liberalism.

The special tax imposed on the Jews was based on a principle peculiarly hateful and degrading to human self-respect; it was the price paid by the Jews for being tolerated in the country. It was assessed in addition to the regular taxes. Moreover, up to October, 1848, the most distinguished foreign Jew visiting Vienna had to obtain an official permit admitting him

for three days on payment of the tax, a time limit which might be extended to eight days and again to fourteen on payment of a second tax.

When the composer Meyerbeer came to Vienna from Paris in 1847, so insulting to France was this requirement felt to be that the Government issued a special order declaring Meyerbeer a "cavalier," so as to exempt him from the special tax as a Jew.

The Jewish population in Austria had been subject always to the caprice of the reigning monarchs who alternately opened or closed to them the means of livelihood. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, for instance, under Joseph II they were allowed to lease land for agricultural purposes. Under the reactionary Francis II who succeeded him, farming was again prohibited. Trade and commerce were the most common means of subsistence. There were few lawyers; but in medicine, literature, the arts and sciences, the Jewish genius found its means of expression. To the scholars, musicians, poets, and actors among the Austrian Jews Schuselka and others paid high tribute.

In 1847 there were said to be 197 "tolerated" families living in Vienna but in practice, owing to lax enforcement of the laws, the number of Jews resident in Vienna is variously stated to have been from four thousand to twelve thousand.

The policy of exclusion dated back to an earlier era. About two hundred years earlier, in 1670, at a time of fanatical oppression an edict of expulsion was pronounced against all Jews resident in Vienna. The city found it difficult, however, to meet its taxes without the substantial contribution of the Jewish population, who were greatly missed also as consumers of goods. Those who returned to the markets, etc., were gradually permitted to stay. The aid of Jews, moreover, in saving Vienna from capture by the Turks in 1683, led to the admission of some additional numbers.

By 1847 social intercourse had begun to spring up between the more cultivated of both races. Jews took a prominent part in the intellectual interests of the capital, especially in the newspaper world. The *Sonntagsblätter* of Ludwig August

Frankl was the only literary organ. Jews were sought as private teachers, since the public schools under clerical control were poor. In the musical and theatrical worlds they were counted on by every manager as his most regular public.

In a word the Jews of the pre-March period had become part of the life of Vienna . . . the former hostility or at least unfriendly attitude toward them . . . had yielded in industry and commerce to a realization of the need and value of the Jews. Among the more intelligent classes, owing to a community of intellectual interests it had given place to greater tolerance.

But legally they were in the most unworthy position, under laws which most deeply insulted self-respect and steadily stifled any independence.⁷⁶

Of the five Jewish representatives in the Reichstag, only Rabbi Mannheimer took part briefly and to good effect in the debate of October 28. Fischhof and Goldmark refrained from speaking, wisely leaving their defense in the hands of their friends. The opposition speakers centered their objection to abolishing the tax chiefly on the loss of revenue to the state, the danger of arousing mob prejudice against the Jews, and the claim that the tax was levied not on a religion but on a race of foreigners. All these points the friends of the Jews answered. To show the level of the debate we may quote briefly, from among many speeches made in defense of the bill, those of Schuselka and Füstler. The great burly Catholic priest was always in the forefront of every fight on democratic issues, always a fearless defender of what he conceived to be just. It was in later years a satisfaction to Joseph Goldmark to be able to assist him materially when his old friend was with difficulty making his living as a teacher in the public schools of New York.

At the University, declared Füstler, there were no sectarian lines. One of the first to fall on March 13 was Spitzer, a Jewish student.

In those days [cried Füstler], I saw hundreds of Jewish stu-

⁷⁶ Siegmund Mayer, *Die Wiener Juden, 1700-1900* (Wien: K. Lowitz, 1918), pp. 280-281.

dents fighting side by side with us. They fell in proportionately greater numbers than we did.

The tax imposed on the Jews is contrary to humanity, contrary to justice. Gentlemen, he who owns slaves, does not himself deserve liberty, and the tax on the Jews proves that slavery still exists. I do not wish to anticipate the judgment of my honored colleagues, but it is my opinion that if this tax is retained freedom is thereby endangered, for in the eyes of the people it is a mark of subjection and just in so far as one gives rein to passion and ancient prejudice, one is oneself enslaved.

Gentlemen, I will not spend more time in argument, but I should like to state what I know of my own experience. I lived for twelve years in a country where the Jews were treated in accordance with the Napoleonic Code, where they enjoyed freedom much earlier than here. For that reason I speak of their reactions, their response to freedom, to justice. If we are all brothers, as a servant of religion, of real Christianity, I feel bound to say we should not have any slaves here. Jesus Christ taught that we are all brothers. His compatriots were Jews. We his followers have for centuries enslaved them. The time has finally come to break their chains and set them free. The genius of our time speaks through a thousand tongues, the genius of human justice. [Applause.]

Schuselka continued the defense:

. . . People have begun to be ashamed of imposing a tax on the Jews on account of their religion; people have been ashamed to say we look down on them because their belief is somewhat different from ours. So they have said, they are foreigners, they do not mix with us, they want to form a state within the state. They have not been ashamed to dare to say this, though it has as a matter of fact been impossible for them to mix with us. For up to this very time marriage between Jews and Christians has been barbarously forbidden.

This tax is unjust in principle especially in Austria which grants every nationality its own development and should therefore grant it to the Jewish race too. For if any race has claims to a long past and culture it is the Jewish race. It is the oldest in history and the most remarkable. . . . But it is not really true that they are a separate nationality. They have always proved themselves true citizens of our nation, and we bite off our own noses if we treat the Jews as foreigners. We claim their intellec-

tual gifts as part of the national inheritance for we know that in all branches of our science, art, and literature, Jews have distinguished themselves. . . .

I will not go further afield. We are concerned in this debate only with the abolition of the special tax and not yet with the complete emancipation of the Jews. I will therefore not anticipate that question, although I desire in that matter, too, to speak with all the strength at my command for the immediate and total emancipation of the Jews. [Applause.] . . . If we free the Jews we free ourselves from the sway of a relic of Christian barbarism, of tyrannical Christian bigotry. [General applause.]

Minister of Finance Kraus, in a well-considered speech which was followed by loud and continuous applause, disposed of the argument that abolition of this special tax would cut too heavily into the State revenues. The entire tax, he said, would amount in 1849 to 900,000 florins. Economies instituted in other directions already promised to yield 2,800,000 florins. There were many needs for this prospective balance, but that did not weigh with him against urging a step which he considered just and necessary for the State's welfare:

I will not waste another word on the justice or injustice of this charge. I do not think anyone can maintain that it is just. But another reason has impelled me as Minister of Finance to seize the first available opportunity of urging the abolition of this tax. It is because I regard it as injurious in two ways.

Firstly, there could be, I think, no more glaring discrepancy than to establish, in the Fundamental Rights, equality before the law and in all relationships, and then to allow such an inequality to exist when it comes to the taxes.

In the second place, I can only repeat that the general welfare suffers greatly when the urban population lives in a state of poverty worse than can be imagined. We have heard the standards of living discussed here but no one can imagine the standard of living in Galicia.

You will appreciate that in a country where the middle class is only just beginning to develop, the outlook for the general welfare is dark if this class is in constant need. For trade and commerce are dependent on the middle class.

The special tax imposed on the Jews is in the same category

as the dues of feudal subjects. If you want to build, you must first clear the ground. You want to build up a new system of taxation, and are willing to let taxes continue which have no place in a reasonable system; you might as well abandon the idea of constructing a just system of taxation. . . .

With taxes on occupations and an income tax we shall have new revenues and can justly urge that the tax on the Jews, like other oppressive taxation, be abolished.⁷⁷

After extended debate the paragraph of the budget dealing with this tax was passed by a great majority, as follows:

The tax on the Jews as well as all special Jewish taxes for passes or any other local police ordinances, including the special residence tax in Vienna, are abolished, beginning November 1, 1848.⁷⁸

October Sixth

WE must now resume our narrative of the events following the riots of August and September in Vienna. We have seen the sinister cloud of counter-revolution darkening the political and the social horizon, and Latour's repeated introduction of the regular troops into the city—provocation plainly of the first order for the excitable populace of Vienna.

Peace had to this point been maintained or reëstablished through the determination of the Reichstag.

The tinder was all ready. On October 6 Latour himself supplied the spark [writes Kudlich bitterly, in his keen analysis of these events]. How I tried, how all the members of the Left, Goldmark, Löchner, etc., tried to inculcate into old and young that they should not be entrapped by any provocation, by any insults, into an uprising or revolution. To those who had any sense it was clear as day; the reaction wanted nothing more than an excuse for aggressive action. The reaction was fully armed—the people's party was without means of defense!⁷⁹

⁷⁷ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, October 5, 1848, pp. 795 ff.

⁷⁸ Equality of religious belief was provided in a section of the Fundamental Rights. And though the rights were lost with the whole liberal constitution, in the general ruin of March, '49, equality of religious belief survived in the governmental constitution promulgated instead of the liberal document.

⁷⁹ Kudlich, *op. cit.*, II, 251.

When, then, news ran through the city on October 5 that a detachment of Viennese grenadiers had actually been ordered out to join Jellačić, that a second regiment was to march against the Hungarians the next morning, the resentment and anger of the city began to mount. Would the Reichstag be able once more to intervene and stave off disaster? Events, moving with fatal rapidity, soon disproved the hope. In Kudlich's vivid reminiscences we follow the breathless course of the day; Kudlich heard of the proposed dispatch of reinforcements to Jellačić and hurried out to the Tabor Bridge from where the troops were to start:

As far off as in the Jägerzeile there was the greatest excitement. Citizens were standing in groups out-of-doors debating whether or not the grenadiers should be allowed to march. The name of the unpopular Minister of War [Latour] was on all lips, and the people were not exactly blessing him. At the Tabor everything was still comparatively quiet. But from the North Station to the first bridge, thousands were standing around, as yet more curious than ready to fight. . . . On the other side, in Zwischenbrücken, people were more determined. Here there was a crowd of about 1,000 men, most of them armed, guards, workmen, soldiers and some students, all mingled together, talking excitedly and gesticulating but determined to prevent, at all costs, the departure for Hungary of the friendly German grenadiers. . . . I was recognized and presented to the people. I was lifted on to a table and had to make a speech. I spoke about as follows:

"What I should best like to do [*am allerliebsten*] would be to urge you to be still and go home. Let the poor grenadiers march! I admit that it is a crime, a betrayal of the people, a violation of the political relations existing between ourselves and Hungary. It is positively an act of the reactionaries to send German soldiers across the Hungarian border, most probably to aid the Croatia general Jellačić who is in the Emperor's good graces.

"But unfortunately you cannot help it, and must allow it to happen like many another piece of injustice. Only the Reichstag can help in this case; only the Reichstag can hold to account the minister of war and the whole ministry, and I believe that I am right in saying that the Reichstag will do it. Just wait! Do not let yourselves be provoked into any attack on the military. Who-

ever provokes a fight today, is acting only in the interest of the reactionaries, the Camarilla, the Croats.

"The reactionary party has long been wanting some excuse to fall upon the people, to destroy our liberty, to break up the Reichstag! In the course of the past months an army has been built up by the great opponent of liberty, Windischgrätz. What for? Do you imagine it is to be used against Russia? Ridiculous to suppose that Windischgrätz could take the field against Russia. No, this army threatens Vienna, threatens the Reichstag, threatens our achievements! When they have finished with Hungary, it will be our turn. That is why you should be careful; don't fall into the trap, keep quiet. We are not prepared but our opponents have made their preparations and are ready to strike. You cannot play them any worse trick than by avoiding any possible quarrel.

"We have come to the point where we accomplish more by trusting to legal and moral methods rather than to brute force. . . . So wait for the action of the Reichstag. Its moral effect will be more powerful than your arms."

But Kudlich's appeal, as he says, fell upon deaf ears.

No, the grenadiers shall stay here [the crowd shouted in reply]. They have no business in Hungary. They are under the orders of our ministry, not the Hungarian. Our minister shall not be mixed up in the quarrels of the Hungarians and Croats. The Reichstag might have intervened, but that was not allowed though it might have brought peace. But the ministry which is subject to the Reichstag has no right to take a part or to send money, cannon and troops to the Croats. Latour has done this thing.⁸⁰

Kudlich, seeing that he could accomplish nothing, made his way back to the city, while working people and the Academic Legion continued to gather at the Tabor Bridge, where troops were being concentrated to enforce the departure of the grenadiers. Later in the morning a bloody struggle ensued, the commanding military officer, General Bredy, fell, and the regular troops fled before the popular onset. Guns and three cannon were seized and carried back in triumphal procession toward the inner city.

⁸⁰ Kudlich, *op. cit.*, III, 4 ff.

What, in the meantime, it may be asked, was the Reichstag about, on whose behalf Kudlich had pleaded vainly for delay? The story is perhaps best told by the actors themselves, who were to make a last desperate attempt to stave off disaster, and found themselves involved in a scene of riot and murder so devastating to their hopes that its every detail remained deeply imprinted upon their remembrance ever after.

Kudlich had returned from the Tabor Bridge fully alive to the imminence of the danger there. He found about a hundred deputies in the Riding School eager to hear the news.

When they heard that I had come from the scene of action [he says], they wanted authentic information. I described the state of affairs briefly and expressed my conviction that we should have the most terrible revolution if the Reichstag did not again mediate between the two parties as it had on September 13, and so prevent an outbreak.

Strobach, a Czech, president of the Reichstag, was repeatedly urged to call an immediate session. He steadily refused on the ground that "the street disturbances were no business of the Reichstag's [*gehe den Reichstag nicht das Geringste an*] but were matters for the ministry, the executive, to deal with."

In vain [continues Kudlich] were all representations, requests, even warnings! Gradually his [Strobach's] Czech compatriots and German party associates gathered around him. There was a violent scene, mutual recriminations. . . . Finally all we could do was to draw up and sign a protest against the president's behavior. After a bitter debate in which the word "traitor" was repeatedly thrown in his face, such a protest was written.

At this moment a message from the ministry asked for Strobach's attendance. The deputies reluctantly consented to his departure, accompanied by Smolka, the vice-president.

Upon news of the popular demonstration at the Tabor Bridge a ministerial council had been summoned in the Ministry of War Building. Precautions against an outbreak were taken by posting cannon at strategic points and calling out, for the defense of the Hofburg and public buildings, troops and national guards known to be conservatively inclined. The

ministers were anxious and concerned but not yet alarmed, divided in opinion but for the most part seemingly unaware of the passions ready to be unleashed in the populace.

Shortly after their presiding officers had left the Reichstag, continues Kudlich in his account, a larger deputation of about thirty members decided to go to the ministry to express their intense apprehensions and to demand that the Reichstag meet at once to give the ministry its moral support. Kudlich sets the scene before us:

It was about half past twelve when we reached the Ministry of War Building. They showed us into the conference room, where the ministers were all assembled. It was at once apparent that three different points of view were held among them. Hornbostel and Doblhoff clearly felt the full weight of the moment; the latter said never a word during the interview, and leaned his head sadly against the wall; I even think he was weeping, at least it looked so. Hornbostel, too, looked very depressed and sad. Little Kraus was walking up and down busily, speaking to different people in a friendly way and seeming to think that things were not in such a bad way as we were making out [*wie wir's zu machen schienen*].

Latour seemed to Kudlich the chief figure in the tragedy, Bach its Mephisto. Latour replied patronizingly to their offer of support:

Gentlemen, we thank you for your offers. The fears which you express are exaggerated. It is true that there is some small opposition among the soldiers ordered to march; we expect to end it very quickly, as we have for some time been prepared for such a contingency. Be good enough, therefore, to reassure yourselves.

"But there has been firing at the Tabor," Löhner threw in. "No, there has been no clash as yet."

"I am told" [said Kudlich], "that crowds of armed peasants from Marchfeld are marching on the city."

"Well," answered Bach with a poisonous glance of his squinting eyes, "if the peasants do come no one should be surprised at that. Were they not invited to come weeks ago? Yes, gentlemen, you have been accustomed to having ministries allow themselves to be driven hither and yon by any outside influence. Do not think

that you are dealing with weak natures this time. The present executive will not stand any interference either from the man in the street [*von der Strasse*] or from a fraction of the Reichstag! We have prepared our program and will carry it out."

"Then you alone shall bear the responsibility for what happens," Violand exclaimed, roused to considerable wrath.

"Yes," answered Bach, "we will take the responsibility."

And with that, says Kudlich, the interview ended.

While these recriminations were being exchanged, a bloody encounter had taken place not far off on the great square or Stephansplatz, in front of the cathedral, between the conservative guards posted there and the popular party returning in triumph from the Tabor. The great bell of St. Stephens was clanging its wildest call to arms. Some students, laborers, and national guards in sympathy with them had succeeded in forcing their way to the belfry, past national guards posted to prevent them. In the struggle shots were fired and soon a fierce hand to hand encounter was precipitated within the church itself, leaving many killed and wounded at the very altar. Thus, in effect, the stage of civil war had been reached, a fratricidal conflict. Once more the day of barricades had come. They appeared, says the official government account, "like magic" (*wie auf einen Zauberschlag*).⁸¹

Smolka, a Polish member of the Left, vice-president of the Reichstag, who accompanied Strobach to the ministerial council, carries the story on, giving his part in the drama as he related it later to his biographer.⁸² Smolka had urged that the military be withdrawn from the city and ordered back to their barracks. He himself undertook to see to it that the national guards and Academic Legion would, on their part, withdraw. But at this moment messengers burst in with news of the fatal conflict at the Stephansplatz and implored aid for the loyalist guards who were being overpowered there.

At that [says the biography], all the ministers began to urge

⁸¹ *Ergebnisse der von der K. K. Militär-Gerichte Geführten Untersuchung wider die Mörder Grafen Latour* (Wien, 1850), p. 10.

⁸² Extracts from a Biography of Smolka published in the *Tygodnikski Lwowski* (Lemberg Weekly), 1868, No. 29. Quoted in Dr. Hermann Knepler, *Der Prozess Goldmark* (Wien, 1868), p. 109.

Latour to call out more troops. Latour yielded to them, though with obvious regret and reluctance, and issued the order.

The regulars marched in; the artillery which had been posted *am Graben* gave fire; all the window-panes in the Ministry of War were shattered; the ministers with one accord jumped up in terror from their seats, and Strobach turned to Smolka with the request that he should go and call a session of the Reichstag.

Smolka accepted this now difficult and dangerous task, bitterly reproaching Strobach for not having called the session three hours earlier when they might have calmed the storm as successfully as they had succeeded in doing on September 19. The firing in various parts of the city did not cease; there seemed little prospect of stemming hostilities. Strobach handed Smolka a memorandum authorizing him to call a session of the Reichstag, and promised to follow him directly.

The deputies in the Reichstag meanwhile, indignant at the delay in opening a formal session, had decided to open an informal one. Pillersdorf was elected temporary chairman, Goldmark secretary. Soon Smolka hurried in with alarming reports of the day's events, followed by Strobach, and shortly thereafter Hornbostel, one of the ministers of the morning council, burst in with the news that the War Department Building had fallen into the hands of the mob and that Latour's life was in danger. "Upon this," says Kudlich, "a commission of the most popular men of the Reichstag was sent out to rescue Latour and take him under the protection of the Reichstag."

Of this committee, chosen by acclamation in an atmosphere tense with excitement, Goldmark was one.

I remember as though it were yesterday [*als wenn ich es heute vor mir sähe*], how they tore the white curtains from the windows, made them into flags, and tied them across their breasts as scarfs, so that they might be recognized as members of parliament in going out among the combatants and trying to make peace [wrote Dr. Heinrich Löw, editor of the *Reichsblatt*, testifying twenty years later on behalf of Dr. Goldmark].⁸³

More quickly than anyone had imagined, the new revolu-

⁸³ Knepler, *op. cit.*, p. 85.



*Attack on the Imperial Arsenal during the Night
of October 6, 1848*



*Defense of Barricades at the Rennweg,
October 28, 1848*

tion which Kudlich had feared and against which the March liberals had successfully bent their efforts during August and September, was upon them. And this time the mob, made fiercer by resentment, did "take the bit into its teeth" as Goldmark had prophesied. For the time being they were beyond control.

The heavy firing of the regular troops on the Stephansplatz which had shattered the windows had met with a determined response from the people. A rain of bullets followed from roofs and windows as well as from the barricades. Soon the military was driven back from the Stephansplatz and surrounding streets. Only a small division of grenadiers and a few cannon remained in the courtyard of the War Department Building.

By three o'clock the massive gates of the building had been closed. A mob of workingmen, with some national guardsmen and a few students, armed with all manner of weapons, had gathered before it, in effect besieging the place. The air was filled with wild yells, imprecations against the Minister of War, and demands that the regular troops should cease firing.

At the suggestion of a lieutenant of the Academic Legion who had made his way into the ministry, an effort to conciliate the crowd was made in the form of an order signed by the Minister of War bearing the words "Cease Firing" (*das Feuer ist überall einzustellen*). These notices were thrown out of the second-story windows to the crowd below.

For such a mere gesture, however, it was now too late. The mob had by this time succeeded in making a breach in the great gate and demanded that it be opened. Why Latour should at four o'clock have yielded to this demand must remain a matter of speculation. The government's official Latour Brochure, published in 1850, suggests that he hoped by a show of manly confidence to avoid more violence.⁸⁴ Goldmark regarded the opening of the gates, in the light of what followed, as a mark of headless folly. "Proof of the lack of judgment of all concerned," is noted in his handwriting at this point on the margin of his copy of the Report of 1850.

⁸⁴ Ergebnisse, p. 14.

Latour [says the report] called down twice through an open window to the grenadiers in the courtyard, "Cease firing," and at the same time at his command the loaded cannons were turned away from the gates and drawn to one side.

This unexpected turn of affairs was nothing less than dumbfounding and discouraging to the soldiers, and told upon their subsequent behavior. According to the testimony of many eye witnesses, the grenadiers in the courtyard were as though suddenly struck down with amazement and dejection.

As a matter of fact they offered no resistance whatever to the onset of the crowd, which immediately hurled itself through the opened gateway into the court and rushed into the building.

The various ministers had meantime made their escape, Hornbostel, as we have seen, bursting into the Riding School with news of the latest desperate turn of affairs. Only Latour remained within the War Building in which his private living apartments were situated. To these rooms Latour quickly retired with several lieutenants, assuming as disguise a civilian suit and hat; and later, driven by the uproar in the building, he was persuaded to take refuge in a small dark hidden room on the top floor.

The cries which pursued the minister and his few attendants were furious, ominous, bloodthirsty. "Hang, hang Latour," was what they heard.

The mob [says the Report of 1850] had broken down locked doors, smashed stoves, chests, mirrors and other furniture, especially any place in which the minister might conceivably be hidden. They threw books, papers and maps out of the windows into the street and tried to throw the furniture out, too.⁸⁵

Thus violence, the worst fear of the moderates, had despite their efforts been realized. Goldmark's testimony before the military commission of inquiry in November, 1848, only a month after these events had transpired, gives a brief straightforward account of the next act of the tragedy and his part in it. He testified as follows:

⁸⁵ *Ergebnisse*, p. 21.

My name is Joseph Goldmark, I am thirty years old, a Jew, unmarried, a doctor of medicine and deputy in the Reichstag for Vienna. I have never before appeared in court. I have been told that my testimony is desired concerning the occurrences of October 6, so far as they relate to the murder of the minister of war. I can testify as follows:

On that afternoon at about half past three o'clock I came to the Assembly Chamber where the necessary quorum was not on hand. Upon receiving information that a fight between the people and the soldiers had broken out near the War Building, I, Borrosch, and Prince Ljubomirsky were chosen by acclamation and were sent out as a deputation to pacify the people and to restore peace at the ministry. On the way there we were assured that the fight was over and returned to the Chamber. But shortly thereafter Minister Hornbostel appeared and declared in answer to Deputy Borrosch that the minister's life in the War Building was really in danger.

In response to Borrosch's plea that it was a humane duty [*Pflicht der Menschlichkeit*] to take measures to rescue the minister, I, President Smolka and Borrosch were again sent to his rescue and on the way we were joined by Fischhof, Sierakowsky and Zöpfel.⁸⁶

On the arrival of the deputies at the War Building Latour had already, as we know, fled to the top floor. Goldmark continues:

We stood at the foot of the back staircase, not knowing what was happening upstairs. The courtyard was full of the armed crowd carrying spits, iron bars and the like. There were some national guards, and a few students, too. There was loud yelling for the minister of war and threats against his life, such as hanging. The excitement was terrific, with the greatest crowding towards the back staircase on the first steps of which we were standing. Deputy Borrosch tried to pacify the attacking mob in a pleading speech. He assured them that the day's events would be strictly investigated and the ministers would be impeached. But it was all in vain. The mob crowded forward more and more and single persons succeeded in getting past us up the stairs.

Borrosch thought that his speech had pacified the mob and

⁸⁶ Quoted in Knepler, *op. cit.*, p. 11. Protokoll vom 14 November.

left the courtyard. He had made his speech sitting on the shoulders of Goldmark and Fischhof so that from that height he might be better seen and heard. Even the Government Report of 1850, which was as bitterly hostile to the liberals as to the mob, bears witness to the eloquence of Borrosch's speaking.

On the first steps of the stairs as well as later in the courtyard where he stood on the shoulders of those near him ["mine and Fischhof's" Goldmark later noted in the margin] Deputy Borrosch made a fiery speech to the people, warning them with all the force at his command, not to stain their glorious Revolution by a punishable crime, not to undertake to be at once judges and executioners, promising that the events of the day would be strictly investigated and the ministers impeached.

As his speech was nevertheless interrupted by cries threatening the minister of war, carried away by emotion he flung his hat down into the crowd exclaiming in great excitement: "Sacrifice me rather than him, for while I am a strong opponent of the minister of war, you shall reach him only over my dead body!"⁸⁷

Smolka's biographer, who had the story from Smolka himself, adds some details omitted in Goldmark's briefer report to the military court. The two young men had stood side by side on the back stairs against which the mob was thronging. They held across the stairway the shaft of the white flag which Smolka had carried, urging, pleading, commanding, with all the eloquence at their command, that the crowd disperse.

New groups of men kept rushing in from the city where they had been engaged in fighting [says Smolka's biographer]. They were excited to the highest degree by the bloody events in which they had participated. "What," they yelled, "take no revenge? They have killed my father, my brother, my son, my mother! Hang him! hang him!"

The sight was terrible, worse than any description can portray without seeming to exaggerate. Smolka found himself opposing men who actually foamed at the mouth with rage and glared at him with bloodshot eyes.

The entrance into the courtyard of crowds in whom passion seemed to have destroyed all the bonds of reason had a most

⁸⁷ Ergebnisse, p. 25.

damaging effect on those who had been pacified, but who now turned back and increased the tumult.

After Borrosch had made his speech Smolka, Fischhof, and some other deputies went up to the second floor and attempted to persuade the rioters there that Latour would be forced to account for his actions and to resign. His instant resignation was thereupon loudly demanded. One of Latour's lieutenants who had joined the deputies led Smolka alone, still carrying his white flag, up to the fourth floor where the Minister of War was hidden. Latour emerged from his retreat to hear the new turn of events. He agreed to yield to the demand for his resignation, but with a formalist's rigidity he insisted upon stipulating for the Emperor's consent. Even with a blood-thirsty mob below, he refused to heed Smolka's appeal for an unconditional surrender and wrote on a sheet of paper as his ultimate concession: "With his Majesty's consent, I resign as Minister of War."

This proviso did, as Smolka had foreboded, quite nullify the effect of Latour's resignation.

As soon as they heard that it was dependent on his Majesty's consent the storm broke out anew [says the Report of 1850]. Men yelled that the Emperor would never consent to the resignation; they must get justice for themselves and seize the minister. Other fiercer voices cried: "The wretch [*der Halunke*] is in the building, hang him, hang him!"

Finally, as a counsel of despair, seeing that the crowd could no longer be gainsaid and that the minister's presence in the building was known, Smolka and Fischhof demanded that before the minister consented to appear his safety should be assured by an escort large enough to protect him from violence and solemnly pledged to do so.

Twenty or twenty-five national guardsmen and workmen stepped forward [says the Report of 1850], and with uplifted arms pledged their lives and honor for the War-Minister's safety, while Fischhof gave renewed assurance that Baron Latour would

be publicly tried. How some of this guard kept their word at the critical moment will appear presently.⁸⁸

Goldmark meantime had lost his companions in the disorder. He had made his way upstairs at the moment when the crowd was plundering and smashing the furniture on the second floor in the fierce search for Latour. Goldmark used his deputy card in his efforts to restrain them. He had himself gone upstairs with the idea of trying to make himself heard from a second story window by the people raging below.

I was torn away from the window by the crowd that rushed in [he says], and was myself threatened with violence in their attempt to learn from me where the minister was. I saw many people crowding the passages on the upper floor and hearing noise above, I ran up to the third floor where I met Baron Latour surrounded by a group consisting of Fischhof, Smolka, national guardsmen and some workmen. Upon my calling out: "Have no fear, we will protect you," he replied: "You see, I am not afraid, my dear doctor, I am an honorable man and have a good conscience." I joined his escort and we made our way down to the courtyard, past the well.

But whatever hopes of rescuing the minister may have been entertained on the upper floors, disappeared as soon as they reached the courtyard.

Here [testified Goldmark], the uproar was frightful. Everyone rushed upon the baron with curses and threats so that we who surrounded him were first jammed together [*in einem Kneuel gedrängt*] and then driven apart. So we were forced against the wall left of the well. I saw Dr. Fischhof at the baron's back while I was trying with some guards and students to protect him in front.

In spite of our cries for mercy and for help, the mob got at him over our heads with axes, iron bars and hammers. While I was trying to seize from one of the rioters a small axe with which he was threatening the baron, my hat was torn off, and I was

⁸⁸ "They were as false to their word as the guard whom I had posted at the back staircase was false to his," commented Goldmark, at this point, in the margin of the Report, referring to a man whom he had stationed on the stairs when he went to the second floor, who had promised to stand guard but had soon deserted his post.

dragged backwards away from his immediate neighborhood. I could see how he was being struck at from all sides and sank down beside the wall.

This terrible scene—enacted beside the beautifully carved stone wellhead which still stands in the former courtyard—was “burnt into the remembrance” of the March liberals ever after, as Fischhof later said. When Goldmark was later sentenced to death for alleged participation in the murder of Latour, his friends indignantly testifying in his behalf, even twenty years after, vividly recalled the scene. Fischhof testified:

I want to state the following with all the emphasis at my command. As often as I caught sight of Goldmark, during the half hour before the attack, he was making efforts with all his habitual energy and vivacity to dominate the fanatical mob which was surging in, and so prevent the projected attack on the minister. With the passage of time I have forgotten some of the details of what happened but the total impression of his conduct during that half hour so filled with excitement, danger, and terror was burnt into my remembrance, and the first news of Goldmark’s indictment for participation in the murder of Latour filled me with horror—and resentment.

I have said that I have forgotten some details, but one fact I have never forgotten, namely that it was on Goldmark’s shoulders and mine that Borrosch made his great speech to save Latour.

Smolka also testified as to Goldmark’s acts:

I remember distinctly, what I will confirm under oath, that as soon as Goldmark reached the court he tried to calm the mob, urging them to draw back, not to use violence, to cease their crowding and searching, because the ministers had left. It is impossible for me to believe that he said exactly the opposite of what I actually heard him say. . . .

In spite of all my exertions I was steadily being pushed up the stairs, when Goldmark made his way to me and helped me keep back the crowd by holding the shaft of the flag across the stairway. We nevertheless continued to be pushed back; but Goldmark did not once cease his earnest efforts to restrain and keep off the attackers.

With the fall of Latour, an orgy of brutality was let loose.

The fallen body, even before his death, was a target for all manner of weapons: forty-three wounds were afterward counted. It was stripped naked, dragged to a barred window, and strung up. It fell and was hung up again on a lamp-post. Not until late at night did anyone have courage and humanity enough to take down and decently cover the body.

Latour had sunk down beside the wall just as the clock of the War Building was striking quarter to five—a fact noted by several witnesses which was later to prove of substantial importance to Goldmark in establishing the hour of his return to the Riding School.

The deputies had all, after a hand-to-hand struggle, been hurled aside, assaulted, thrown down, their clothing half torn off. They had seen the Minister of War fall under the savage attacks of the mob, and thereafter made their several escapes.

Then hearing the cry: "The liberals of March 13 are traitors, too!" which obviously was directed against Fischhof and myself [said Goldmark, concluding his testimony before the military court], I made my way out of the building.

Smolka appears to have been the first to reach the Riding School. He had fallen in with Goldmark as they both left the Ministry of War Building—a second point of importance in establishing Goldmark's movements after the murder. Smolka called out to President Strobach that Latour had fallen. Strobach without answering hurried out. Neither he nor the other Czech deputies awaited the storm which was bound to break over their heads. The chamber was wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation and wrath at the refusal of Strobach backed by all his compatriots to allow the Reichstag to convene and take measures, as on previous occasions, to ward off the catastrophe which had now engulfed them.

Smolka was immediately called on to take the chair. He declared the Reichstag in session. As soon as the news of Latour's death and of the outbreak of popular fury had been briefly described Löhner arose and demanded that Strobach be instantly impeached. Others jumped up to second the proposal. Minister Hornbostel tried to calm them.

Minister Hornbostel: Gentlemen, I speak not as a minister, not as a deputy but as a citizen of Vienna.

Löhner: And as an honorable man. [Stormy, long-continued and general applause.]

Minister Hornbostel [in a voice broken by emotion]: I thank you for this mark of confidence. You know what has happened. It will make a terrible impression on the regular troops and the garrison. I urge you if you want to save Vienna, if you want to save us all, if you want to prevent further excesses in the city, let a deputation be sent at once from the Reichstag to the commandant to prevent further disaster. I implore you to have it done at once.

It was then that Goldmark's quick instinct for action stood him in good stead. As he afterward said to his roommate, Fischhof, all they could now hope to accomplish was to save from almost inevitable shipwreck (*kaum vermeidlichen Schiffbruche*) as much liberty as they could. Was the Reichstag to split now at the most critical moment of its stormy career? Would civil war profit the cause of liberty? Or would not the split of right wing and left wing play directly into the hands of the reactionaries who wanted nothing more than to precipitate the liberals into the radical democratic camp? Meantime, while they spent time in wrangling, the city lay, at nightfall, at the mercy of an armed mob which had tasted blood.

Goldmark arose and asked for recognition. He spoke solemnly, answering Löhner and supporting Hornbostel:

This is too serious and dark an hour to allow the least dissension among us. Gentlemen, no impeachments against any one at all! [*gegen wen immer*]. I beg representative Löhner to take back his impeachment. [Applause.] The ground beneath our feet is too volcanic to permit us to turn on one another. I must speak against this proposal. I am in favor of other suggestions which have been made, especially what Minister Hornbostel proposes. It is imperative that we should not waste time on words, which will not prevent this night from being one of real terror in the city of Vienna, unless we quickly try to ward off what may happen. Let us, gentlemen, name a commission which shall act at once in coöperation with such of the administrative offices as are still functioning. Let us quiet the military outside; we cannot tell

how they will act. Above all, gentlemen, I beg of you to create this commission without any further discussion.

The commission was created. It was known as the Permanent Committee and consisted of eleven members, among whom were Löhner, Schuselka, Goldmark, Fuster, and Violand.

To this commission, working in close coöperation with Minister Kraus it was due [says Knepler], as all contemporaries who were living in Vienna at the time attest, that the National Bank was not plundered, that the Hofburg was not set in flames, and that all the horrors of anarchy did not overwhelm the imperial city.⁸⁹

The night was violent enough, nevertheless. After an all-night attack the mob broke into the arsenal, despite the resistance of the imperial troops, plundered and set fire to it. It burned to the ground with the trophies of centuries. Many were the burning buildings in Vienna that night. The city seemed doomed. So at least it appeared to an observer from across the Atlantic.

This observer was the American *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Austria, W. H. Stiles, whose history of these times has the merit at least of an honest, if thoroughly conventional contemporary account:

The horrors of that awful night, the alarm bells pealing from all the steeples in the city; the arsenal at times wrapt in flames; the uninterrupted musket-fire; the thunder of the heavy cannons and the streets strewed with the dying and the dead, will not soon be forgot by the quiet and pleasure-loving inhabitants of Vienna.⁹⁰

The Fall of Vienna

So the reaction and the military power had won in the conflict which they had precipitated. And yet, such is the power of human hope and faith that the catastrophe ushered in by Latour's fall and the glare of the burning arsenal did not cul-

⁸⁹ Knepler, *op. cit.*, p. 62.

⁹⁰ William H. Stiles, *History of Austria in 1848-1849* (New York: Harper's, 1852), p. 100.

minate until five months later. From October, '48, to March, '49, just a year after their initial triumph, the liberals still clung with dogged persistence to their forlorn hope—constitutional freedom. Forlorn it may seem to us in retrospect, with Windischgrätz during the whole month of October drawing closer his net around the doomed city, with the imperial party rallying to its support all the renascent forces of reaction, determined upon a counter-revolution which should remove the feeble Ferdinand from the throne and reconstitute an absolute Empire, again amenable to its ruler.

But to the liberals constitutional freedom remained, in spite of all that had happened the goal, the shining vision on which they had unalterably fixed their faith. They were fighting, they knew, with their backs to the wall. But they were not yet defeated. The Committee of Thirty was still occupied in hammering out the constitution day by day. The violence of October 6 which they themselves utterly condemned, had broken in brutally upon this supreme, this last chance, of placing their country among the free nations. But if Austria could still be committed to liberal principles, if a liberal constitution could still be published before the world, the March days would not have been in vain.

1. All government derives its powers from the people and shall be exercised as set forth in the Constitution.

So read the first great phrase, paragraph one of the proposed constitution.

2. The people are the sum of all the citizens. The Constitution and the laws decide the conditions under which the property of an Austrian citizen and his political rights are acquired, exercised and lost.

3. All citizens are equal before the law. All privileges of rank including those of the nobility, are abrogated.

To the constitution makers these were not mere sonorous phrases. They were bulwarks against despotism such as those on which the free institutions of England had long been based, for which the American and the French revolutions had been fought, more lately those in Belgium and the German princi-

palities. The Reichstag was still the sole legally constituted legislative authority: Windischgrätz, appointed Commander in Chief, and Jellačić were mere military aggressors. At this critical period of Austria's history, so shortly before their final fall, the achievement of the March liberals in keeping alive and dominant the demand for constitutional freedom during their brief months of power was brilliantly vindicated. The Emperor had again fled. Vienna was still tumultuous. Yet as late as October 19, in a manifesto denouncing the murder of Latour and the violence in the capital, Ferdinand still felt constrained to reaffirm his support of the Reichstag and the task of drafting the constitution. The constitutional guaranties, conceded at the bayonets' point in March and May, were still valid.

It is Our will [says the manifesto of October 19] that the work of drafting the constitution begun by the constituent assembly should not be interrupted or disturbed but should be carried on with equal consideration of all of my peoples; so that it may soon be submitted for my sanction and its proper completion.

The Emperor pledged his word, likewise, to preserve all rights and liberties granted up to this time.

But Windischgrätz, ever since the fall of Prague in June, had been preparing for just this contingency. The protests of the Reichstag against his advance upon the city weighed with him not a grain. He joined forces with Jellačić and by October 28 had reached Vienna and overpowered all the important suburbs. His troops were massed before the walls of the inner city, which was to capitulate within forty-eight hours, under threat of a bombardment.

"Up, brothers, to arms, old and young, rich and poor, whoever can wield a sword, arm and hurry to the fight"—so reads a political pamphlet of late October.

Even those who cannot fight, can work, build barricades, care for the wounded, dig ditches, etc. At such a time let no hand be idle or it deserves to be cut off. Even women and girls can share in the great defense of freedom. Nurse the wounded, encourage our men by word and deed, shame the coward and sluggard. Let the whole people gird itself for the fight and no Jellačić, no

Auersberg, no Windischgrätz can conquer. Up, then! our country, freedom, is at stake; Save them, save yourselves: Hail to unconquerable, and free Vienna!⁹¹

But despite such brave voices, the Viennese were forced reluctantly to recognize their inability to defend the city against so powerful a force. Capitulation was all that remained, unless the Hungarians under Kossuth should come to their relief. And at the eleventh hour, from the tower of St. Stephen where an observatory with telescopes had been installed, news came of an attack upon the attackers. Kossuth had succeeded in dispatching a Hungarian army to Vienna's assistance.

It was one of the later official counts against Goldmark that he was among those who on descending from St. Stephen's tower urged the renewed defense of the city, on October 30. "Goldmark and Fischhof are especially guilty of having caused bloodshed after the capitulation," the Government Report of 1850 charges.

With Blum and Fröbel, between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning of the fight at Schwechat,⁹² they climbed St. Stephen's tower, on receiving news from the Hungarian camp that Kossuth would attack. Upon their return they joyfully announced to the great crowd waiting in the square below that the Hungarians were fighting vigorously, that everyone must keep up his courage.

Whether or not Goldmark did so counsel the renewed resistance demanded by the radical clubs, is open to doubt. In their now desperate plight, bombarded by two imperial armies, resistance, he knew, was hopeless and could mean only the slaughter of the inhabitants and the destruction of the beloved city.

On October 30 while the Hungarians were first thought to be gaining, Goldmark and Berthold Auerbach (the German novelist, who chanced at this time to be in Vienna) remained in the observatory in the tower of St. Stephen with Messenhauser, the Commandant of the National Guard.

Messenhauser was a young man of thirty-five, a former

⁹¹ *Tapfere Wiener*, Im Namen des Mobilen Universität's Corps Habrofsky, Flugblat, Stadtbibliothek, Wien, October 24, 1848.

⁹² Near Vienna.

military officer who had resigned his commission and taken up journalism in Vienna. In the middle of October he had been appointed Commandant by the ministry; but though enthusiastic and well intentioned he was too weak for the important post of commanding fifty thousand men and defending the city.

From four o'clock on, on October 30, it was clear to the observers on the Stefansturm that the Magyars were not coming nearer [writes Reschauer]. Soon it became unmistakably certain that they were steadily and quickly retreating. One after another the observers slipped away down the dark steps of the tower. Only Goldmark and Auerbach remained with Messenhauser who stood, sunk in gloomy silence, leaning on the wooden railing, still mechanically adjusting his telescope.

"The tragic parole of our time, 'too late,' seems to be repeating itself with regard to the Hungarians," said Auerbach. Messenhauser nodded, without speaking. The demand for continued resistance was strong in the city and indeed was increased by the heavy cannonading. For Windischgrätz as soon as he received word of renewed hostilities, had the suburbs . . . bombarded. Messenger after messenger came storming up the tower stairs, demanding that Messenhauser should order a sortie and was sent back with a refusal.

Furious grew the indignation over the "betrayers" up in the tower and the demand for his resignation was dispatched. . . . Messenhauser took the paper, read it twice, nodded his head, folded the paper and handed it to Auerbach and Goldmark with the words: "What do you advise?" Both agreed that he must refuse to resign since his appointment had been made not by the Student Committee but by the Reichstag and the ministry. Auerbach lent him a pencil with which he wrote his refusal on the back of the paper.⁹³

The heavy fog had for a time concealed the truth. Windischgrätz and Jellačić were in fact carrying all before them. On October 31 the bombardment followed in earnest: Vienna fell before the imperial troops—the despised Croats and Czechs—and was given over to plunder and fire.

⁹³ Reschauer und Smets, *Das Jahr 1848. Geschichte der Wiener Revolution* (Wien: Waldheim, 1872), II, 651.

The bombardment was terrible. As though twenty furious thunderstorms were raging over Vienna, it thundered and lightened for hours. . . .

In the evening a terrible fire started. . . . You will pay for it to the last penny, House of Hapsburg, the destruction you caused. On that night under a red sky, in a red sea of flames, your sin was blazoned on your possessions and your throne.

So wrote Fuster from his exile the next year, in bitter prophecy.

Bloody retribution was meted out by Windischgrätz to the defenders of the city. Hundreds were thrown into prison, a score were court-martialed and instantly shot. Among these was Messenhauser.

Recent publication of the archives bearing on Messenhauser's court-martial has undoubtedly tended to blacken his reputation. There seems to be no doubt that his evidence strengthened, if it did not entirely make, the case against the delegates from the Frankfurt Parliament, Robert Blum and Julius Froebel, who were among the first singled out for retribution by the reaction.

But if Messenhauser was weak and traitor to his better self after his arrest, the newly available archives bear out the heroism of his death.

"It seemed as though he wanted by a noble and heroic death to atone for the sins of his last days," writes Ludwig Brügel, historian of the Austrian Social Democracy.⁹⁴

On November 14 he was condemned to death. Windischgrätz ordered the sentence to be carried out at eight o'clock on the morning of November 16, before messengers sent by the Reichstag to ask clemency from the Emperor could carry out their mission.

Even this proof of his Excellency's inhumanity did not break down Messenhauser's steadfast courage. Wrapped in a black cloak with a gray cap on his head, loaded with chains, he set out beside the priest and the provost marshal, accompanied by an escort of grenadiers and *Jäger*.

⁹⁴ Ludwig Brügel, *Geschichte der Oesterreichischen Sozialdemokratie I Anhang. Dokumente der Reaction 1848* (Wien: Wiener Volksbuchhandlung, 1922).

While the marshal was taking off his chains, his sentence was again read aloud. Messenhauser threw off his cloak and cap stepped from his designated place to the commanding officer and addressed these words to him: "A request, Major. As a former officer, will you allow me to give the word of command to shoot?"

The Major assented with a gesture, for which he was afterward censured. The ranks opened. Nine *Jäger* stepped forward. Messenhauser stepped close to them, looked them rapidly over, called out in a tone of military command: Ready! Fire! and fell dead, struck by three bullets.⁹⁵

Among the noblest victims of Windischgrätz was Robert Blum, a representative of the Left in the Frankfurt Parliament, who had come to Vienna with a small delegation including Moritz Hartmann, in the cause of Austrian freedom. Blum took an active part in the defense of the city, commanding a company on one of the barricades. In the recently published archives a letter of October 27 from Blum to the commandant of the National Guard asks relief for his company after thirty-six hours' continuous duty. "They are fearfully exhausted," writes Blum, "and as an attack this evening and tonight is practically certain to occur, fresh troops are imperative."

In his address on October 23 at the Aula to the students and assembled citizens, Blum paid a noble tribute to Vienna and to its Revolution:

While in Berlin, the city of speculative philosophy and cold theory, there has been endless talk but little action, Vienna, the comfortable [*gemütliche*] city, decried as the home of the Phaeacians, has shown a strength of will, action, and self-sacrifice which must influence all Germany. . . . This horrible inter-racial war is the bloody result of the unholy old formula *Divide et impera*. This system has sown dragon's teeth, whose terrible crop will rise up to curse the next generation. Reconciliation is still possible and the great historic rôle of Vienna to be the fore-runner of Germany in the cause of freedom, may still be peacefully accomplished.

This hope was not to be fulfilled. Blum himself fell an early victim to the vindictiveness of the conqueror, shot at sunrise

⁹⁵ Reschauer und Smets, *op. cit.*, II, 607.

on November 9. He died with an equanimity the fame of which was celebrated throughout Germany. "This does not surprise me [*Es trifft mich nicht unerwartet*]," he had said when, on the day after his arrest, the sentence of immediate death was announced to him. He refused confession, and spent his last hours writing a letter to his wife, entreating her to bear her lot with fortitude and to bring up his children so that they should not dishonor his name, as he himself had done it honor by dying for freedom. "From every drop of blood I shed there shall arise a martyr to freedom," were his last words.

Where will this end [exclaims Auerbach in his journal]? What new horrors shall follow? Now when the city is disarmed and conquered, suddenly and secretly, without calling witnesses or allowing a defense, to send to his death a man protected by his immunity as an elected representative—where such things can be, all honor is lost, written or spoken.

Maurice, the detailed historian of the revolutionary movement of 1848 in Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Germany, writes:

As for the capture of Vienna itself it is difficult to overestimate its importance in the history of the Revolution. As the fall of Milan had broken the connection of the Italian struggle with the European Revolution, so the fall of Vienna destroyed the link which bound all the other parts of the Revolution together. Race hatred, and a narrow perception of their interests, might hinder the Viennese from understanding their true position; but the March rising in Vienna had given to the various Revolutions a European importance which they would scarcely have attained without it; and the attention of each of the struggling races in turn had been riveted on the city which Metternich had made the center of the European system.⁹⁶

The Kremsier Constitution

VIENNA had fallen; and with the fall of the imperial city before the regular troops the end, it would seem, had come. But

⁹⁶ C. Edmund Maurice, *The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9 in Italy, Austria-Hungary and Germany* (New York: Putnam, 1887), p. 398.

the Reichstag still lived. In November it was summoned to reconvene in the little Moravian town of Kremsier, and so, for another brief period, it appeared almost as though the invincible faith of the liberals might still be justified; as though the voices of the new era could not be silenced, even by cannon and pistol shot. A late pale sunshine shone after the storms of October. And in this sunshine the Constitutional Committee accomplished the work to whose remarkable quality the historians of the period, Springer, Fischel, Redlich, have uniformly borne witness. The *Grundrechte* or Fundamental Rights were completed and discussed section by section in the Reichstag; the body of the Constitution was framed, defining the extent and the limits of federal and local powers within the Empire.

At this point we must, then, direct our attention to a quieter scene, less dramatic than the life and death struggle of October 6 in the Stephensplatz, the night of cannon fire and tocsin which burned itself into Stiles's memory; the bombardment finally of the imperial city.

And as action and drama fire the imagination, the quieter achievements of the mind may seem by way of contrast, tame. The tumult and the shouting, however, died away. The Constitution and the debates from which it evolved remain not only as a monument to the devotion and the bold political invention of its authors, but as a groundwork, when reaction had passed, of subsequent Austrian policy and procedure.

Following the precedent of the Frankfurt Assembly, the Constitutional Committee had been elected soon after the Reichstag convened. It consisted of thirty members, three from each of the ten provinces of the Empire.⁹⁷ Fischhof, Goldmark, and Violand were elected from Lower Austria. The Committee was organized on August 2. A Moravian lawyer, Teifalik, was chosen chairman; Baron Lasser, a small landed nobleman from Upper Austria and one of the ablest jurists in the Reichstag, was elected secretary; Goldmark his alternate.

⁹⁷ The ten provinces were Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Galicia, Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, Steiermark, Illyria, the Coastlands, the Tyrol, Dalmatia.

A subcommittee of three was at once appointed to draw up a draft defining the general social and political rights of men. Ladislaus Rieger, a prominent Czech, was the moving spirit of this subcommittee, which accepted a draft of thirty-two paragraphs drawn up by Rieger, and presented it on August 18, for debate, to the whole Committee. Six weeks later, on October 2, the Chairman announced in the Reichstag the completion of the first part of the Committee's work, that is, the draft of the *Grundrechte* or Fundamental Rights. Debate on these was accordingly begun in the Reichstag, when, only a few days later, the ill-omened uprising of October 6 broke up all constructive work and interrupted the meetings of the Assembly. On its reconvening in Kremsier early in November, discussion of the Rights was resumed and completed by December 12.

Meantime a subcommittee of five had been likewise appointed for the more difficult task of drawing up the body of the Constitution and setting up a new constitutional form of government for the Empire and its constituent parts embracing nationalities, languages, and ideals the most diverse and differentiated. Goldmark was appointed on this subcommittee but excused himself from serving on the ground that he was not equipped to do so. He took his share, however, in the subsequent debates within the Committee.

The members of the Committee fully realized their responsibilities as proponents of a new political order. In view of the importance of reporting in full to the Reichstag the debates leading up to their conclusions, it was voted to have detailed minutes of each session. For this purpose the Ministry of Justice was asked to assign to the Committee competent men from its staff. Professor Redlich who found among Baron Lasser's papers, at his death in 1908, the original minutes of the Committee of Five, comments on the exact and intelligent reporting of the four secretaries assigned to these meetings.

In these minutes, first published by Anton Springer, we therefore have, as Springer says, "a true mirror (*Beichtspiegel*) of the Austrian people," in which they laid bare their desires, hopes, and plans.

Fischel, who followed Springer's work by first publishing in 1912 the proceedings of the Committee of Three, likewise testifies to the unique value and interest of these debates as internal evidence of the motives and the mental makeup of the men of '48.

They faithfully reflect [says Fischel] the opinions and the desires of the middle class who after shaking off the fetters of the *Polizeistaat* at once set themselves to remodel the state after their needs, and to safeguard by law the liberties won by the revolution.

The minutes show that the men whom the revolution and a powerful political press brought into prominence, without any previous experience of a free public life, found themselves in their new task with surprising rapidity.⁹⁸

Redlich puts the case even more strongly:

Whoever takes the trouble to study in the minutes of the Committee the successive steps of their progress, must feel great respect, indeed at many points real admiration for the work and the men who did it. Compared with other constitutional legislation of the year '48 in Europe, compared even with the great work of the Frankfurt Assembly, the achievement of the men of the Kremsier Committee is of equal rank; in some respects it undoubtedly surpasses contemporary efforts. For it is the first serious and well considered attempt to construct, on the basis of a democratic constitution, a great Empire embodying the new fundamental principle of national equality. And at the same time it seeks to preserve both the imperial dynasty and the position of the Empire as one of the great powers in Europe.⁹⁹

Before considering the work of the Committee of Five, we may turn our attention first to the Fundamental Rights on which the Constitution rested.

The Fundamental Rights

The fundamental rights demanded by the Constituent Assembly for the Austrian people throw into sharp relief the

⁹⁸ Dr. Alfred Fischel, *Die Protokolle des Verfassungsausschusses über die Grundrechte* (Wien und Leipzig: Gerlach und Wiedling, 1912), pp. iv-v; xvii.

⁹⁹ Redlich, *Das Oesterreichische Staats- und Reichsproblem*, I, 320.

conditions under which they had lived. The police surveillance, the persistent denial of free speech or freedom of belief, the sinister grip of the church upon education, on marriage law, on citizen rights—this is the background against which the new proposals were projected.

It is the freshness and reality of their belief in free institutions, many of which have become for us tarnished and dim, that lends vividness to the ordinary course of the debates. There were naturally differences of opinion, for the conservatives as well as the liberals were represented on the Committee. After the October disasters many of their proposals were scaled down to meet the altered temper of the time. The total abolition of capital punishment, for instance, was changed to its abolition for political crimes only. But on the whole the *Grundrechte*, deriving from the great traditional documents of 1776 and 1789, were unanimously adopted.

The Declaration of Independence had been the model for the *Déclaration des Droits de la Nation* of 1789, which Rieger in turn followed in his draft. He was greatly influenced also by the so-called “bible of liberalism” of the time, the *Staatslexikon* of Rotteck, which included the constitution of the recently admitted state of Texas. Quaintly enough, therefore, in many instances the *Grundrechte* followed the wording not of our federal constitution, but of the constitution of Texas. And the social philosophy which underlay all these documents was that which had captured the thought of the world—that of Rousseau, the social contract, the sovereignty of the people.

The domination of these principles was at the time so strong over all intelligent people in mid-European nations that in the debates of the Constitutional Committee of the Austrian Reichstag the natural differences of opinion between the more conservative, deliberate progressives and the doctrinaire, consistent democrats was slight, and there were no differences whatsoever between the different national parties.¹⁰⁰

Without attempting to follow the Committee’s work in detail some idea of the debates, especially one in which Goldmark

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 234–235.

took part, may appropriately be included in this sketch of his times, by quoting the minutes.

Free Speech

Thus, for instance, the issue of free speech then as now gave opportunity for men to show their colors. We must bear in mind that by December 16, when the clause on free speech was adopted, the Committee was no longer deliberating freely in Vienna as in the spring and fall. Vienna had been bombarded and was under military rule. The Reichstag sat in Kremsier. The violence of October 6 and Latour's murder had given the reactionaries their cue. At court the military clique was all-powerful. The liberals, in their determination to make over Austria into one of the free nations, had need of all the courage and persistence they could muster. Small wonder that in a moment of discouragement Pinkas, one of the ardent Czechs on the Committee, had counseled prudence: "Things were different in March and May. Since October we have been in the position of the defeated. Let us have no illusions and let us construct a constitution suited to the altered circumstances."

The more usual tone was that voiced by Goldmark in the discussion of free speech: "Let us not allow ourselves to be persuaded, through unfortunate circumstances which are only temporary, in a period of transition, to take measures which will be permanently fettering to liberty."

Indeed, to the honor of the Committee the clause on free speech was even strengthened in the debate of December 16. Freedom of the press had been as we have seen one of the rallying cries of March. Relaxation of the hated tutelage of the censorship had naturally released the bitterness of decades, and by October the opposition press had become violent. Certain sheets and inflammatory posters were held to have incited the people directly to the murder of Latour. Such violence in the press the liberals deplored, as they deplored the physical violence which had played into the hands of their enemies. But the consistent democrats on the Committee were willing to abide by their principles and to accept the consequences. The

more conservative members shared to some extent the Tory attitude of outwardly accepting free institutions, but refusing to face their results.

In the debate Mayer, an able Moravian lawyer, second only to Lasser as a parliamentarian, spoke for the conservatives; Fischhof, Goldmark, and Violand among others for the maintenance of liberal standards.

To men who had tasted all the bitterness of police restriction, who had been obliged to submit every printed word to an ignorant censor's office, freedom of the press took on an almost sacred character. Rather than surrender it they would give up almost any other right—even, said Fischhof, freedom of religious belief. The supreme value of the free press lay for them in its educational possibilities. At last they could reach the people. The great ideas of the Revolution, which had circulated only by stealth, in limited circles, might now sweep the country. What if violence had temporarily gotten the upper hand in October? The reimposition of the censorship during the last two months seemed to them an intolerable betrayal; equally intolerable the proposal to require bonds for good behavior of the press.¹⁰¹

The men of '48, while they could not have surmised the later sinister domination of the press by financial interests, nevertheless showed an amazing discernment of the danger of financial control by the "moneyed aristocracy." Hence their profound distrust of any proposal for bonding newspapers.

Rieger's proposed clause on free speech read as follows:

Every person has the right to express his opinions without interference and to publish them in writing, print or graphic representation.

¹⁰¹ For an equally, if not more, convinced belief in the efficacy of education through the medium of the newspapers, see a letter of Thomas Jefferson to Col. Edward Carrington, dated Paris, January 16, 1787: "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive these papers and be capable of reading them" (*The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, Monticello Edition, issued under the auspices of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association of the United States [Washington, D.C., 1904], VI, 57-58).

Mayer had been greatly exercised over violent articles in the *Students' Paper* and other revolutionary sheets. He proposed to limit freedom of speech to Austrians, on the ground that the Constitution was designed for citizens and that foreigners should not have the right to sling mud at them.¹⁰²

Against this amendment Fischhof was first to protest. "Why should foreigners," he asked, "be deprived of free speech any more than citizens? If Herr Mayer was afraid of mud slinging, penalties for abuse of the press could apply to foreigners as well as to citizens. Was he prepared to prohibit publication of the learned works of distinguished foreigners or forsooth to set up a censorship for them? In Germany freedom of the press had been accepted to a far greater extent than with us. It would as a matter of course be held to include foreigners. What would happen to foreign newspapers? They would be restricted and with them our freedom of opinion."

Violand and other liberals upheld Fischhof, and Mayer's first attempt to limit the press was voted down. A more general discussion followed the reading of Rieger's second clause:

This right may under no circumstances and in no way be limited, suspended or prohibited; that is, neither by censorship nor bonding, neither by sureties nor stamp taxes.

Mayer spoke in favor of requiring bonds. He did not want, he said, to limit freedom of speech. "But the press was a business by which people made money. No one need be afraid that bonding would make freedom of the press a privilege of the moneyed aristocracy. Experience taught that the absence of sureties created the gutter press. In every business protection against abuses is desired, why not also in the business of the press? Money penalties are the safest, but they are not feasible without requiring bonds."

Pinkas protested against the view that the press was to be considered a business. "Why should the press be so degraded? They were clearly taking too dark a view, led by the degeneracy of the Viennese press. Let everyone realize that this de-

¹⁰² Fischel, *op. cit.*, pp. 136 to 145, *passim*. These minutes are written in the third person throughout.

generacy which he in common with every honorable man deeply deplored, had its origin in the crimes committed by absolutism, during many years, against the human spirit. Wise laws were needed; but let them not be persuaded by anarchical circumstances to forge fetters for freedom."

Violand also expressed himself with great animation. "If they wanted freedom of thought and speech they must have freedom to publish, that is a free press. He was convinced that only through the press could the mass of the people be educated. Hence it was a matter of the first importance not to limit it in any way. He would point out that both in France and in Vienna the governments had had a disastrous effect on the press through the requirement of bonding. Small bonds are no good. If the bonds are high, the journalist becomes the mere slave of the rich bourgeoisie, the man of talent the servant of any rich fool. . . . He would rather give up any other liberty; would rather give the king an absolute veto, so as to keep the press free, the palladium, indeed the source of all freedom."

Mayer made a final defense. "He had been well acquainted with the literary proletariat in Vienna and their doings. The political proletariat was as dangerous with the two-edged sword of the press as the social proletariat had been on the streets of Vienna in October. A good press needs no subsidy but will make its way if there is no bad press to take away its readers. When the good press is defeated, then gutter sheets, such as the *Krakehler* and *Students' Paper* flourish, because everyone thinks that freedom of the press means license to flood the world with libel, just to make a few gulden. That proves that the people cannot stand a free press. In that sense he did fear freedom."

Goldmark summed up the debate. "He honored every one's right to his own opinion, and meant to maintain his own. He was saddened to think that a right could thus be debated which he had thought secure in our country. Let anyone try to prove that the press had improved during the past seven weeks in which a paternal government had been wielding the blue pencil. No such proof was forthcoming. The press was obviously

more dangerous to freedom now than it had ever been. The *Humoristen* had published an article entitled 'The Club of Police Spies Declares Itself Permanent' and the editor had been told: 'If you publish anything like that again, your paper will be suspended.' That is what the present press has brought us to!"

"So far as concerns bonding," Goldmark concluded, "it may be true that people could raise surety funds. But it is well known that any journalistic enterprise needs capital; even the smallest sheet needs at least ten thousand gulden. Well, that is bond enough. Finally he must maintain that if they were going to go back on their record, owing to the events of October, that was reaction. And that was the last thing he would want to have cast up against the Committee."

Rieger's second paragraph, strengthened so as to include books and the mails, was then passed as follows:

This right may under no circumstances and in no way be limited, suspended, or prohibited, that is, neither by censorship nor bonding, neither by sureties nor taxes, neither by restrictions upon printing and selling books nor finally by closing the mails to certain publications, discriminatory postal dues, nor by any industrial or other restriction of free intercourse.

The Abolition of Capital Punishment

In other debates the liberals fared less well; over their protests, clauses of the *Grundrechte* were modified and softened down to meet the altered times. Thus for instance, the Committee had in September agreed on recommending the total abolition of capital punishment. On reconvening two months later in Kremsier Mayer offered an amendment prohibiting capital punishment for political crimes only. This was obviously a total reversal of policy abhorrent to those who viewed the death penalty—so freely inflicted without stay or show of justice under the old *régime*—as "judicial murder."¹⁰³

Familiar, indeed as of today, ran the arguments both for and against the amendment. After the lapse of seventy-five

¹⁰³ Fischel, *op. cit.*, pp. 99-101.

years the modern advocates and opponents of capital punishment have added little or nothing to the clearly defined and lucid views of the men of Kremsier, newly come to their task and illustrating again in this debate what historians of the period, Springer, Fischel, and Redlich, repeatedly stress: their amazingly rapid development in political and social ideas.

Then, as now, men of prudence and expediency such as Mayer and Dylewski of Galicia insisted on the extreme penalty as the necessary deterrent from crime, to safeguard society; men of more generous sentiments attacked the value of the deterrent, cited the successful abandonment of other savage penalties without increase in crime, urged the sacredness of human life. Even the modern note of psychiatry was not lacking.

Rieger cited the case of a young incendiary in the city of Kolin, who was clearly psychopathic. He had danced with joy in jail at hearing of another fire and wished that he might have seen it. "Would anyone," asked Rieger, "have the courage to condemn such a man to death? Yet medical science proved that it was often impossible clearly to draw the line between criminality and mental disease."

This statement Fischhof as a medical man immediately confirmed. "Dylewski's argument for the death penalty as the necessary deterrent from crime," he said, "would logically lead to its being inflicted for other crimes such as robbery also. All the arguments directed against abolition of capital punishment, had previously been invoked against abolition of torture. But Maria Theresa had abolished torture at one stroke; the whole world had followed suit and nothing terrible had happened. He did not doubt that if they had led the way in giving up capital punishment France would already have taken similar steps. Let them for once take the lead in civilized action! Not even physicians could certainly determine at what point monomania was responsible for crime. At all events judicial murder was in his eyes as terrible as being buried alive. Both seemed to him equally horrible; this alone was enough to determine him to vote for the abolition of the death penalty."

Dylewski grew sarcastic. "These treatises on crime were so

beautifully phrased that they deserved to be printed in an anthology. But unfortunately what was needed was laws. These speakers who favored abolition must be regarded as either hypocrites or sentimentalists if they undertook to protect the murderer, not the murdered. ('But the latter would hardly be possible' several voices here interposed humorously.) Experience showed that the criminal could not be improved, so let us get rid of him [*also weg mit ihm!*]."

Mayer defended his proposal in a more conciliatory and closely reasoned reply. "A penal system must be adapted to the degree of civilization which a people had reached. . . . Moreover, every law had to protect not only the individual but society in general. He did not doubt that when their civilization reached a higher level, capital punishment would have to be abolished. But at the present time that was not the case."

Goldmark did not join in the argument until after Mayer had last spoken, but he shared to the full the sentiments and principles of the minority. "If they were still living under an absolute government," he said, "he could understand how a discussion might be carried on whether or not to take human life, as though it were a thing of small account [*als wäre es die erste beste Sache*]. In a constitutional state he could not for the life of him understand such a debate. Of course it was true that all human institutions were fallible. But that did not justify savage measures such as the death penalty. For his part, he could vote for that only if he could justify vengeance."

Mayer's amendment prohibiting capital punishment for political crimes only was subsequently carried. But surprisingly enough, in the Reichstag itself, the original clause abolishing the death penalty was restored. On this point the liberals on the Constitutional Committee were overwhelmingly sustained by the whole Assembly.

Representative Schuselka, indeed, moved that in view of its supreme importance this section of the Fundamental Rights be immediately transmitted to the Emperor for his sanction to go into effect at once. Even the murdered Latour, urged

Schuselka in the course of a passionate debate, would have assented to the immediate enactment of this measure.

The Manes of Latour [cried Schuselka] have been appeased in truly terrible wise. Streams of blood flowed, corpses were piled high over his grave, and as his funeral pyre, the glorious city of Vienna itself was given to the flames.

I think if Graf Latour could speak to us and to those who are his avengers, he would cry out to them: Peace. It is enough. [*Lasset ab. Es ist genug geschehen.*]

Federalism and Centralization

In turning from the Fundamental Rights to the work of the Committee of Five on the general body of the Constitution we reach, as we have already intimated, questions not only crucial at the time but persisting as dominant political and governmental problems of the century. First among them was the problem of local autonomy versus central control.

To us on this continent the idea of unity in a federal state is a matter of course, unquestioned. It is an inherited tradition as natural to our minds and ways of thinking on the one hand as on the other, the idea of differentiated local, state, and federal powers. We feel no antagonism between national unity and local diversity of powers, even though we are still only in the process of working out their different functions.

But this conception of federalism was something wholly new in the world, unprecedented, a new political invention.

Historically considered, federations had been known as means of defense against imperial power or against the state, the purpose of which was not to build up a permanent political union but to afford to the individual members of the federation as much liberty as possible to secede from imperial or state control. An individualistic not a federative motive lay at the root of all mediaeval and later federations of cities, joint legislative bodies of different sections, etc. This is noticeable even in the formation of Switzerland and of the Netherlands in the 16th and 17th centuries, which are most closely akin to the modern conception of federalism.

As a matter of fact, the modern idea of creating out of many

sections of territory a federal state with definite political power was an invention of the English colonists of North America; in the last resort the invention of Alexander Hamilton and Madison, those two spiritual founders of the Great Union.¹⁰⁴

Of this union on the other side of the Atlantic the men of '48 had little authentic knowledge. They were heirs to no such political convictions. They had no experience of the working of free institutions. Yet a dynamic motive more potent than any speculative political philosophy drove them on. They had known bitter suffering under the old *régime*, and were determined to prevent its return.

This first political generation of the New Austria [says Redlich], which was also the last generation brought up under the old centralist absolutism, was determined above all to protect themselves and the peoples of Austria from the return of the all-powerful, patriarchal, centrally administered governmental machine which had crippled all personal and national liberty. . . .

All liberals, Germans as well as Slavs, had one guiding principle; that a free and constitutionally governed Austria meant above all freedom of the individual, of the community, of the province from the oppressive tyranny of the central administration.

Yet from the first a sharp line of cleavage arose between the Germans and the Czechs on the Committee. While they both hated with an equal passion the total, bureaucratic centralization of the old *Polizeistaat*, the Germans nevertheless believed in a strong central government.

Indeed, the idea of a strong central government, what Redlich calls its "overvaluation," was, as it were, instinctive in the political thinking of even the advanced liberals of the period. This inherent prejudice in favor of centralization Goldmark fully shared.

We must constantly bear in mind [says Redlich] that not only the Germans of 1848 but all political thought in Europe at that time was lacking in any clear conception of the possibilities and the political power of federalism. The little that was known before 1848 of American conditions even among educated people

¹⁰⁴ Redlich, *Das Oesterreichische Staats- und Reichsproblem*, Notes, I, 28.

was not enough to combat a deeply rooted and basic conviction of European peoples. They were convinced that political, military and economic power, indeed the prosperity of the people was bound up with a strong central government having as wide powers as possible.

The Czechs, on the other hand, in the interest of their national autonomy demanded exceedingly wide powers for the provinces. Rieger went so far as to demand the total abandonment of a central imperial department of justice, desiring all judicial functions to be given over to the provinces. Fischhof in later years described the turmoil of those first meetings.

In the beginning nationalities and parties clashed on the Constitutional Committee just as they do now. At first it seemed as though the gulf between the two parties could not be bridged and that the Committee would have to be dissolved without accomplishing anything. The jealousies not only of the great nationalities but of the small crown lands called forth the stormiest scenes.¹⁰⁵

Gradually, however, compromises were worked out. Without attempting to follow the intricate and often acid debates we may indicate how the battle of federalism and centralism raged to and fro in the committee room, now one and now the other principle gaining, now one and now the other having to yield, until a working compromise was in each instance reached. That an acceptable compromise was almost uniformly reached is, as Redlich repeatedly points out, the measure of the political wisdom and generosity of the various members of the Committee.

On the whole it may be said that the new Constitution was in the end fundamentally federal, recognizing as it did as its basis the equality of the nations which formed the Empire.

There was after all one fundamental issue, one unifying principle on which the most diverse-minded members of the Committee could and did meet, that is their desire to preserve the Empire. Even Palacky, the historian, the most doctrinaire as he was the most learned Czech on the Committee, in his

¹⁰⁵ Charmatz, *op. cit.*, p. 94.

opening speech limited the federalism he demanded. Absolute federalism, he admitted, could exist only between sovereign states and in Austria there were none such. The Austrian provinces had always existed under the monarchy; none but Lombardy had ever tried to free themselves from it. Federalism in Austria meant for him "that the various nationalities should be assured at home all the powers not needed to preserve the unity of the State."

Within this limitation, however, there was obviously room for marked differences of opinion. The Committee was widely separated on the first question it took up, that is, the division of the Empire into its constituent states.

Palacky had prepared his draft of the Constitution in advance of the convention. His proposal was to reconstitute the Empire along purely national lines. He wished, for instance, to unite Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia into one autonomous Slav state, and proposed similar racial divisions for the other nationalities.

This extreme federalist proposal was bitterly opposed by the Germans on the Committee. Mayer spoke with ability and insight, urging the Slavs not to translate into hatred of the Germans their common abhorrence of the bureaucracy:

If it is asserted that the German was formerly the lord and the Slav the serf, that is true only in so far as the Government was German and enslaved both nationalities. The Government did not know the Slavic tongue, hence the instruments of our common slavery had to speak German. Whoever transfers Slavic hatred of the bureaucracy into hatred of whatever is German, whoever stimulates hatred of the Government into hatred of all that is German, justifies Metternich's principle "divide and rule."

It is difficult to find the right mean between the centralism which is death to the provinces, and the centrifugal federalism which would do without any central authority. In France the free citizen is enslaved because the town or village has no power. [*In Frankreich sei der freie Staatsbürger geknechtet in der unfreien Gemeinde.*]¹⁰⁶

¹⁰⁶ "Again and again speakers in the Reichstag and the Constitutional Committee reiterated that France in spite of its revolution had not become a free country, because it had no municipal freedom and on the contrary was de-

He ended on a noble note:

When the present stormy bitterness and passion shall have passed, the different nations will live side by side in freedom as they used to live in a strait-jacket. Brute force will be replaced by a free press and the free cultural development of the nations, and in the end it will be superior spiritual not material force that will lead. Spiritual leadership everyone must accept or we had better revert to absolutism.

Palacky's proposal was voted down and the old historical divisions of the Empire were kept, even though they contained minority and majority races, such as Germans and Czechs in Bohemia, Germans and Italians in the Tyrol, etc.

This first decision was thus a victory for the Germans, or rather the moderate centralists, over the extreme Czech position. Both sides joined however, after long-drawn battles, in giving over to the states or provinces (*die Länder*) and to their elected assembly (*der Landtag*) powers and functions far beyond any previously granted. In this new autonomy of the *Länder* the federalists registered a decisive victory and, as we have pointed out, gave the proposed Constitution its distinctly federal character.

Among the wide legislative powers of the *Landtag* were included a great variety of matters—finances of the province, poor laws, sickness and welfare departments, building laws, savings banks, loan offices, river regulations, public works, and many more. The centralists, however, succeeded in putting in a proviso restricting the further powers of the provincial diets within limits to be set by the central imperial legislative body (the *Reichstag*).

Moreover while yielding to the Czech demand for as great a measure of liberty as possible for the provinces and provincial assemblies, the centralists countered by granting a greater independence than the Czechs favored to the county (*Kreis*) and the county assembly (*Kreistag*). On these local boards a minority race such as the Germans in Bohemia, or the

livered helpless into the hands of prefects of the throne. "The free community is the basis of the free state" (Redlich, *Das Oesterreichische Staats- und Reichsproblem*, I, 302).

Italians in the Tyrol, might make themselves felt and thus counteract the excessive nationalism of the provinces and provincial assemblies. Indeed, each *Kreis* was designed to contain if possible but one nationality; it was an autonomous unit interposed between the autonomous town or village (*Gemeinde*) and the autonomous province.

The greatest difficulties arose, as might be expected, in administration. The powers and functions of empire, province, county, and town or village were carefully defined. But to the very end of the dynasty in 1918, says Redlich, these conflicts of authority remained unsolved. The extent to which the men of '48 foresaw these conflicts and attempted to provide for them remains a testimony to their invention and political insight.

In all the debates on centralization and federalism, Goldmark spoke and voted in favor of the strong central administration which, as we have already pointed out, accorded with the natural prejudices of the Germans.

Thus, for instance, in debating the functions of the *Landtag*, Brestel, an able Viennese mathematician, urged an amendment making the general school laws subject to the central imperial government's sanction; he wished to protect the local community (town or village) from possible mistaken economy on the part of the province:

A general school law for the whole country is exceedingly necessary to standardize compulsory education, school districts, expense of schools and of teachers, etc. Otherwise the public runs the risk that narrow-minded provincial diets may take it into their heads to be economical, from mistaken notions of thrift, with regard to the most important matter, that is, the public schools.¹⁰⁷

Goldmark supported Brestel's amendment and Brestel's argument against the Czechs, who advocated intrusting all these powers to the provinces:

The reproach of excessive centralization so often levelled

¹⁰⁷ Anton Springer, *Protokolle des Verfassungsausschusses im Oesterreichischen Reichstage 1848-1849* (Leipzig: Hirzel, 1885), pp. 307 and 309.

against us, we can retort on the federalists. For they want to centralize everything in the *Landtag*.

Two other functions which the Czechs claimed for the provincial assemblies independently of the central imperial government were the police powers and the administration of justice. Rieger's general pleas for states' rights are probably more convincing today than they were at a time when, as Redlich points out, every single country on the Continent, except possibly Switzerland and Norway, was governed by a centrally administered system. Rieger urged recognition of the diversity of the states, in arguing for state police powers:

Why can you not let us be happy in our own way? The way of building houses differs in Bohemia and in the Tyrol. Why do you want to make us all uniform? I find it strange that just those men who are in other respects champions of freedom [*sonst für die Freiheit kämpfen*] oppose me in this. Centralization has had bad fruits in France; federalism good fruits in America. How does it hurt the monarch if every country has its own fire ordinances? Do you want to sow the seeds of revolution in the Constitution?

But in their insistence upon states' rights the Czechs went to the most doctrinaire lengths. Even sanitary laws were to be made and administered by each separate province. To this Fischhof at once objected on the ground that sanitary regulations were not the concern of single provinces, but must be based on the general scientific knowledge of the whole world.

In his naïve reply, Rieger reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of the extreme nationalist federal position. They did not need, he said, to know or to legislate in one province, such as Bohemia, about the diseases of another province such as Hungary or Galicia. "If deputy Fischhof means that we could learn from another province, I reply that our own physicians will have a general knowledge of disease and we can do without the special knowledge."

Mayer pointed out that Rieger had ignored epidemics. If there were no general laws for epidemics, there would have to be treaties between the provinces. He ended on a fine note:

We build our freedom better, the deeper down we base it. What the local town or village [*Gemeinde*] can do for itself let us not give over to the *Landtag* or the *Reichstag*. But do not let us cripple our unity in the central government.¹⁰⁸

Similarly, Goldmark and others defended the single administration of justice under the central government against the Czech demand for separate provincial courts of last resort and provincially appointed officers of the law. "The appointment of the officials ought to be left to each province, because only native sons [*Landeskinder*] ought to be appointed," Rieger had said.

We want to build up a common country [rejoined Goldmark], yet whenever things go in a certain way, we always hear that you are going home. The moment anyone has grasped the idea of a unified Austria, he ought not to talk like that. If we want a unified Austria the provinces cannot have separate ministers. If every state has its own minister, the central ministry ceases to have any meaning. Then the whole central government is superfluous. You agreed that there were many arguments against having provinces divided on national lines; they were voted down, indeed you voted against it. So if you disapprove of that principle, why are you in favor of its consequences? How can you talk of unity and yet want to give over the whole judicial system to the provinces? I hear so often that only native sons are familiar with the needs of their country. I wish we could really investigate whether the needs of the Bohemians are so different from those of the Germans. And even if that were so, is that a reason for weakening the central administration?¹⁰⁸

Goldmark's sympathy with the central administrative system did not make him less a democrat. His passionate love of Vienna where freedom had first found a voice, his pride in her revolutionary leadership, was outspoken. As we have seen, the brutality of Latour's murder and the fatal consequences of the short-lived mob rule in Vienna had gone far to alienate many of the more cautious liberals there.

Goldmark denied that the revolution had created the Vien-

¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 67 and 69.

nese proletariat, "that hothouse plant of the Aula" as Pinkas, one of the Czech deputies, derisively called it. It had existed much earlier, and was not to be charged against the great March days. When question arose as to the future seat of the central government, Goldmark was among the first to urge Vienna's preëminent claim:

The general interest demands it. The geographical location, the historical position of Vienna determine that it must be the seat of the central government. The three March days by themselves, should have been enough to procure for Vienna so much consideration: without dissent it should be recognized as the central seat.

The New Franchise

Question arose next as to the extent of the franchise. Should the proletariat be admitted to the full franchise and indiscriminately allowed to vote? What, thought the more cautious spirits, might not happen? The peasants on the land were but just emancipated from feudal rule; the workingmen in the cities had shown in October how quickly the fiercest passions might be aroused. It is hardly surprising that the liberals, who as we must remember were in no sense social radicals, for the most part hesitated at the full implications of a democratic order. "The social question," said Brestel grimly, "is the sour apple into which we shall some time have to bite."

What restrictions, then, should be laid upon voting? Should there be a literacy test, or property qualifications, or both? Goldmark opposed any restrictions whatsoever.

He was of a race which had known the bitterness of restrictions even beyond those of the general lot. He would not now so far as he was concerned stain the new freedom, the new era, by any survival of past tyranny. Whenever occasion offered he threw his weight on the democratic side: i.e., for the widest franchise; for reducing the proposed thirty years' age requirement of deputies ("why should the political talents of Austria lie fallow between twenty-four and thirty years?"); for direct election of deputies ("indirect elections are only a kind of

guardianship"); for the treaty-making power of the Diet over the crown ("if I knew a way to reserve for the Reichstag the declaration of offensive war, I would do so").

Brestel had brought in a motion admitting to the franchise all men over twenty-one years who could read and write. He advocated the admission of the proletariat to voting "not from radicalism," as he honestly added, "but because respect for the laws among the proletariat would be greater if their own representatives took part in legislating. To exclude the proletariat is not only unjust but in a social sense disintegrating and dangerous."

Fischhof raised a point against the literacy test: in some provinces such as Galicia, illiteracy was so general, except among priests, officials, and the feudal lords, that the literacy requirement might arouse another revolt. It would create, at any rate, a fourth estate—the proletariat—after they had just in the *Grundrechte* abolished the class system. Other speakers opposed the literacy test on the ground that in many districts schools were few and poor. Was it fair to charge their disabilities against the peasants, who might have at least human intelligence (*Menschenverstand*) even though they had been deprived of education?

In the end it was the Czechs who brought in and secured a property qualification by limiting the vote to those who paid a direct tax. In introducing this motion Pinkas said:

Our proletariat is, thank God, not yet so very dangerous. Its demonstrations in Vienna were only a hothouse plant of the Aula. So while I do not fear our proletariat so much, nevertheless I cannot see the need of universal franchise nor its consistency. We must not be guilty of exaggeration in this matter, and must take measures consistent with the youth of our constitutional existence.

Goldmark rejoined:

I did not expect to find defenders of restriction here. The need of literacy might justify a temporary adjustment of the voting law. But from the standpoint of justice I must protest vigorously against a property qualification. What is the difference between

a direct and an indirect tax? Do you mean to say that the workman pays no tax, though with every half bottle of beer he drinks he is charged a food tax?

Fischhof sustained Goldmark in this contention. The limitations of their contemporary liberalism is interestingly illustrated in his remarks upon the suggestion of woman suffrage:

People are afraid of socialist agitation, but the fear is groundless. The majority in the state are owners of property, and the small owners are precisely the most conservative. The direct taxes which are to limit the vote are indeed paid by the common people. But the indirect taxes are paid precisely by the poorest in the water which they call soup, in salt, in the tobacco they chew.

It is said that we shall even have to grant the franchise to minors and women. What an error! The privilege of minors is only postponed for a certain length of time. So far as women are concerned, the laws of men cannot combat the laws of nature. There has never been any such agitation among women. Within and without the family they are represented by their men and do not want anything else.

The Ebbing Tide

ON March 1, 1849, the Constitutional Committee after less than three months' hard work, had completed its undertaking. The draft of the Constitution was ready to submit to the Reichstag, even to proposing new national colors, red, white, and gold, for the new constitutional Austria. The members of the Committee appeared in the Reichstag confidently wearing the new colors.

Justified, indeed, was their exuberance in having composed their differences, having plucked, as they thought, victory out of defeat. March 15 was set for the first reading of the draft in the Reichstag. Of the acquiescence of the Reichstag in the essentials of the new Constitution there appears to have been little doubt. And the Constitution once solemnly adopted by the legal legislative body, Austria might still cast behind her

forever the legacy of Metternich—that is, the military clique, Windischgrätz and Jellačić, the clericals, the bureaucracy, and all their works.

Such at least were the high hopes of the men of the Kremsier Constitution. They were not blind. They had not forgotten that the ground beneath them was volcanic. The Reichstag members of the Left realized, as we have seen, what powerful forces of reaction were aligned against them. As early as the previous September 30 Löhner's speech in favor of the government budget of eighty million kronen, was sad and fatalistic. The deep depression of this highly gifted and poetic nature was not veiled by the biting sarcasm of his words:

Gentlemen, I admit I am somewhat shy. [Laughter.] Yes I am shy; at least today; I am uncertain of the extent of our freedom of speech. We are a young Parliament. I myself am still young and unexperienced in Parliamentary usage. I don't know what one can say, without being called to order or what one can't say. . . .

When the ministry in a whirlwind got our vote of confidence, approving twenty millions, they clearly promised to give us an early and exact accounting of expenditures.

Gentlemen, I have inquired and I have not yet heard a word as to what is to be done or has been done with this twenty million. I only see in the budget thirty-four million proposed as an extra new credit for the war. I presume the twenty million will disappear in that abyss likewise.

. . . The money will serve to enable us to pay our allied Cossacks, as we have paid the army of Jellačić. Of course nothing can compare with faithful allies. Probably that is the reason why the Ligourians in Steiermark and their monasteries are still in quiet possession of their estates instead of filling up our meagre state treasury a little. . . .

The future seems to me dark indeed. But I think that a prudent consideration of our position bids us not to be too stiff after we have yielded so far.

Let us vote the budget and the deficit. Jellačić is strong and the Cossacks swift. . . . Perhaps the time will soon come when real horses will be rearing again in this riding school instead of the Pegasus of liberty which already seems to me somewhat lame.

Then the voice of the scarce awakened nations will die away, as mine does now. [Great applause.]¹⁰⁹

The fatal sixth of October had given to the military party the weapon which they had long sought against the Left. To implicate members of the Left in treasonable acts and above all in the murder of Latour was thereafter their determined aim. As early as November 14, the Viennese Military Court was taking secret and, as later proved, perjured testimony with regard to the movements of Goldmark, Fuster, Violand, and other deputies, for future use.

Kudlich, against whom evidence was also being sought, was deeply compromised by his activities on behalf of the peasants. He was not only the author of the famous act of emancipation; he had consistently urged the peasants of his native Silesia and other provinces to prepare for the *Landsturm*, in order to come to the defense of Vienna. He had indeed been absent from Vienna during most of October in his journeys to the provinces. On his arrival at Kremsier in November most of his friends including Löhner, Fischhof, and Goldmark had urged him to leave while he was still free to do so. A demand for his arrest would not have surprised them. The conflicting advice of two other friends, Smolka, the Pole, president of the Reichstag in Kremsier, and Schuselka, the high-minded German deputy, who was now leader of the Left, throws a vivid light on the state of affairs. Kudlich recounts the conversations with his usual humor.

You must not leave, you must stay here! [Smolka had advised Kudlich.] What will happen? They will probably demand your surrender for trial, possibly by the Military Court. We will defend you. Your German friends would be disgraced forever if they consented to give you up. We Poles will vote for you to a man. The Center and the Czechs will be against you. The decision will lie in the hands of the Galician peasants and they can certainly be influenced on your behalf. Then we shall have a great triumph!

¹⁰⁹ *Officielle Stenographische Berichte*, September 30, 1848, p. 660.

Smolka admitted, says Kudlich, that he might have to be surrendered to the authorities.

Well, what would happen then? [continued the ardent Pole.] Perhaps you will be hanged. That would not hurt the cause. On the contrary it would help it. It would embitter the people and prove that we can die for our principles. Only one thing is to be feared—life-long imprisonment. Beware of that! I know what I am talking about. In 1846 I was sentenced to prison, and I know what life in Austrian prisons is like. Another three months and I should have gone insane. Two of my friends lost their minds in prison and two others cut their throats in despair. So remember: anything, even death—rather than prison!

Schuselka did not share these views when Kudlich reported them to him. "You must leave," said he as quickly as Smolka had urged remaining.

You must go to a German University and study. You mustn't let yourself be shot, or hanged or put in prison. Those are all affected, theatrical, Polish ideas! If you are surrendered by the Reichstag, you are as good as shot. You have no idea how the military party hates us; they would give anything to be able to sentence one of us. They would care as little about shooting you as they did about Robert Blum. He was as popular with the German people, as you are with the Austrians, no, more popular. They are anxious to get the most popular one of us. So you need not worry at all about life-long imprisonment.¹¹⁰

Kudlich had quickly decided to stay in Kremsier, but his memoirs prove how well aware the Left was of the risks they ran.

We knew [writes Kudlich, when March had come] that enormous quantities of incriminating documents were piled up in the Military Court; that the measure of our crimes seemed complete.

It had never been a secret that the Viennese Military Court was gathering material to bring charges of treason against members of the Left.

It was well known that such steps were being taken against Füstler, Violand, and myself. We also knew that inquiries were being made with regard to Fischhof and Goldmark. But these two

¹¹⁰ Kudlich, *op. cit.*, III, 196.

were so strong in their innocence that they were not concerned about it.

The first overt move of the reactionaries against the Left—"a first attempt, a feeler," as Kudlich calls it—was directed against a peasant deputy named Keim. On January 12, 1849, Keim's surrender by the Reichstag for trial on the charge of high treason was demanded by the highest judicial court. This respectable peasant member from Southern Bohemia had during the Christmas holidays at home, in too jovial a mood, indulged in undiplomatic and insulting peasant language concerning the court party including the Kaiser himself.

It gradually dawned on me [says Kudlich] and my opinion was soon shared by my colleagues that this requisition was only a first attempt to see what position the Reichstag would take in the face of such demands. . . .

If the peasant Keim was surrendered, a breach was made in our walls. Then they could proceed to demand of the Reichstag the surrender of Fuster, Violand, Goldmark, etc., who had of course been guilty of much greater treason than the simple peasant. Logically we should have had to use the same procedure with regard to the cultivated deputies as with the poor uncultivated peasant.

A month later the demand for Keim's surrender was refused by the Reichstag, after a careful investigation. "Only Lord Jeffries in his star chamber proceedings would have taken less time," Borrosch had indignantly replied to the members of the Center who with the Czechs were attempting to hurry Keim's surrender, over the opposition of the Left and Right.

For these two parties, in their common danger, and in the course of the discussion of the Fundamental Rights, had gradually approached one another more nearly and were making common cause against the court party. It was becoming ever more clear, says Kudlich, that the Reichstag would never be a subservient tool.

Its steady democratic trend, undeterred by the cannon of Windischgrätz, won the sympathy of the masses. The abolition of the nobility, the projected reform of the church system, the

abolition of capital punishment as a protest against the Viennese death sentences, the foiled attack upon the peasant Keim . . . all these things proved to the ministry that the Reichstag must be silenced. . . . One further victory impended, and threatened to render even greater the moral power of the Reichstag.

The Constitutional Committee had finally, after overcoming immense difficulties, completed a constitution which indeed contained the best that could then be designed for Austrian conditions; a draft that thanks to mutual concessions combined all the advantages of a federated and a centralized state. It represented a compromise which was all the stronger because it rested on voluntary agreements.

Dissolution

DARKER, however, than any apprehensions or foreboding was the stroke fate had in store. Coincident with the work of the Kremsier Committee Windischgrätz had been waging a military campaign against the Hungarians. The collapse of their resistance at the end of February was at once utilized by the court for a long planned *coup*. The Reichstag at Kremsier had gone too far. Its time had come.

And so on March 6, 1849, at the very close of the *annus mirabilis*, the end came—sudden, irrevocable. It was a disaster worse than the murder of Latour, worse than the bombardment of Vienna. The Reichstag was dissolved. . . .

A new monarch was on the throne. Ferdinand, falling in with the long-planned design of the Archduchess Sophia and her party, had resigned on December 2, 1848, in favor of his eighteen-year-old nephew, Francis Joseph, whose reign was to end sixty years later in the conflagration of nations. One of his early acts instigated by the Camarilla about him was the summary dismissal of the Reichstag.

An imperial proclamation of March 5 accused the Reichstag of having "put off the return of peace, law and public confidence; of having raised dread forebodings in the minds of peaceful citizens; and of having lent new courage and hope to the party of overthrow (*Umsturzpartei*) which had been

put down by force of arms in Vienna but was not yet conquered in other parts of the Empire."

Thus the Camarilla conquered; and the "much abused Left," as Goldmark, in a heartbroken letter on his way to exile, characterized his party, was stilled forever.

The mass of work and honest effort spent in the sessions of the Constitutional Committee [says Bach] was lost. The debates of the Reichstag on the Principles had no practical result, exerted no influence over Austria's destinies. These were decided on the Hungarian battlefields.

For military success crowned the reactionaries, and by the summer of 1849, Hungary had been subdued, with appalling bloodshed and executions; Lombardy had submitted; the Roman Republic was no more, and the Venetian Republic soon to lose its heroic struggle.

The new monarch, Francis Joseph, came to the throne with a promise of constitutional guaranties upon his lips, a promise never kept and never intended to be kept. For the lifelong lesson which this young man learned from his mother, from his first military adviser, Windischgrätz, and from his most powerful minister and mentor, Prince Schwarzenberg, was the lesson of absolutism.

No doubt the *mala fides*, the bad faith, with which Francis Joseph met his people on the threshold of his rule, was never felt by him as in any way a fault or a sin [writes the Emperor's keen biographer, Joseph Redlich].

Schwarzenberg . . . had taught the young Archduke that he could, under his guidance attain supreme fame . . . if he possessed the force, the self-confidence and the firmness to oppose to the disastrous ideas and aims of European revolution and the folly of western democracy, the will of a true ruler who brings happiness to his people.¹¹¹

The greatness of this aim justified "such means as untruthfulness and conscious deception"; and to the day of his death, says Redlich from first-hand knowledge of these events, "Fran-

¹¹¹ Redlich, *Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria*, pp. 33-34.

cis Joseph believed in the gospel, first preached to him by Schwarzenberg, of the blessed power of absolutism. . . .”

In Kremsier Fischhof was thrown into prison. Four of the deputies whose activities we have followed fled, ultimately making their way to America. These four were Fuster, Violand, Kudlich, and Goldmark.

In the *Grenzboten*, long the only free journal in Germany, Goldmark bade a sad farewell to his native land. The profound grief and disillusionment of the young men who had clung to hope beyond reason and belief dominates every line:

On the morning of March 6, which was to prove so fateful for Austria, a friend came and informed me of the dissolution of the Reichstag and urged me to flee at once, drawing my attention to the soldiers posted in front of my rooms. Later other friends came, energetically urging the same. The baggage of various deputies was already being detained at the city gates. I felt the unworthiness and unmanliness of such a step and decided to wait over a day in Kremsier. The morning passed. Towards one o'clock we learned of the arrest of Löhner and Brestel on the train. My friends reminded me of the unrewarded chivalry of the unfortunate Messenhauser and of Prince Windischgrätz' threats. They reminded me of the latest reports in our mail, saying that the Prince had expressed the most violent sentiments against me and had said in so many words [*wörtlich gesagt haben soll*] that Goldmark must and should hang first of all.

I finally decided that I ought to yield to my friends' representations: I left Kremsier and started for the border. I bade a brokenhearted farewell to my poor enslaved country on behalf of whose freedom I joined the fight a year ago, on behalf of whose true greatness I fought until the last moment.

Last August I said in the Chamber that we should soon see who was actually more in favor of a free, united and powerful Austria—I and my friends, or our political opponents. The proceedings of the Constitutional Committee bear witness to the exertions of the much abused Left—of Brestel and Fischhof as well as of myself—on behalf of a unified Austria. Our work was almost completed when it was brutally torn down and every hope for our country's future was destroyed.

Now I have left my home because—without casting aspersions on the personal honor of my unknown judges—I cannot recog-

nize the legality of the present military courts any more than I could recognize the popular justice of the mob, to which I almost fell victim, as a "reactionary," on May 26. I have left my home because I am convinced that military courts which threaten sixteen-year-old boys and old women as political offenders, which inflict the death penalty on one day and the next day commute it, at the caprice of the military commander, to imprisonment in chains, can never, never be allowed to exist in a constitutional state. Otherwise the constitution is a mere farce.

Or does our new constitution, indeed, provide for wholesale political arrests such as have recently occurred, without even the knowledge of the ministry of justice, or the direction of the proper criminal court?

I leave the jurisdiction of the military court. If any case is brought against me, I shall appear before the proper judges. From my first entrance into political life, my acts have been open and unconcealed. To the principles I expressed on my first appearance I have steadily and honestly adhered. And in them alone I still see the only hope and salvation of my country.

JOSEPH GOLDMARK.

Leipzig, March 13, 1849.

Goldmark's friends were always convinced that he was among the first marked out for vengeance.

The many shootings in the Viennese Stadtgraben [wrote Kudlich in after years] proved to us that a very special kind of justice ruled there, that no man was sure of his life as soon as the evidence of two witnesses could be brought up against him. And at that time the evidence of any witness was good enough to use. . . . Hence the likelihood was that in spite of any one's innocence we would either be surrendered by the Reichstag, or after the dissolution of the Reichstag that we should be delivered up to the inquisition of the Austrian Alba and be as good as lost. For in the secret trials no protest was heeded. A few hearings, announcement of the sentence, immediate execution [*Begnädigung zu Pulver und Blei*] and a man was branded forever not only as guilty of high treason but as a murderer of Latour.

If Goldmark had not made his escape, he would certainly have been shot. The discovery of a later curious historian that the testimony of the chief witness and the official minutes of the

Reichstag did not agree, that the purchased perjury of some wretch of a witness outweighed the Reichstag minutes and the evidence of honorable Reichstag members—all this would not have raised him up out of the grave!¹¹²

In a private and unfinished letter written at the same time from Leipzig to one of his constituents Goldmark allows his emotion somewhat freer expression. He had, it appears, received a written communication from some of his constituents remonstrating against the course he had pursued during the winter of 1849.

In this connection a dry remark in Füster's reminiscences is particularly illuminating. Letters, he explains, indicating loss of confidence on the part of constituents of members of the Left, were "fabricated at the command of high personages."

At the beginning of November [writes Füster], Regierungsrath Buffa who was a member of the military city *Commando* said to President Smolka: "Many deputies will have to resign, as they will receive notes of lack of confidence from their constituents." . . . The press too, had articles every day attacking the Left, especially myself, Goldmark and Kudlich.¹¹³

It was evidently in reply to such an address from his constituents that Goldmark's unfinished letter replies. He had ignored the remonstrance, surmising that it had been signed under pressure. But this evidence of the power of the reaction filled him with grief as well as resentment. His letter from Leipzig illustrates anew the profound seriousness with which the March liberals took their politics and the despair with which they saw the return of absolutism:

Dear Sir: You will be surprised to receive a letter from me at this date, after I have so long delayed answering the official communication which, to my painful regret, received your signature among others. But you know as well as I do that one is silent sometimes from motives of consideration.

An old proverb says: *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—that is, times change and men with them. As a matter of

¹¹² Kudlich, *op. cit.*, pp. 237-238.

¹¹³ Füster, *op. cit.*, p. 248.

fact, only the latter is true. Time in itself is nothing in life. Men make the times; men change their colors and say the times are no longer favorable to unity.

Do not think, dear sir, that these changes surprise me. As a physician and scientist I have studied nature and man and have learned to recognize change as a necessary incident of his existence. But these manifold changes in man's physical and mental life take place with a certain regularity, periodically, in a slow sequence.

My grief has therefore been all the deeper, my sorrow the more bitter in experiencing the sudden reversal, the rapid change of sentiment, the quick and reckless abandonment of principles previously cherished.

For a year I have devoted to Vienna and to our common country my best efforts without any thought of personal gain or advantage. My most violent opponents could not bring forward the faintest proof, not a shadow of justification for their accusations. For I have honestly and openly held fast to the principles which I enunciated in the Reichstag at my election and these principles are unanswerable. . . .

But I will not lift the curtain from the sad past; I will not utter any reproaches. Do I not know that honorable men who know me and have watched me since the great March days could have let themselves be a party to such unjust and harsh expressions only if themselves threatened by hostile bayonets? I am convinced that you, dear sir, completely disillusioned by the present time, would gladly recall your signature. So let there be no hostility between us.

I am unable to offer my honored constituents a personal explanation; hence I am obliged to send the enclosed statement in justification of my last steps; with the request that it be distributed in any fitting way—perhaps through the mail, to my honored constituents. I . . .

Here the letter breaks off abruptly.

Vae Victis

It is with these mournful words that Kudlich heads his chapter on the next and last phase of the story of the Left—exile or imprisonment.

"The one thing I had never counted on," he writes, "was a sudden forcible disruption of the Reichstag." The arrest of certain suspect members of the Left would apparently have been no surprise. They were indeed prepared for it. The treacherous *coup* of the reaction left them dazed.

Kudlich's account of his own escape from Kremsier was written in after years when the first bitterness of the experience had passed. It is worth quoting, as is any excerpt from the memoirs, for its transparent truth and simplicity. The writer, we should bear in mind, was still in years almost a boy. He was not yet twenty-five years old.

What I learned about the Viennese military procedure in my own case and that of others was so hair-raising that long before the disruption of the Reichstag we had decided to take to flight before submitting to any military tribunal.

He had chosen for his living quarters a room in a house built close to the high, broad city wall. From the roof of this house he could drop down onto the top of the wall, and from the wall he could climb into the overhanging branches of a tall linden tree which grew outside the town. It was then easy, he found, to climb down the tree into the Stadtgraben below. He had arranged, in case of trouble, to meet Violand and Fuster at a trustworthy inn in a neighboring village.

At half past six o'clock on March 7 [says Kudlich], I was greatly astonished at the sight of my friend Violand bursting noisily in to my bedside. He was dressed for travelling, wrapt in a heavy fur cape, his face almost hidden by a fur cap, a small travelling bag in his hand as though ready to call for me for the Last Judgment.

"What, you still in bed? What are you thinking of? Don't you know anything at all?"

"Well, what is the matter?"

"The Reichstag is dissolved, the city is full of soldiers, they are after us!"

"Oh, get out! [*Warum nicht gar!*] Now, when the Reichstag has adjourned, and so many deputies have gone home? I don't believe it."

"Never mind whether you believe it or not. Get up and look out!"

I raised my unbelieving head and did actually see soldiers in the distance from out of my window.

"Now, I beg of you, no more talk. You can't change the facts; we will meet in Chropin. So long."

Violand disappeared. In five minutes I was dressed, in my ordinary clothes without any baggage. I wanted to get out into the streets to convince myself of the state of affairs. Violand was prone to be precipitate; perhaps he was mistaken.

Kudlich found, however, that his friend was right. At the west gate of the town he met a half company of soldiers on guard. The lieutenant, whom he knew, let him go out on his promise to return. He slipped into a house on the right just outside the gate, where Fischhof and Goldmark lived together on the ground floor.

These two seemed to have very good consciences [he writes]. They were just getting dressed and were very calmly listening to accounts of what had happened from some journalists who had come in to see them. That didn't look much like murderers of Latour!

But me they greeted with horrified outcries: "Why, Hans, haven't you left? What recklessness! Do you want to get yourself arrested?" "Yes," said Goldmark, "that is just like Hans. Now hurry up, and get out. [*Mach dass Du weiter kommst.*] Goodby. Do you happen to need any money?"

This inquiry woke Kudlich up to the realities of his case. He slipped back into the town, despite his friends' remonstrances, got some of his belongings, burned letters which might compromise his correspondents, and duly made his exit from the city by way of the roof, the wall, and the linden tree.

Goldmark, living outside the city wall of Kremsier, had had no gates to pass and drove out early the next morning to Oderberg on the border. There he was received by an old friend, sympathetic to the Left, and spent the night. His only adventure was the arrival, on a visit, of the wife of the head of the local police force. Goldmark's hostess led him to an inner room to await her departure. But, tiring of solitude, he soon

emerged and made himself agreeable to the ladies so that no questions were asked. Early next morning his hostess rowed him across the river.

His journey through Germany was more difficult. Like other fugitives from Vienna—Kudlich, Fuster, Moritz Hartmann and more—Goldmark was still pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp, for such it had become, political liberty. Uprisings followed in the spring of 1849, in various German states. In Prussia, in Saxony, in Baden where the revolutionaries made their last stand, the Viennese exiles sought to lend a hand in the local revolts, only to be forced to flee as each struggle was relentlessly crushed by the police and the regular troops. Ferdinand Kürnberger, less fortunate than the rest, suffered nine long months' wretched imprisonment in Dresden on mere suspicion of complicity in the Saxon uprising. After his long deferred release from prison he made his escape from Germany, still hunted, by a sort of "underground railway," passed along at night by friendly colleagues in whose homes he lay hidden by day.

Exile

It was in Berne, kind home of political refugees, that a number of the Forty-eighters, having finally made their several ways out of Germany, met again. It was a melancholy meeting. The height of their past hopes was the measure of their despair. A kind of apathy fell upon them. Nothing, after so great a disillusionment, seemed worth living for. Kudlich voices the general sentiment:

A deep bitterness possessed my soul. Material need, the uncertainty of the future, and of my own circumstances—all that I should have borne easily, with the brave courage of youth, if the need and the misery of my own country and my own people had not weighed down my heart like a heavy load. I felt as though my life had no further purpose. I had no desire to begin a new career, to try to build up a new life out of the ruins of the old one.

In a word, life had lost its savor. [*Mir wollte die Welt nicht mehr recht gefallen.*] I was homesick. The beautiful Swiss Alps and the lakes in their glory seemed to mock me, for they recalled

Upper Austria. And even though much more beautiful, they were not home.

In simple lyric verse Moritz Hartmann voiced the heartache of the Viennese exiles:

*IN DER FREMDE*¹¹⁴

*Warum so trüb und so verschlossen?
Warum, o Freund, so ohne Muth?
Hast du nicht liebende Genossen?
Ist dieses Land nicht schön und gut?
"Du weisst nicht wie die Fremde thut."*

*Sind nicht der Nachtigallen Lieder
So lieblich wie daheim bei Dir?
Lacht nicht der blaue Himmel nieder,
Noch milder und noch schöner hier?
"Du kennst die Fremde nicht, wohl Dir."*

*O, Sohn des Volks, wie kannst du trauern,
Wo alles Volk der Fessel frei?
Und must du denken nicht mit Schauern
An deiner Heimath Sklaverei?
"Ich denke d'ran und bleib ihr treu."*

¹¹⁴IN EXILE

Why are you silent and so sad,
O friend, your courage stripped and bare,
Have you not comrades gay and glad,
And has this land not beauty rare?
"In exile, no land can be fair."

Are not the nightingales here singing
As sweetly as at home for you,
Are not the heavens blue and smiling,
E'en softer here, a lovelier hue?
"You know not exile, happy you."

O, freedom's champion, do not mourn,
Among a people wholly free,
Must you not think with shuddering scorn,
Of your own country's slavery?
"I think of it with loyalty."

Translated by Susan Goldmark.

Goldmark was soon in a worse case than his friends, Kudlich, Löhner, Moritz Hartmann, and others on Swiss soil. For they as political offenders were assured of an asylum as long as they cared to remain there. But he had been marked out for vengeance by the imperial government in Vienna, bent upon having some victims among those who had fled the military tribunals. It was officially intimated to the Swiss Government that Goldmark as a participant in the murder of Latour was subject to extradition as a non-political criminal.

Remarkable impartiality of the Viennese military court [exclaims Kudlich in the memoirs]. What an irony of fate! He who was almost lynched by Latour's enemies on account of his violent harangue in the courtyard of the war building, who defended Latour more warmly than anyone of us, he was prosecuted for his pains as a murderer of Latour and denounced to the authorities of a foreign country.

Owing to this malicious charge, Goldmark's position in Berne became a very precarious one. While none of us ever knew how long the Swiss *Bundesrath* would grant us the right of asylum, we others were certain that under no circumstances would we be delivered up to the authorities. But now Goldmark's case was different. He was charged with a common murder.

Goldmark accordingly at once appeared with some others of us Austrian refugees before Herr Bundesrath Druey, who was in charge of refugee affairs. Goldmark explained his case. Druey listened attentively, questioned us in detail as to our knowledge of the murder and ended by declaring that if the Austrian government demanded Goldmark's extradition, it would be refused. But he advised Goldmark nevertheless to leave Switzerland, as his case might lead to unpleasant complications.¹¹⁵

Switzerland was thus not for long a refuge, and Goldmark found himself obliged to follow the dictates of prudence and of Bundesrat Druey and contemplate a further move to some retreat whither the hands of a reactionary government might not reach. His exile in Berne had latterly been unexpectedly lightened and sweetened. In the home of the eminent physiologist, Professor Gustav Valentin and his wife, Goldmark had

¹¹⁵ Kudlich, *op. cit.*, III, 20.

found sympathy, understanding, friendship. They had become dear and valued companions, had admitted him to the circle of their friends, and had renewed for him, at a moment of despair when he most desperately needed it, a sense of solidarity, a belief in the possibilities of friendly human intercourse. The political future of his own country, indeed of all Germany, was for the most sanguine, hopeless. All the more did he crave, and find with the Valentins, the compensations and the stimulus of sympathetic companionship.

The sentiment of warm sympathy which breathes from your lines [he wrote from Paris in May, 1850, to the dear friends from whom he had parted], recalls to my remembrance all the delightful evenings which I passed in your family, in the small and chosen circle of your friends. I miss them all the more since I am not fond of grand company, am no society man [*kein Salon-mensch bin*] and therefore can scarcely do without the companionship of like-minded friends.

But where should a former revolutionist find refuge? If not in Switzerland where in Europe was he safe from pursuit? Even in France the refugees from Germany were "subjected to actual pursuit," wrote Goldmark from Strassburg to his friends in Berne.

They are transported back into the interior with chains around their necks. In Bâle it is not much better; the police are rough and arbitrary; upon his arrival in the port the refugee is met by the gendarmes, usually kept under arrest for three or four days and ultimately escorted to the frontier.

Goldmark himself fared better and suffered no hardships in Strassburg, thanks to letters of introduction given him by his Swiss friends. Yet he was unable to obtain permission to stop over in Paris on his way to Havre, where he proposed to set sail for the United States. For in France, too, government hostility forbade any sojourn. French visas were limited to traveling through France without stopping in Paris (*sans arrêter à Paris*). Indeed, wrote Goldmark, the former *préfet* had been dismissed owing to his leniency in granting longer sojourns.

But if Europe was closed to him he, too, would seek the new

world. He was a physician and would make his way over as a ship's doctor. That would at least assure him a first-class cabin. To the solicitude of his friends he turned a resolute countenance. He would meet acquaintances, he wrote them; the passage in a sailing vessel would not take more than thirty to forty days; he would gladly face a journey of thrice that length—"if only the next port were home!" In such phrases the writer's resolute determination failed him and the heart-break of the exile betrayed itself. His sadness at parting from his friends he was at no pains to conceal. His first letter to Frau Valentin follows:

Paris, May 25, 1850.

My dear friend,

To my glad surprise I received your kind letter a few hours before my departure from Strassburg, when I went to ask for mail from home at the post-office. I had no opportunity to read it until I was in the train and I am devoting the first moments of my arrival here to answering it.

Your friendly letter was all the more welcome because it dissipated a little the sadness which has not left me since my departure. The separation from Berne, from your dear circle, I have found much harder to bear than I anticipated. You bestowed on me during my sojourn so many tokens of warm friendship, you took such an intimate interest in my whole past that in your house I forgot exile, felt happy and at home. Indeed, I should have felt the ever kind association with your husband, the stimulus of your own vivacious and brilliant presence indispensable, if a banished man could allow himself to indulge in any sentiments but his sadness and regrets.

The delicacy with which you have thought of my immediate future moved me greatly. It dissipated the discouragement which friend O.'s gossip aroused and made me feel the friendly solicitude with which you and Valentin watch over me. If I can nevertheless not accept your gracious offer, you in your goodness will not ascribe it to untimely sensitiveness. You, my dear friend, know me well. . . .

Anyhow, my situation is not nearly so bad as friend O., whose heart runs away with his judgment, represented. To be sure, the passage lasts 30-40 days if the vessel is not becalmed; the ship

is a kind of prison but how many of my comrades have suffered a harder and longer imprisonment. . . .

I am grateful to you for the introduction to Dr. Böckel. He received me in a most friendly manner and put himself to much trouble, though in vain, to obtain permission for me to stay in Paris a short time. . . . I shall still try to secure this favor here, as I should very much like to obtain some technical training in dentistry.

In Strassburg, through Dr. Böckel's kind introduction, I met an apothecary who has connections with a New York druggist. The latter's reports and orders make it not only advisable but absolutely necessary to take along an assortment of drugs, since many medicaments can either not be obtained over there or are adulterated.

I have asked my Bernese landlord to send you any letters which may come for me, and should be very much obliged if you would forward them here *poste restante* with some lines of your own or would rejoice me by another letter.

Your friend

GOLDMARK.

I should like to commission you to distribute my messages: Greetings first to your husband and the darling children. Give each of the little ones a dozen kisses for me. Hearty good wishes to dear Frau Studer and Fraülein von Gragerz. I hope the latter has returned from her little journey with increased strength and cheerfulness. Tell her the first part of her friendly prophecy has been realized. The night has begun. Will the dawn follow?

Here, then, ends the story of Vienna. The Revolution of '48 was over, crushed. The Forty-eighters had failed. They were scattered, dispersed over the world's surface. Some were to survive the reaction in their old homes and after imprisonment and suffering to see the dawn of a freer day. To others, like Goldmark, a complete break with the past was preferable.

Only a year ago [wrote Füster at this time of despair from Hamburg], we were reverently singing the German national anthem. Now it sounds different. What is the German fatherland? Is it Austria? No, I was forced to flee from there. Is it Prussia? No. There I was arrested. Is it Saxony? No. There warrants were issued against me. Is it the free city of Hamburg? No. Thence I

am driven out by the police. Where is the German fatherland? In England and America! Only in those lands is there a safe and honorable refuge for Germans whose love of liberty and honor has not been silenced by Russo-Prussian-Austrian bayonets.

On June 16, 1850, three weeks after his last letter was written, Goldmark sailed from Havre.

Passage to more than India! . . .

Sail forth! Steer for the deep waters only! . . .

O my brave soul!

O farther, farther sail!

PART II

The Forty-eighters in the United States

Introduction

WHEN the Forty-eighters came to America, this was a nation of twenty million people, of whom two million were foreign-born. There were over a half million Germans (including the handful of Austrians who had come at that time), and a million Irish. No other nationality had come in significant numbers. In all the United States only fifty thousand were Jews.

Like the Puritans before them, the Forty-eighters were distinguished from other immigrants in one important particular: they came primarily for freedom's sake. Economic reasons had to a great extent dominated the influx of newcomers into the United States during the early nineteenth century, culminating in 1847 in the flight of the Irish from what Lord John Russell called "the visitation of a calamity almost without a parallel"—the great famine. Driven literally by starvation, the Irish peasant population fled across the sea; those who were left behind were buried in the famine pits not by thousands but by hundreds of thousands. Coming in destitution, "they flocked to the factories of the urban centres or joined the gangs of workmen busy on the canals, railways and other structures that marked the rise of American capitalism."¹

Moreover, coincidentally with the potato blight devastation in Ireland, the Rhine country and Southern Germany had suffered failure of their crops, and just as the famine of 1818-19 had sent thousands of Germans to seek a refuge and a living across the sea, so again it was bitter economic need, as well as governmental oppression toward the middle of the century, which accounted for the flood of German immigration to the new world.

The half million earlier immigrants from Germany were chiefly artisans and laborers who had settled for the most part

¹ Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1927), I, 642.

in cities; some had tried farming and country life. They were scattered from New York as far west as Wisconsin and Missouri. Nor was this immigration the chance movement of individuals. Many had come in groups organized by special emigration societies or benevolent patrons. Emigration was the great resource for the destitute, the cure for overpopulation. "Emigration always will recur as something natural in Germany," wrote Minister von Gagern as early as 1820, "for we are suffering from overpopulation while the millions of fertile acres and homesteads in North America which still await the plough and the human hand are limitless."²

Of the organized groups destined to settle on the land one of the best known was that of the *Mainzer Adels Verein*, which under the patronage of German nobles in 1844 obtained from the state legislature of Texas a grant of land for forming a farm colony there.³ In the next year over five thousand enthusiastic colonists had sailed. The first settlement was a terrible failure owing to the location of the tract in the heart of a savage wilderness. Thousands suffered untold misery. By 1855, however, Frederick Law Olmsted in his *Journey thro' Texas* described New Braunfels, the successful settlement of the *Verein* as a "picture of contented prosperity." There he saw the so-called "Latin farmer"—the German university man turned farmer, quoting Tacitus behind the plow, who became a figure of tradition in Missouri, Illinois, and other states besides Texas. "Madonnas upon log walls; coffee in tin cups with Dresden saucers; to hear a Beethoven's symphony on the grand piano; . . . a bookcase half filled with the classics, half with sweet potatoes"—these were some of the picturesque incongruities and contrasts noted by Olmsted on the German farms.

For by 1855, with the coming of the Forty-eighters, a new

² Quoted in Ludwig Gall, *Meine Auswanderung nach den Vereinigten Staaten im Frühjahr 1819 und Meine Rückkehr nach der Heimath im Winter 1820* (Trier, 1822), I, 11. See "Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem," Select Documents. Edith Abbott (University of Chicago Press, 1926), p. 51.

³ Each adult who subscribed \$120 was offered a free passage and forty acres of land.

type of German and Austrian immigrant had arrived. They came, these thousands of men and women at the mid-century, from the home of an old civilization, inheritors of a tradition in which a classical culture—the love of learning, music, and the arts—was integral. They came, moreover, from frustration of their hopes to the living experiment of democracy. They came; and in an amazingly short period of time they made themselves felt. While few in numbers, in the vast tide of immigration flowing into the United States, the Forty-eighters were of a type and caliber which stood out as distinctive, which impressed itself upon the contemporary mind.

The "Latin farmers" might be worsted in their encounter with the virgin soil and turn, perforce, as many did, to any humble trade for a livelihood. But, whether farmers or grocery clerks, their very presence on this soil spoke of their past and history. They stood, vaguely, in a new and often bleak environment for something ripe and matured, something they might contribute to the precious promise of American life.

The man of European culture who has fled from the old world in its ossification and decay is alienated by the still unformed, uncultivated conditions of the new [wrote Joseph Goldmark in his first letter from the United States to his friend, Professor Valentin of Berne]. Only in its new principles, in the brilliant promise of its vigorous youth, does he find hope of a new and better organization of society.

Some solicitude was aroused by what even a friendly observer notes as the "irreligious influence" of the Forty-eighters. They were "infidels," "atheists," "rationalists." But the counterbalancing advantages of the new immigration more than compensated for its failing in orthodoxy. As early as 1856, J. D. Angell was writing in the *North American Review*:

The diffusion of political intelligence and the longing for republican government prompted many men of liberal and enlightened views to remove to America even before the Revolution of 1848, and after the close of that tragi-comedy thousands were obliged to flee from their homes for safety. . . . Among them

were the most intellectual and accomplished of our German population.⁴

Angell welcomes the introduction by the Forty-eighters into American life of those tastes and customs which "lend so many charms to social life in Germany." He looks forward to the combination of the resistless energy of the American with "something of their unyielding and unfaltering patience."

Those alone really suffer who are too lazy or too proud to do the work for which they are suited. . . . The demand for men of high culture is unlimited. In science, the arts, the learned professions, everywhere we have room. . . . Already they are elevating our musical taste. If they will kindle within us an appreciating love of heaven-born Art, they will atone for many of the excesses by which they have awakened our solicitude.

Well will it be [concludes this discriminating critic], if we can temper our burning passion for the acquisition of wealth by something of that genial and refreshing spirit which stops in its hasty flights after riches and honor to admire an image of the True and Beautiful.

Such was the generous estimate of a contemporary. In retrospect it may with truth be said that the Forty-eighters, when viewed in large perspective, met the test of time—and Angell's hope: they left their mark on the pattern of the society they joined. It was no chance coincidence that the newly come Germans and Austrians in the United States (for the other European *révoltés*, French and Italian, were at that time not minded to emigrate) fortified liberal tendencies in the new world as they had in the old, and threw themselves into the antislavery movement. It was no chance coincidence that they became honored members of the early American scientific and medical fraternity; that they took the lead in the musical development of the United States, choral and orchestral; and lent their support to its intellectual and artistic growth.

In the person of Carl Schurz, scholar and statesman, the Forty-eighters found their most distinguished representative. Schurz's public service—campaigning for Lincoln, as major-

⁴ Quoted in Abbott, p. 494. J. D. Angell, "German Emigration to America," *North American Review*, LXXXII (1856), pp. 263-268.

general at Gettysburg, as senator from Missouri, as Secretary of the Interior who preserved the forest domain and fought the spoils system, always a fearless spokesman for the minority—this public record is a part of American history. Its animating force was the Forty-eighter's passion for liberty. And in his private life Schurz exemplified those genial social qualities, the love of music, art, and learning, which Angell coveted for America.

What these amenities, what German music in particular, contributed to American life is epitomized, as it were, in a story of Schurz and Lincoln—not apocryphal. It was during Lincoln's most troubled times. Unable to sleep, he lay exhausted one evening on a couch in the White House sitting room. The young Schurz, himself a gifted musician, admitted to intimacy in that family circle, came in quietly and, observing the President, sat down and began to play a strain from "music's most serene dominions," from Beethoven, "until the touch of Schurz's magic closed the President's eyes and there fell upon him the first long and restful sleep he had known for days."⁵

Schurz was a man of unusual talents and attainments. Other Forty-eighters were distinguished in lesser degree: Sigel in the army, Koerner, Kapp, and Hecker in politics, Dr. Ernst Krackowizer, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, Dr. Hans Kudlich, and a score of other medical men.

And of the rank and file of the Forty-eighters, among whom the characters of our story belong, it may be said that they, too, as well as the more prominent among them, left their imprint on their society. Their contribution lay, not in public eminence and position, but in the totality of their lives, in their standards, in the influence of a more or less consciously integrated and lofty outlook upon life. For such intangibles play who shall say how great a part in setting the tone of an epoch, a community?

Moreover, in the period we treat of, the tone of communities was more quickly influenced, was more readily responsive

⁵ Carl Schurz Centenary at Columbia University, Speech of George McAneny (New York: The Germanistic Society of America, 1929), pp. 7-8.

to individual differences, than later. The homogeneity of the early provincial culture in America had, to a great extent, passed. In the decades following 1850 all manner of new ideas, new incentives, new material possibilities, new racial characteristics, were seething in American life, with which our story is to bring us in contact. Even in the large cities, however, even in New York with its population of four hundred thousand, the neighborhood was still a stable unit, still counted. Children of the neighborhood played together, neighbors visited. In a word, individuals could to a marked degree make themselves felt and impress their personalities on their circle, in the still quiet tempo of living.

But however unmistakable in human relations, intangibles such as the atmosphere and quality of people are obviously difficult to recapture and render in words, and escape description. It will best serve our purpose, therefore, to select episodes and experiences in the lives of our Forty-eighters in America which may indicate their caliber and flavor. Our story is qualitative, episodic. Our characters are, so far as is possible, to tell their own story in the letters and memories they have left. Their background in the old world was Vienna and Prague. Henceforth their background is the developing United States, with whose fortunes they at once identified themselves, into whose life they were merged.

The Migration from Prague

IN April, 1849, while Joseph Goldmark was making his way to Switzerland, a group of twenty-six persons, like him despairing of political and economic conditions in Austria, broke up their homes in Prague and sailed from Hamburg to the United States. They were members of a family named Wehle, and their kinsmen, who had lived in Prague for generations, bound together by the close family tie which is characteristic of their race. The second daughter, Regina, at that time a slim young girl of fourteen years, was destined later to meet Joseph Goldmark in New York and with him to find her life's happiness.

The history of the Jews in Prague is a sad one, marked by periods of terrible religious and racial oppression. Yet the beautiful old city, rising on its hills from the river Moldau and dominated by the great Ratchine or royal palace, was beloved by the Wehle family as the ancient home of their ancestors, endeared by associations of long, long years. They had been men of standing in the Jewish community of Prague, "well-known for their learning, their great charity, their upright and irreproachable lives, their wealth and peaceable dispositions," as Gottlieb Wehle, the oldest of the migration, wrote in a memorandum for his children.

The reasons which led this group of kinsmen to sever the ties which bound them, despite religious intolerance, to the old city, were various and compelling. To realize the strength of the purpose which drove them across the sea, we must recall the earlier conditions in Austria—economic and religious—which have been dwelt upon in detail in the story of the Revolution of Vienna.

Gottlieb Wehle's business was the importation of dyes for cotton-print goods. The dyestuffs came from Hamburg. Regina used in her old age to tell how the indigo, the gall-apples, and other vegetable compounds were stored in the

cellar of their old house. For many years the business had prospered, but during the late forties it began to dwindle. The greater ease of transportation and new postal and telegraph facilities enabled manufacturers gradually to get their own dyes from Hamburg and other ports without recourse to the middleman. Moreover, the material fortunes of the family were disastrously affected by the outstanding economic conditions of the time: the depreciation of the currency after the long Napoleonic wars, and the outbreak of the political and industrial revolution. "You went to bed worth one hundred thousand gulden," Amalia Wehle used sardonically to tell her brother's children years later in distant Indiana, "and woke up worth only twenty thousand."

Gottlieb Wehle had married, in 1829, Eleanore Feigl, a distant cousin, whose happy temperament and practical competence were to prove precious not only to herself but to her husband and to the twelve children who shared the great adventure, the bewildering transition to a new world.

Eleanore, too, had been born and brought up in Prague and was to live to advanced old age, twenty years longer than her husband, seeing the advent of successive generations of her children. How long a span of history her lifetime covered, until her death in 1898, was shown by the stories she used to relate to her descendants, of whom the writer was one: how, for instance, as a child of eight years, in 1813, she had run out on the street to see the carts full of wounded soldiers, lying upon straw, passing through Prague after the defeat of Napoleon at the battle of Leipzig.

On first marrying, Eleanore and Gottlieb Wehle had lived for some years with her parents. During the forties they moved with their rapidly growing family to a large house which had belonged to their old friends the Brandeis family, parents of Adolf Brandeis. This young man, who was to play a prominent part in the family fortunes, in the spring of 1848 became engaged to Frederika, a niece of Gottlieb Wehle.

In some delightful reminiscences written in later life at the request of her son Louis D. Brandeis, Frederika has left a charming account of the wandering fortunes of her mother,

Fanny Wehle, born in 1798, and of her own childhood and romantic girlhood. While the memoirs take us, for the moment, back to the old country before the migration to the new world which is the theme of the second part of this book, they sketch with such truth and delicacy the family background in Prague that we may pause briefly to glance at them. They may aid in building up that "imaginative comprehension" of a bygone era which is perhaps best served by any genuine personal record, however modest in scope.

Frederika's Childhood

FREDERIKA'S earliest memories were all, naturally enough, pre-occupied with her mother, whom she idolized and whom she lost at the early age of twelve years. Frederika must have been a child of unusual maturity, for her reminiscences, dating from so early a period of her own life and written fifty years later, are vivid and penetrating.

Fanny Wehle had married, in 1827, a young student friend of her brothers, Dr. Siegmund Dembitz, who chanced to be stopping in Prague after obtaining his medical degree at the University of Königsberg in Prussia. His father and mother, once wealthy, but like the Wehles of Prague impoverished after the long Napoleonic wars, lived with their twelve children in Pressburg, Hungary.

Why my father was studying in Königsberg I don't know [writes Frederika]. It was on a visit to Prague that he became acquainted with my mother and fell in love with the charming and clever girl. That she should return his love was natural. When he was a man of 62 my father was still handsome and of good carriage. He was full of fire and talk, looked like a prince and was brilliant as few men are. Unfortunately he was very impractical and thoughtless and though he was one of the best physicians of his time and an able surgeon, he had no worldly wisdom and always had difficulty in earning his living.

At that period, physicians could practice only in the country in which they had obtained their medical degrees, so that he could not settle in Bohemia, but had to go back to Prussia. This meant a separation for my mother Fanny Wehle from her mother and

brothers and sisters which she passionately regretted. In those days there were no railroads and no regular mails, and a parting was therefore the more serious and indeed hopeless.

On leaving Prague the young people first settled in a small Polish town, where they lived for two years, and where Dr. Dembitz' professional skill and personal address made him, though a Jew, welcome among the small Polish nobility. His young wife, too, held her own in a new and unfamiliar environment. Frederika records her father's pride in her mother's charm of manner and conversation on first introducing her, with some fears for her youthful inexperience, at an evening party. But his restless spirit was not for long content to settle down, and before her mother's death in her twelfth year, Frederika and her two little brothers knew constant moving. With the fortunate adaptability of childhood, she seems to have found playfellows wherever they went, and to have been happy in the companionship of her mother and father.

In the memoirs which Frederika wrote at intervals during the eighties, she succeeds in giving us successive glimpses of those early wandering years which, while fragmentary, have the appeal of any picture of childhood.

Thus, for instance, there was the first Christmas tree which she had ever seen, to which she was taken when her parents were living in the little town of Zirke, near the city of Posen. Her father was physician to the count to whose estate they were often invited, her parents being again on terms of pleasant sociability with the small Polish nobility.

The great hall [writes Frederika] was divided in two by a curtain behind which the count's pupils stood and blew a chorale on hunting horns. In front stood the great tree blazing with light, and the tables were laden with presents for young and old, for the masters and servants, and every one looked excited and happy and laughed with tears in their eyes and I wondered why they were crying.

In Zirke, too, she had her first Christmas tree.

My parents and the young count had shut themselves up several evenings to make the preparations. The longed-for moment

came at last and I was led into fairyland. There stood the tree—a blaze of light—and Oh—wonder of wonders, at the very top there floated a doll, so high up that it seemed to me to touch the ceiling. It had on a black satin dress trimmed with velvet and had flowers in its hair—never since have I seen a doll equal to that one.

In Zirke, Frederika thinks that her parents were happiest in the circle of their acquaintances and she wishes they might have remained there. But the Polish Revolution of 1831 bred hatred of everyone German or German-speaking, and Dr. Dembitz, an Austrian, though in open sympathy with the Poles, suffered in his practice. The little family moved again, this time to a small town in Prussian Brandenburg. Their circumstances grew continually more straitened. Every year or so they all, or Frederika's mother alone with the children, went home to visit her beloved family in Prague.

For a girl brought up in the close intimacy and protection of a large Jewish family in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, such a roving existence though with an adored husband was necessarily more or less in the nature of an exile. It was only natural that in her wanderings, seeking repeatedly to make a new home for herself and her children, Fanny Wehle's thoughts should turn with longing to the old house in which her family had lived for several generations, and the old city in which, despite religious intolerance, their affections were rooted.

Nor did her thoughts only, turn back with tenderness. The dear circle in Prague, the old house and the life there: these were the themes of her talk with the little daughter who sat beside her on a low stool as she sewed, drinking in the tale, to be so affectionately yet with so whimsical a humor recorded, a half century later.

As a little child [writes Frederika], I always heard my parents speak of Prague with the kind of love and longing that the pious feel for Jerusalem or Mecca. My mother talked of her mother, her brothers and sisters, whom she passionately loved and who loved and admired her, and I was as orthodox in my belief in them as a pious Catholic in his saints.

When she was eight years old Frederika passed her first winter with her mother in Prague. It was at this time that she made the acquaintance, at dancing school, of some children who were to be her most intimate and adored friends until she left Europe. They were the three Mauthner children, Betty, Yetti, and Peppi. In this dancing class she met also some little neighbors of the Mauthners—three other children of the name of Brandeis who were cousins of Adolf Brandeis, Frederika's future husband and one of the main characters of our subsequent story. The dancing lessons were among the happiest memories of her childhood, says Frederika. They were held alternately at the Mauthner's and the Brandeis'. Betty and she were "the most popular of the ladies."

At this time, too, Frederika was sent to her first school, a "knitting school" kept by an old French woman, Mme. Sannet, who taught French grammar and conversation. It was doubtless owing to this early training that Frederika, though she had little formal schooling, was always an excellent French scholar, and before her fifteenth year had read through the French writers of the eighteenth century.

"I was very conscientious," she writes of herself at Mme. Sannet's school, "and a great favorite of the old lady who was something of a despot, and with her old-fashioned elegance and silver snuff box had a strong resemblance to the portraits of the Rococo period."

The climax of the winter was a children's party at the Mauthners. Frederika and Betty were dressed just alike in white dresses and blue sashes.

But, alas! On my birthday I received from one of my cousins a pair of long white silk gloves and so the white kid gloves on which we had both counted with such joy, were out of the question. I was overcome with grief. While my hair was being curled I could not refrain from tears. How I despised the silk gloves which long remained in my mind as symbols of the sorrow of hope deceived.

But Uncle Moritz could not bear the sight of a child's tears. He disappeared without any one's noticing it and at the last

moment he returned triumphantly with a pair of white kid gloves. Oh, how happy I was!

In March, when the snow was still deep Frederika, with her mother and little brother Lewis, went back to Müncheberg near Berlin, where her father had settled down. She did not go to school, except for half a year, but studied at home with her brilliant if impractical father, who taught her French, writing, and arithmetic.

When she was eleven years old Frederika was sent—why she never knew—to spend the winter in Prague alone with Uncle Moritz and his wife. It was a rather lonely time, as there were no other children in the house and she greatly missed her beloved mother. She gives a humorous picture of the two teachers whom she had at this period. One was an old gentleman

who in manners and appearance was like a savant of the ancient *régime*! Fine white cuffs and seal rings, fine manners and compliments, many tales of his pupils in the ranks of the aristocracy and in between some literature and history.

The music teacher, Austerlitz, was

a half crazy master who had been considered the best teacher for the past twenty years and ruled old and young with an iron hand. I was very conscientious about practising and he was very gracious to me. But I cannot understand why he did not make me hate music for the rest of my life.

In June Frederika's mother came with her two little brothers to take her home. The visit was a sad one, for the younger boy, the little Theodore, died in Prague. The next winter Frederika was to experience a greater, an overwhelming sorrow in the death of her mother at Müncheberg. "Let me be silent about those days and weeks," she writes in the reminiscences. "Did ever a twelve-year-old child feel more forsaken?"

Her widowed father tried, first with her mother's sister Amalia and later with the girl and boy alone, to keep up his household. But the struggle was difficult. "If my mother's brothers had not supported us," says Frederika, "I do not know what would have become of us." Her father was so much

broken by the loss of his young wife that for years he moved from place to place, seeking relief.

In 1848 when fighting broke out again in Poland, we hear of him as a military surgeon in an ill-fated uprising. Lack of news of his whereabouts caused grave anxiety among the relatives in Prague. Gottlieb Wehle set out to seek news of his brother-in-law. He traveled to the little town of Fraustadt in northern Prussia, fifty miles from Posen, where some friends of the family lived. A letter to his wife from there tells of three days and nights of searching for the Doctor, who had in the interval succeeded in making his way back to Prague.

You probably have received my hasty lines written after I had been relieved to hear of our doctor's flight and was following up his tracks. There was general rejoicing at the news; all Fraustadt was excited. Now I am being overwhelmed with invitations to stay here to rest after the exertions of the last few days.

He adds a postscript to Dr. Dembitz himself:

I learned that your surgical instruments were in the care of Dr. P. in Posen. I drove to see him hoping that he might be able to tell me something more about your movements. He said that he knew you by reputation and that your instruments were in charge of the city physician, who would give them up to you or to anyone authorized by you.

The liberal sympathies of Dr. Dembitz which thus led him to volunteer his services influenced his children to a marked degree, as did also his keen intellect and his scientific point of view.

Indeed [writes Frederika], the older I grow the more I admire his enlightenment, his conception of the world. If he had had as much practical sense as he had brilliance and charm of personality, he would have played a distinguished part in the world of science. Peace be to his ashes.

A Romantic Girlhood

Two later visits to Prague Frederika records. The first was in the summer of 1842, two years after her mother's death, when

she and her brother Lewis went to stay with Uncle Moritz and his wife. The relatives were all kind, but they evidently sought to replace her mother's gentle rule by corrections which were irksome to the child and which gave her many unhappy hours. But there were compensations, such as the times when her younger Uncle Siegmund, "who was more like a brotherly friend," took her out alone and gave her presents which were "not useful and hence all the more welcome."

He allowed me free access to his library [writes Frederika]. Perhaps that was not very discreet but I know that it did me no harm. I read more at that time of the French writers of the 18th century than ever after. Even the *Contes Nouveaux* of Marmontel I did not skip. Later the pictures startled me.

Uncle was proud of my knowledge. We read French together and at his suggestion I read the *Messiad* of Klopstock—then and never again! Two or three years later when I read Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, I was greatly impressed by the fact that Goethe and his sister Christine when they were children were so enchanted with the *Messiad* that they constantly quoted it and when they wanted to talk to one another privately used appropriate sentences and expressions from that poem. I think that Lewis and I did better by choosing Voss's translation of Homer for that purpose.

But I saw how much Klopstock had been appreciated and I, alas, had been so much bored by him!

It was, however, in her friendship with her contemporaries, the cherished Betty, Yetti, and Peppi, that her chief pleasure resided. There was now an added stimulation in their companionship through the presence of a new governess, Auguste Auerbach, who had just come from Leipzig. There she had received her education, "and had had music lessons from Felix Mendelssohn himself,"—a great distinction in the eyes of people to whom music and appreciation of music were among the elements of civilized life.

The dancing school and games of the early years now gave place to more ambitious play.

When I think of our private entertainments [writes Frederika in retrospect], I must admit that they were really clever. If any

one had observed us then, he might have expected more of us than we ever accomplished. Scenes and plays were acted extempore with Auguste's help, even operas; poems were composed, novels written and oaths of eternal friendship were exchanged. In the dramatic entertainments the parts were assigned, the main outlines of the play roughly sketched. The end, which was usually tragic, and its working-out was left to each individual player. The declamations, the fainting, the unhappy love affairs which were indulged in—no description could do justice to them. We enjoyed ourselves hugely and grew just as excited as we do now over Booth and Modjeska.

Betty was my ideal, my goddess. She was only one year older than I but quite grown and was just beginning to be beautiful. . . . Her figure was slim and tall. She was full of fire and imagination—herself a lovely poem. We had many enthusiasms together, and exchanged pledges of eternal love.

The Old House

IN all her visits to Prague, Frederika had stayed in the large old house where her grandparents had always lived and to which her mother's affections had clung. "Let me describe it as it lives in my memory," she writes in the memoirs.

The house was so large that several families always lived in its different apartments. The building was shaped roughly like a horseshoe, with a courtyard in the middle and several entrances. It was indeed a thoroughfare (*ein Durch-haus*) connecting two streets and afforded a passage from the Christian city to the Ghetto, although at this period Jews were no longer restricted by law to their own quarter.

While the house wasn't exactly elegant in my day [writes Frederika], it certainly was ancient looking and unusual and seemed to me very romantic. It played a large part in my life and always helped me to picture to myself what a forbidding fortress must look like.

Frederika's most cherished remembrance was of the balcony which overlooked the courtyard. In the courtyard grew the pride of the house, a great walnut tree with shining leaves, the rustling of which lived ever after in the memory of those who,

like Regina and Julia Wehle, Frederika's little cousins, frequented the house, though they never lived there permanently.

In my time [notes Frederika], the little door that led to the Ghetto was closed, and the main entrance was through the Wuerfelgasse, a dingy little street on which stood the Mint, a long grey building in front of which a sentinel used to walk up and down. The entrance did not lead directly into the house, but through a broad wooden gate into the courtyard. . . .

From the kitchen you went out to the right onto a balcony which was my pride and delight. It had a brick floor, the side walls were as thick as the walls of a fortress and it was roofed over with brick work. In the middle of the balcony there stood a large old sofa with a faded cover and worn rococo carving. The horsehair stuck out of the cover. The thing was so heavy that I never thought of moving it. But it was my favorite place. Here my mother used to sit and perhaps it was here that she received the first tokens of love from the man of her choice. Here I used to sit with my lover. . . . The nicest thing about the balcony however, was the view, for which my elegant friends envied me. In the courtyard below grew a splendid walnut tree planted by Uncle Adolf as a child, which grew without any special care and flourished and provided the brothers and their children many a happy harvest of nuts. Part of the court was laid out as a garden and there were many flowers and shrubs, in which I delighted, since I had grown up in a little town between fields and woods.

During Frederika's absences from Prague, she corresponded ardently with Betty, for during the next six years from '42 to '48 she visited her relatives only at intervals, living for the most part with her father in Germany. She was always companionable and records various other girlish friendships. While none of these reached the pitch of her romantic attachment to Betty, yet they brought her much happiness. For a year she went to the girls' *höhere Töchterschule* in Frankfort on the Oder; and it is significant of her always keen intellectual interests that the record of her friendships is always a record of books and reading shared with a friend, just as it was the French books and French reading shared with Uncle Siegmund which remained prominent in her memories of him.

There was, for instance, an Adele L. with whom she used to go boating on the river Oder when they lived in Frankfort.

We used to sit in the little cabin, and I told Adele the story of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," which I was just reading and which I was full of. I grew so excited in telling the story that we both wept copiously and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Then there was a Bertha, seven years older than Frederika, for whom she conceived a great admiration and to whom she addressed many secret verses. With Bertha she read Rahel's letters and everything she could find in the library about Rahel. And with another girl, Auguste Unger, she read Karl Beck's poems, Bettina von Arnim's letters, and all the Romantic School (*machten unsere Romantische Schule durch*).

This innocent romanticizing was a source of real happiness to her, writes Frederika.

Just as, in Italy, when you wander through the fields or over the hills, every flowering thicket, every broken vine-clad marble, every ruin which stands out against the deep blue sky, every ragged black-haired boy who lazily leans against a palm-tree—just as every thing has over it a glamor, so everything in my life was endowed with bright and shining colors. The people whom I met I identified with people in books, I idealized them to my heart's content and so I lived a sort of double life and my happy nature and brilliant health helped me over many a domestic difficulty.

When next, in 1845, Frederika returned to Prague for a six weeks' visit she had no need to romanticize. For reality itself was romance to her. She was now a girl of sixteen, in the first bloom of youth, whose large blue eyes looked out on life with engaging ardor and intelligence. She was by way of being a young lady and her family made much of her, of her good looks, of her talents. With Betty she consorted to her heart's delight and with her shared literary enthusiasms. In place of the childish games and the plays of her earlier visits there was now a literary club where they bashfully read their own productions in prose and verse. "Betty and I were the Damon and Pythias of the little circle and recognized as such. And we girls

had our little secret confidences which were innocent and sweet."

For now young love had come upon the scene, still shy and tremulous, hardly suspected. It was not until three years later, in 1848, that Frederika and Adolf Brandeis found their happiness together. Long ago she had gone to dancing school with his little cousins. Now, at twenty-three, he was employed in the cotton mill which stood just opposite Uncle Moritz' house where Frederika was visiting. What more natural than that Adolf Brandeis should be in and out of the house?

He came and went freely [writes Frederika]. He was rarely charming and graceful and had all the poetry of youth [*war poetisch jung*]. He had also unusually attractive manners and we probably fell in love more at that time than we, or at least more than I, realized.

Besides Adolf Brandeis there were two other young men who were much made of and who filled a large part in the romantic little circle. These were Moritz Hartmann and Alfred Meissner, later well-known German poets and writers. Of Meissner, at this early period of his career, Frederika writes: "He was a handsome, debonair student, and with his long golden hair, black velvet jacket and white collar, he looked half like a page, half like a poet."

Moritz Hartmann was tutor in the Mauthner household. He had been obliged to leave Prague in 1844 owing to the too liberal views expressed in his first book of poems. He had returned in 1847 and was teaching the Mauthner boys history and literature. He was himself a handsome young fellow of most unusual charm and brilliance. Even after the lapse of a half century, under the spell of the past, Frederika writes of the "magic of his personality."

But it was not only impressionable girls who fell in love with this delightful young man, soon to be a prominent figure in the Revolution. His men friends too found him a fascinating companion and talker, "unusually popular wherever he might be."⁶

⁶ Professor Dr. Rudolf Wolkan, *Briefe von Moritz Hartmann, Ausgewählt und Eingeleitet* (Wien: Rikola Verlag, 1921), p. 18.

Frederika writes of evening parties at which Hartmann read aloud from his poems and novels to the delight of his ardent listeners. No doubt he threw the other young men decidedly into the shade. At least Adolf Brandeis, in a letter from the far-off Ohio Valley half a world away, was later humorously to recall Hartmann's evening readings and his own jealousy of the poet.

When I remember how a year ago we were together at Moritz's [Adolf writes to Frederika in '49 from Ohio], and how Hartmann read aloud to us his latest tragedy, and how he won the hearts of all the ladies, *some* of whom, not unwillingly let him pay court to them, and how depressed I was the whole evening and how I longed for the reverse to happen of what the Bible tells us about Sodom and Gomorrha—wanting the whole city to be destroyed because of the presence of one unjust girl; and yet wishing I might rescue just her and carry her off to a remote island, condemned to love only me . . . when I think of all this and consider how I am sitting here in a high attic before a meagre fire, separated by six thousand miles from all I hold dearest—then the whole past year seems to me like a crazy dream, and only the happy days when you smiled upon me and I was blissful in your love, seem to shine magically like stars against the darkness.

One memorable occasion during her Prague visits Frederika notes in her reminiscences; this was the great flood of 1845, made perhaps more memorable to the young girl by the presence of Adolf Brandeis in the excitement of the night:

The great flood of March, 1845, made a great impression on me, though with the selfishness of youth I did not think much of the misery it wrought.

One evening at the end of March I was invited for supper at Uncle Siegmund's who was having a little party for a gentleman from Hamburg. The *Hausmeister* called for me at 12 o'clock with a big lantern. He said the young lady could not get back home on foot. Uncle S. went with us. On the streets everywhere there was great excitement. I had to get into the house in a boat, as the whole courtyard was under water.

There was much activity in the factory opposite; lanterns, lamps, lights, were lit—as many as they could find. Every one

was busy packing up and carrying the heavy goods up stairs. Coffee was made and wine was passed around. I was delighted to help and must admit that I was very glad that Adolf Brandeis was there that night.

"I was very happy during those weeks," concludes Frederika and sums up in one felicitous paragraph this happy phase of her youth, in contrast to the uncertainties and deprivations of other periods:

I looked out on the world with the laughing eyes of a girl of sixteen, and all the world seemed to smile back at me. I renewed my friendship with Betty, I made the acquaintance of many dear, pleasant, affectionate people; I received many attentions [*man machte mir den Hof*] and I fell in love. What more could heart desire?

The Wehle Family

MEANTIME there was growing up in another old house in Prague, Gottlieb Wehle's large family, who were frequent visitors at the *Durch-haus* and refugees thither when the fires of '48 burst into flames, three years after Frederika's last visit to Prague. Her favorite little cousin was Regina, Gottlieb and Eleanore's second daughter, destined later, as we have mentioned, to meet Joseph Goldmark on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the course of her memoirs Frederika Brandeis comments on the custom, among middle-class Jewish women a hundred years ago, of taking part in their husbands' businesses while the men of the family devoted themselves largely to the study of the scriptures—a custom highly interesting to feminist history.

Eleanore Wehle was no exception; she was indeed not only engaged in business, non-domestic, outside the home, but in a concern separate from her husband's, in partnership with one of her brothers-in-law. Their business was the sale of linens, made of native Bohemian flax, and to this concern Eleanore devoted herself, in spite of her many little children, with energy and ability. Every day, except Saturday and Sunday,

she was away from home from morning until night, returning only for the noon meal. Meanwhile the domestic routine ran smoothly enough, directed by the mistress on Saturdays and carried out by the retinue of governess, seamstress, music teacher, and five servants which was to contrast sharply with the servantless *régime* of the Indiana of the forties, to which Eleanore later found herself transported.

While she was overseeing the clerks in the linen store, the capable young governess, who became a lifelong friend of the family, had charge of the five older children at home. She had herself received an excellent education at a Prussian school kept by a lady of the French *Emigrés*; and she taught the Wehle children, besides deportment and the three R's, a variety of subjects such as geography, French, history, and ancient mythology, not to mention the more feminine branches of knitting, crocheting, and sewing. They were well taught, and this thorough grounding, especially in French and history, stood them in good stead. They always retained a lively appreciation of their governess' teaching. She stimulated, too, their love of nature and of all growing plants—a lifelong predilection. Toward the end of her life nearly eighty-five years later, Regina found in a garden at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a flower which she had not seen since her childhood in Prague. It was the delicate "Love-in-a-mist" which, as she fondly recalled, she had been taught by her governess to call *Jungfer im Grünen*.

A printed program dated March 12, 1842, shows the entertainment offered at an evening party eighty-five years ago, and the share of the little performers in the intellectual and musical fare of the family. Among the numbers were various French recitations: the Prologue of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," and Rousseau's "Calumny," recited by ten-year-old Ernestine, oldest of Gottlieb Wehle's daughters; the "Death of Joan of Arc," recited by eleven-year-old Caroline (a cousin); "The Leaf," recited by five-year-old Julia; "Childhood," recited by seven-year-old Regina. Among the musical pieces performed by the children were an adagio and allegro

of Mozart, the overture of a romantic opera by Reissinger, and other pieces of the period.

In the nursery, as time passed, the seven younger children were in the care of an old nurse and young nursemaid. The cook, who was something of an old retainer, went to market daily and by a picturesque custom of the time hired some needy student for a few kreutzers or a good meal in the kitchen to do her daily accounts for the mistress' Saturday inspection.

Regina and Julia, her next sister, always remembered their mother's yearly or semi-yearly trips with her linens by post to the market town of Pilsen, about a day's journey from Prague. The "market" lasted about a week; peasants flocked in from the surrounding country to buy and sell; linens were much in demand. Some dangers of the journey there must have been, especially when the return home was made after dark, posting through the night, for the pistol carried by the postillion figured largely in the children's recollection.

A long wooden-barreled flintlock pistol it must have been, such as made part of the traveler's ordinary equipment at that time. One of these antique weapons carried by Gottlieb Wehle's brother Moritz, who spent part of each year in Italy during the Carbonari struggles of the thirties, hangs to this day, mute witness of a distant past, by an Adirondack fireside, where successive generations of children have delighted to play with the uncouth thing and to ram into the wooden barrel the metal rammer hinged to its under side.

Religious Beliefs

GOTTLIEB WEHLE was, like his father, a highly respected member of the Jewish community in Prague. He cherished throughout his lifetime the letter presented to him on his departure from Prague in 1849 by the Jewish community, testifying to his philanthropy and high standing.

In a memorandum left at his death to his children he voices his pride at the spiritual inheritance he leaves them: the heritage of men who broke with tradition, who prized freedom of the spirit above worldly distinction, and sacrificed wealth and

standing for what they conceived to be religious truth. For the Wehles had, toward the end of the eighteenth century, embraced a mystic faith, springing out of orthodox Judaism.

Your ancestors [wrote Gottlieb Wehle to his children] were well known for their learning in Talmudic and biblical study, for their great charity, their upright and irreproachable lives, their wealth and peaceable dispositions. They held positions of honor in the Jewish community of Bohemia. They wrote treatises which are still known in theological circles. Some of the works of old Jonas Landsopher and old Ephraim Wehle are still highly thought of.

These were men of clear insight and high religious aspiration. The dry study of the Talmud which consisted at that time of mere casuistry and fine-spun distinctions, did not satisfy them. They looked upon the commentators of the Talmud who laid main stress on minor casuistic distinctions and definitions as treating the mere outer shell of Judaism.

The faith which they embraced was one of those mystical beliefs that have, in different forms and in different ages, periodically swept over men of all religions. For when traditional creeds have grown into formal routine or when men have suffered unusual persecution, they have often taken refuge in a heightened and occult mysticism, which seems to open, more potently than religions of less mystical nature, avenues of spiritual escape.

So among the Jews, at various epochs, mystic beliefs first recorded in the apocalyptic literature of the second century have swept over whole continents. At their best these mystical doctrines fortified moral and spiritual life; at their worst they descended to magical practices, fraud, and sexual degeneracy. In what is known as "The Cabala," there was gradually collected the mystic lore of Judaism.

The sect to which the Wehles, in common with many of their race in Bohemia, Poland, and other countries, devoted their enthusiasm and a large part of their fortunes, was a successor to earlier mystic organizations. It was founded in 1755, at a time of fierce persecutions, by a man named Jacob Frank, born in Poland and at one time resident in Smyrna, the center

of an earlier long-persistent Messiah worship. On returning from Smyrna, Frank succeeded in becoming widely accepted as the bearer of divine revelation and the successor of the earlier Messiah. What his doctrines were has remained obscure, aside from the fact that they were based on the mystic faith of the Cabala. He taught the abandonment of Jewish ritual and dietary laws as unnecessary for those initiated into the higher life.

Painful as was this break with age-old tradition, the Wehles, like other converts who had revolted against the casuistry of orthodox Judaism of the late eighteenth century,

found a tonic influence, a refreshing impetus in a system of mystic idealism that opened an almost boundless prospect of intellectual and moral expansion. To break with Judaism was impossible, to give it a higher and broader significance was the only way open to them.⁷

Frank became suspect alike to orthodox Judaism and to the Church. At one time, repudiated by the rabbinate, and threatened with death by the Polish bishop, he and five hundred of his immediate adherents sought safety in being baptized. In 1760 he was imprisoned in a fortress where he was kept for thirteen years. Yet such was his influence that even during this period the number of his adherents grew.⁸

On his death in 1791, his sect did not dissipate, but persisted for another quarter century under the leadership of his beautiful daughter Eve, until her death in 1816.

* * * * *

In the memorandum left by Gottlieb Wehle to his children he describes the mysticism of this Frankist sect and warmly

⁷ From an unpublished paper: "Notes on the Wehle Family and their Connection with the Frank Movement," by Theodore Wehle.

⁸ On his release in 1772, he and his daughter Eve went repeatedly to Vienna, where they succeeded in gaining the favor of the Empress Maria Theresa, who regarded Frank as a disseminator of Christianity among the Jews, an illusion which he did not dissipate. When this subterfuge was detected, Frank was obliged to leave Austria and moved to the small German town of Offenbach. There he lived in the character of a wealthy nobleman, receiving support from his Polish and Bohemian adherents.

defends the men of the earlier generation for their adoption of the heresy.

Strange to say [he exclaims], that even the most fanatical of their opponents had to accord to these heretics the possession of the highest intelligence, a blameless mode of life, the most rigid sense of morals, justice and charity—in fact all most desirable virtues.

It was their conviction that man, the image of God and his masterpiece, would again reach the condition of perfection with which he was endowed when he came from the Creator's hand; that he would again be as innocent as he was before his fall, that he would be free from vice and sin.

This was in general their belief, the aim of their studies, and their striving for deeper insight into the nature of God.

Gottlieb Wehle himself, writing in 1866, appears to have retained of these doctrines only a convinced and passionate belief in personal immortality:

I am so happy in assuming at my last farewell, as at every parting, that we shall meet again. Of that, my dear children, I am certain and confident. I have no doubt of it. Indeed, I could speak of it—if that were intelligible—as a mathematical certainty. An inner voice tells us, if we do not force ourselves to suppress it: "There is a life after this life." What this purely spiritual life may be we know not. The belief in immortality is the proof of its existence. My beloved children, hold fast to this blessed belief of your ancestors. With it you will never be unhappy; without it, always; never be ashamed of it; be proud of feeling within you the seed of everlasting life.

Economic Conditions

LIKE other Austrian industries the textile trade—including the cotton-print mill of the Brandeis family and Gottlieb Wehle's business—suffered from the hard times. Hand block printing was just being superseded by machinery, for as told in our story of Vienna, the development of industry in Austria followed that of England by almost a quarter century. Not until the forties were hand processes displaced by the introduction

of machines, with the attendant unemployment and want of thousands of working people. In 1844 there were fierce workmen's riots against cotton-print machinery in Prague, as fiercely repressed by the police.

With the political upheaval of '48 there thus coincided the emergence of a new and bitterly resentful city proletariat. Their share in the Revolution, the joint action of factory workers with students and liberals in the uprising, has already engaged our attention in the story of Joseph Goldmark. A paragraph in Frederika's memoirs reflects the disorders in Prague in June, 1848:

During the bombardments of the Revolution of '48, a dozen children of the family were taken for safety to the large room inhabited by the old oculist on the first bomb-proof floor of the *Durch-haus*. We grown-ups sat on the steps of the gate leading to the Ghetto, between the two wings of the house. This place was thickly vaulted like all the first floor. A bomb flew into the house but landed in the garden so that no one and nothing was hurt.

If economic conditions were in general discouraging, they were doubly so for members of the race to which the Brandeis and Wehle families belonged. The restrictions and special taxes imposed upon the Jews have been recorded in an earlier chapter. It is readily comprehensible that in the general economic and social depression the members of a large Jewish family of reduced fortune should have been profoundly discouraged with the outlook in Austria. For Gottlieb Wehle in particular, with ten young daughters growing toward womanhood, the prospects were indeed grave. To start a new livelihood on the ashes of the old seemed a forlorn hope. The future loomed dark.

In the midst of these perplexing anxieties, there came tidings of the new, the incredible fertility of nature in the new world; of farmlands and ranches to be had almost for the asking; and above all, of the political, civil, and religious liberty which, going hand in hand with nature's beneficence, beckoned the oppressed from afar. The land, it seemed, offered whatever man would have: he had only to sow seeds in that rich and

kindly earth to reap glorious and plentiful harvests. Indeed, for a century past the promises of American life—enthusiastically pictured in letters home from friends and relatives, in books and pamphlets, even in handbills—had offered new hope to multitudes seeking relief from European distress and class privilege.

Moreover the doctrines of Rousseau inviting a return to nature appealed strongly to the romanticism of the early nineteenth century and dominated current liberal thought. The idea of exchanging civilization for the wilderness and of gaining a livelihood from the virgin earth captured the imagination of many persons, such as the Wehle and Brandeis families, who were desperately unhappy under European conditions, though they might be totally unfitted to embark upon the adventure of the new world.

Only one of our family group, Adolf Brandeis, then at the age of twenty-six, just engaged to Frederika, had any acquaintance at all with the country or with farming. Several years before he had attended a course on agriculture and the management of estates at the Technical School of Prague. A certificate dated March 30, 1843, states that he graduated with credit from the course. The other members of the family were essentially city folk, bred in the urban ways of a walled town. Yet they were ready, in common with a host of their generation in England and Germany, to embark on the project of forming a farm colony of their own in the free and golden west, taking with them as many of their household effects as they could and trusting all the future to the cast of the die.⁹

⁹ For a description of a similar English tradition of the farm colony in the west see Anna Howard Shaw, *The Story of a Pioneer* (New York and London: Harper's, 1915), pp. 7 and 20.

"Now my father began to dream the great dream of those days," writes Miss Shaw in her vivid autobiography. "He would go to America. Surely, he felt, in that land of infinite promise all would be well with him and his. . . . My father was one of a number of Englishmen who took up tracts in the northern forests of Michigan, with the old dream of establishing a colony there. None of these men had the least practical knowledge of farming. They were city men, or followers of trades which had no connection with farm life. They went straight into the thick timberland, instead of going to the rich and waiting prairies, and they crowned this initial mistake by cutting down the splendid timber instead of letting it stand."

One counsel of prudence prevailed. Adolf Brandeis was commissioned to go to the United States in advance to spy out the land and choose a suitable location and habitat for the great experiment.

Letters of Adolf Brandeis

Early Youth

ADOLF BRANDEIS was, fortunately, a young man well suited to play the responsible rôle assigned to him. The qualities which distinguished him throughout his long life—his courageous optimism, his good judgment, and his charm of manner—proved invaluable aids in the bewildering variety of scenes and impressions in which he was soon to be plunged, in the new world.

Adolf and Frederika had become engaged in the spring of 1848 just before his departure for the new world. She always associated the days of her new happiness with the balcony of the *Durch-haus* overlooking the beloved walnut tree where they had sat together, almost in silence; "the old *Nussbaum* with its young leaves which looked down at us in such friendly fashion," as he too recalls, writing sadly to her from the distant Ohio Valley.

At that time, in the summer of 1848, Adolf Brandeis was twenty-six years old. He was employed in his father's cotton-print mill, on whose rapidly failing business we have already commented. For a youth intent upon establishing himself as soon as possible so that he might marry, feeling and returning a passionate attachment, the industrial depression and the severe restrictions upon Jewish enterprise were indeed calamitous. All the more ardently, therefore, did he throw himself into an undertaking which promised a glowing, an assured future. The thought of trying his fortune across the sea was not a new one to him. He had left Prague two years earlier to seek more promising employment elsewhere. A letter from Hamburg dated June 16, 1846, to his brother Semmi, a doctor in Prague, depicts the young traveler's profound discouragement and depression; business prospects in Hamburg appear to have been as bad as at home:

After my long journey I seem to have gone backward rather



Frederika Braudeis
About 1865



Adolf Brandeis
About 1865

than forward, and to stand again at the very beginning of a career. The caprice of fortune has set me back in the very first class after I had passed many a hard examination in life's school, and I see that in spite of my 24 years, I must play the schoolboy again, perhaps again for nothing. The first problem is to find a good position, which seems to be very difficult. The pay of the best clerks is worse than in Prague, and as for any hope of independence, no one can tell about that.

He adds more cheerfully:

If everything fails, I cast my eyes on the near ocean and what lies beyond. Perhaps sometime we can be happy there together. I was never happier in the thought than now, that is, if it is shared by those dear to me.

Somewhat later a favorable opening in the grocery business presented itself, in which the young man seems to have done well. For some reason, however, he did not remain in Hamburg but was either sent or went on his own initiative to England to look into the British foreign trade in groceries (*Kolonialwaaren*) such as teas, coffee, sugar, spices, and the like. In England he spent six months of which we have no record except for random anecdotes related to his son Louis. The sojourn, at any rate, proved useful in giving him some further acquaintance with the English language and with commercial conditions outside of the Continent. He returned to Prague *via* Holland in the year when revolution was bursting out all over Europe through the crust of convention, kindling all youth to new hopes, new ambitions, new energies.

Owing to an attack of typhoid fever at this period Adolf Brandeis himself took no direct part in the uprisings. He was indeed away from Prague at the critical period and writes a note filled with anxiety for the outcome. But no generous young man, experiencing in his own person the bitterness of repression, inheriting a tradition of governmental tyranny, could fail to react to the tremendous upheaval of liberalism about him—destined, alas, to how quick a subsidence! The intensity of feeling and hope which he shared with his generation is shown by the fervor of the constant references in Adolf

Brandeis' letters from America, to the "wonderful year" when "the spirit of the Lord informed the peoples of Europe and His mighty voice overthrew the tyrants."

By a fortunate chance, his almost weekly letters to Frederika during the seven months which elapsed before the rest of the family followed to America, have been preserved. In these passionate outpourings of love and of despair at their separation, the young man shows himself the romantic lover in the somewhat high-flown fashion of the day. But his comments on American affairs reveal also the shrewd and detached observer of a totally new environment.

By an equally fortunate chance, Adolf enjoyed opportunities of observing American life and manners unusual for a newcomer. It happened that at this period the continental banking firm of Rothschild desired to obtain first-hand information regarding American conditions. They accordingly sent to this country with appropriate letters of introduction a young man who was a friend of the Wehles in Prague, and Adolf's traveling companion to the United States. Thanks to this companionship with "friend D." to whom he repeatedly refers in his letters, Adolf had access to people and places which he would scarcely have had alone.

Thus, for instance, they rode out on horseback from Washington to spend the night at beautiful Gunston Hall on the Potomac near Mt. Vernon, built in 1750 by Washington's friend George Mason, author of the first American (the Virginia) Bill of Rights. Adolf Brandeis never forgot the gracious hospitality shown him in that historic mansion, nor the beauty of its broad river views.

He had also the opportunity, valued no less highly, of discussing and comparing notes with an intelligent and congenial companion. First with D. and then alone, he traveled from New York to the Middle West, stopping in Maryland and Virginia, Indiana and Ohio, visiting farms and estates, talking with everyone from whom he could get information, finally hiring out as a farm hand to get practical experience. The dilettante preconceptions of American farming with which he had set sail were soon corrected. He comments with humor on

the foibles of American life and manners, seen from the European perspective, but his enthusiasm for the spacious new world, for the freedom of thought and action so happily in contrast with the old repression, takes on a note of passionate, almost religious fervor.

American Institutions

ADOLF BRANDEIS had set out with various prejudices and surmises as to what lay before him. Foremost of these, a firm belief in the proposed farm colony which only experience and observation were to dispel; and second, a certain natural misgiving as to the reception which he might have at the hands of strangers. To the European mind the Americans had been pictured as a people wholly ignorant of European standards and values, as cold, selfish, dishonest, concentrated on money-making. The young man, to his surprise, found them the reverse; he met with kindness and interest in his project, he observed men and women, with certain noted exceptions, looking and acting outwardly very much as they did at home.

Tout comme chez nous he writes to Frederika of the people whom he was meeting in New York. He denied indignantly that the Americans were mercenary and dishonest, as they had been described. On the contrary, he found high standards of honesty in everyday life, even in small matters. Thus he notes for Frederika's amusement that in a great city like New York, of four hundred thousand inhabitants, "housewives set out a pitcher every evening on the doorstep with 3 or 4 cents and in the morning find as much milk as they have paid for. Isn't that idyllic?"

But a profound difference seemed to him nevertheless to exist, to brood over the whole American scene, to breathe from the land and its institutions. Here was a free country, here were free men and women, subject to none of the police regulations, the espionage, the military *régime* against which the youth of Europe was even then in revolt, and which had pressed with special severity and bitterness upon the race to which he belonged. Here were people free, moreover, from

certain conventions of European city life, women of breeding and refinement living without servants for instance, doing their own household work, yet preserving all the standards of culture. People seemed to him, in his enthusiasm, to be preoccupied, consciously or unconsciously, with something more than their own immediate affairs. They were sharers in a new enterprise, responsible so far as in them lay for its success, guardians of the new free institutions of a new land. Within two months after his arrival in New York, he was taking out his first citizenship papers.

I already love our new country so much that I rejoice when I can sing its praises [he writes in January, 1849, after recounting the sad plight of a widowed Viennese lady whom he had met in Cincinnati]. I have again been convinced, through the general sympathy which has greeted this sad case, of the injustice of calling the Americans selfish. The American and German ladies competed in helping this poor woman; she couldn't have had more sympathy shown her in her native city than here where she is a total stranger. . . .

When you look at people and see how they work and struggle to make a fortune, you might think you were living among merely greedy speculators. But this is not true. It is not [he adds in his enthusiasm]; it is not the actual possession of things but the achievement of getting them [*ihr Erwerb*] that they care for. I have often thought that even the hard work of these people is a kind of patriotism. They wear themselves out to make their country bloom, as though each one of them were commissioned to show the despots of the old world what a free people can do.

I have gotten hold of a book which contains the messages of all the presidents. This week I have been reading of the progress made in Washington's day, and I felt as proud and happy about it as though it had all been my own doing, as though the statistics showed my own yearly balance sheet. Afterwards I laughed at myself, but there is something in it. It is the triumph of the rights of man which emerges and in which we rejoice. I feel my patriotism growing every day, because every day I learn to know the splendid institutions of this country better.

Adolf Brandeis thus instinctively and at once seized on a prominent characteristic of the Americans, that is, their iden-

tification of themselves with the national experiment. It was a characteristic which struck other travelers of the period likewise. An Englishman, Alexander Mackay, for instance, who published his book on *The Western World* in the same year, 1849, writes in the same vein:

Intimately connected with the pride of country which generally distinguishes the Americans, is the feeling which they cherish towards their institutions. Indeed, when the national feeling of an American is alluded to, something very different is implied from that which is generally understood by the term. . . . The American exhibits little or none of the local attachments which distinguish the European. His feelings are more centered upon his institutions than his mere country. He looks upon himself more in the light of a republican than in that of a native of a particular territory. . . . In some parts of the Union the local feeling may be comparatively strong, such as in New England; but it is astonishing how readily even there an American makes up his mind to try his fortunes elsewhere. . . .

Strange as it may seem, this peculiarity, which makes an American think less of his country than of the institutions which characterize it, contributes greatly to the pride which he takes in his country. He is proud of it not so much for itself as because it is the scene in which an experiment is being tried which engages the anxious attention of the world. The American feels himself to be implicated not only in the honour and independence of his country, but also in the success of democracy. He has asserted a great principle, and feels that, in attempting to prove it to be practicable, he has assumed an arduous responsibility. He feels himself, therefore, to be directly interested in the success of the political system under which he lives. . . . Every American is thus, in his own estimation, the apostle of a particular creed, in the final triumph and extension of which he finds both himself and his country deeply involved.¹⁰

Public Manners

ADOLF's enthusiasm for America did not blind him to the crudities and uncouth manners still current. A letter written

¹⁰ Quoted in Allen Nevins, *American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers* (New York: Holt, 1923), pp. 368-369.

only about a month after his arrival, from Beaver, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, just after he had visited that already smoky city, gives a humorous if somewhat ironic description of current manners.

Really in spite of all my travels I haven't a great deal to describe. The cities, the countryside and the people of America do not present variously colored pictures, as is the case in over-civilized Europe convulsed as it is by terrific passions. America is like a big bee-hive in which each individual member works busily and steadily towards a definite goal, that is his own self-support and the development of the common good, the state. In the interior of the country, and indeed even in the large cities, the people you see are almost all contented. They are too practical for idyllic description and too happy for tragedy and so they are not worth a rap [*keinen Pfifferling werth*] to anyone who wants to romanticise or even to describe his travels.

The most interesting and remarkable things here are the contrasts you keep meeting. Practical convenience has been carried to a stage that Europe may not reach in a century, but there are habits in social life and manners which recall the childhood of civilization and even savagery. The American is most unbearable at table, and I can't refrain from telling you about a table d'hôte which I saw at Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh is the leading manufacturing city of the U.S. and has a striking resemblance to Manchester. The city is surrounded on all sides by coal mines and the air is heavy with black smoke, so that the dining room has to be lighted with gas all day.

Imagine a very long room set for 200 persons. The corridors are full of people impatiently waiting for the dinner bell to ring. Finally the welcome sound is heard. Like raging lions they all rush in to get the best places. In a second they are all seated and are greedily pouring down the hot soup, which stands before them. All the rest of the food has already been placed on the table in shining metal dishes with metal covers (such as you have probably seen in North Germany).

About thirty very tall negroes dressed in white linen are standing about the table. At the sound of a small bell, they raise their right hands as to a solemn oath; at a second signal they put their hands on the covers; at a third, they swing the covers high over their heads and all march around the table and carry off the

covers. Then everyone falls to and before you can recover from the extraordinary spectacle, the steaming roasts, the dainty pies, and the delicious fruit are gobbled up, and in a few minutes you find yourself deserted and only the unsavory remnants remain,—“only the ruins betray the presence of man.” You wander into the next room and see the same people taking an afternoon nap with their chairs tipped back and their feet on the table.

In spite of all these bad manners and the boorishness, the American is not unfriendly or rude as he is pictured. On the contrary I have found him uniformly cheerful, friendly, and obliging. Moreover they seem especially interested in our venture.

Farming and Farm Life

ADOLF'S main inquiry was naturally directed toward learning the possibilities of the proposed farm colony and the heralded return to nature. The first references to farming in his letters are still colored by the romantic notions current in Europe with which he had set out. Frederika asks for concrete information. What is this unknown farm life on which she is to embark, and for which she is to leave the amenities of existence, the poetry and music to which she is devoted? She could scarcely have been enlightened, even if reassured as to her lover's complete devotion, by his first romantic replies singing the praises of “mother nature,” and anticipating with delight their joint labors on the farm after their marriage. In fact, however, Adolf was studying farm conditions with seriousness and intelligence. He had traveled from New York to Washington, and thence to Cumberland. From there he had driven in a stage across the “heavenly beautiful” Alleghenies to the Ohio—a trip the superb scenery of which moved him greatly.

Almost every day I have seen new fields and woods and people [he writes to Frederika]. Traveling here certainly has not the comforts it has in Europe; yet at least I have had the good luck of meeting the best men in the States through which I have traveled. As Friend D. is not very proficient in English I have had to bear the brunt of the conversation. It has really resulted in my getting greater facility in the language than I could have expected and no one can believe that I have been in this country

only two months. Now my traveling is done and I am really glad of it. I have gathered lots of experiences which will surely be useful to us all. Now my actual farm experiences will begin.

Adolf had decided that he must obtain some first-hand experience of farming and accordingly, with characteristic energy and good judgment, he secured work as a farm hand in Butler County, Ohio. He describes to Frederika where he is located.

I know, my dear F, that you like to look up my various sojourns on the map. So I will describe this one to you exactly. Go a little northwest of Cincinnati and you will find a little town by the name of Hamilton. Imagine about seven miles further (about one and one-half German miles) a long white farm house with vineyards and high cornfields. Climb up a little stairs to a large room with five windows and three beds (where I sleep with two laborers), where three broken chairs and two old clocks are the whole furniture and you will find me sitting at a little table, writing these lines with tears in my eyes and the deepest love in my heart.

From Hamilton, then, Adolf sends a sober and intelligent account of the pros and cons of farm life in the Middle West. On the affirmative side farming is, he reports, the most respected livelihood in the United States. Its supreme attractions for the harassed European are the actual ownership of land and the enviable freedom of the farmer. He is a man completely his own master, able to make his own decisions, to take his own risks, with no one to say him nay. The farmer, writes our young traveler, can "take endless satisfaction in his extraordinary, indeed unrivalled independence." Except for certain staples such as coffee, sugar, and salt, the farmer can "completely supply his own needs." Indeed, says Adolf with admiration, "he insists obstinately on doing without everything that makes him dependent on others." Moreover the work is not so hard as to preclude the possibility of civilized living. A man can find time to read in the evening and continue his own education. Pleasant neighbors may be found who afford some degree of sociability. Finally, "in country living

you can be the happiest of men in the possession of undisturbed family life and the enjoyment of nature."

What, then, weighted the scale against the cherished farm colony project? Adolf's work as a farm hand and his observation of the German farmers in the Ohio Valley soon taught him the truth which he honestly faced. Pioneer farming was no occupation for city-bred folk. None of its compensations could weigh against this incontrovertible fact. The heat, the unaccustomed physical exercise, above all the monotony of the life were insuperable obstacles for those used to a different order of existence. As Karl Büchele wrote a few years later, seeking to correct the too roseate views of American farm life current in Germany "the American axe is more difficult to wield than the pen, and the plow and manure-fork are very matter-of-fact and stupid tools."¹¹ For those unsuited to it, farm life would mean, Adolf Brandeis concluded, unspeakable boredom "and this tedium can become the most deadly poison in family life." A man can "sink to being a mere common beast of burden."

Were the kinsfolk who had dispatched him to the new world likely to acquire either the necessary aptitude or the liking for this totally new way of life? Were their financial resources sufficient to afford the necessary capital? These redoubtable questions forced themselves increasingly upon the perplexed young man; he was weighed down by the responsibility of decision which he had assumed and felt that his own judgment must be reënforced by others. He was rightly concerned not about his own future but about the older members of the family group, realizing to the full the great difference between his own youthful springs of energy and their more deeply rooted attachment to the old country and to old ways of living.

Our future doesn't cause me the least worry [he writes to Frederika]. I am as convinced that you will fit into conditions of living over here and resign yourself to small privations, as though I had seen you living here for years. What does sometimes cause me great anxiety are the others, the older people who have grown

¹¹ Karl Büchele, *Land und Volk der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord Amerika* (Stuttgart, 1855), p. 477.

up under conditions over there, whose habits and customs are more fixed and will probably be changed only at a sacrifice.

I have shown you, my dear girl, how you *can* get pleasure and satisfaction in farm life [he says in another letter]. Whether our people who are used to city life, *will* get it is a different question that causes me a good deal of worry. But I look forward confidently to the arrival of your father and one other member of the family to decide this important question with them.

However we decide, you need have no anxiety at all on our account or on anybody else's [Adolf concludes with the optimism characteristic of himself and of the period]. The resources of this country are so great that after a short time of privation anyone can acquire a peaceful, satisfactory livelihood, if fate has given him the first condition of success in a true and lovely helpmate. Business failures occur here so much less often than in Europe because as soon as a business fails to give expected satisfaction, another occupation is sought and is probably soon successful.

From farming, then, our young man turned his inquiries to other occupations and in January, '49, obtained a position in Cincinnati "in a business called a 'grocery' where all household supplies are sold, wholesale and retail." This experience he was later to put to good account.

To Frederika's inquiries about the important subject of fashions in the new country, Adolf dutifully replies at this time. So far as he can learn ladies' dresses are much the same as in Vienna.

In the evenings when they leave their offices, the men of the best families come here and buy supplies for the next day. I suddenly imagined, the other day, how you will come to meet me when I come home with a heavy market basket and I actually started forward to kiss you. The people who were standing around looked at me with some surprise but I passed it off as a joke. In my own mind, however, I quoted Heine's verses:

*Und der Mond bricht aus den Wolken,
Und mit heller Stimme spricht er,
Jener ist verliebt und närrisch
Und noch obendrein ein Dichter.*

But I am forgetting the reason why you really asked me to look at the ladies—to look at their dresses and lace collars. I really think, my dear girl, that you ought to make yourself some dresses and even some silk ones. Of course we really don't know yet whether we shall live in the country or in the city, and as things are certainly much cheaper over there than here, you had better provide yourself in advance. The American farmers' daughters are even extravagant. So provide yourself with as much as is necessary to look well, and in order not to get out of fashion you had better choose dark colors.

Adolf Brandeis' correspondence with the men of his family in Prague has not been preserved. It is obvious, however, that his growing scruples as to the practicability of the farm colony caused grave dissatisfaction and offense at home. His relatives were deeply disappointed in his adverse reports and unwilling to abandon the project of exchanging civilization for the wilderness. They evidently so expressed themselves to their young kinsman. His only existing reply illustrates the young man's sober good sense and reiterates his view of farming already expressed to Frederika:

I appreciate that you are very unwilling to give up this idea, for I was too, and we are not the only ones; but you can be very sure that all the considerations against farming which I have expressed were not lightly uttered, that they rest on exact proof in my own experience and that of others. . . .

The Dr. B.'s about whom I wrote you on Nov. 15th, have given up their farms and sawmills because they could not make a living out of them and they found life in the forest unbearable. If ever city people seemed fit for American farming, it was these people, both the men and the women, and still they are giving up their undertaking after dearly bought experience.

But why all these explanations now. In a few months you will be here yourself, and will be able to see, judge and decide. To your own surprise you will see how all your hatred of your fellowmen, all your disgust at civilization, all your revulsion from the intellectual life will drop away from you at once. You will appreciate the fact that these feelings are solely products of the rotten European conditions. . . .

If I have deceived myself in spite of abundant inquiry and

thought ; if you come to different conclusions, I will gladly change my point of view and will also prefer to cast my lot in with yours. I have various plans for our joint undertaking which promise well for us both, and every day that keeps you in Europe longer, is a crime. Of all the hundreds of thousands of Germans who live in America surely not one has found everything just as he expected it to be. The good things are not always as good, the bad seldom as bad, as expected, and yet I am convinced that there are few dissatisfied people among them. So all your deliberations and decisions over there are useless.

The letter closes with a significant suggestion :

If you should stay over there longer, see that you and Semmi learn about the manufacture of starch at Engelman's (I mean ordinary fine starch made of corn). The three articles, sugar, soap and starch, are as a matter of fact very lucrative and I think we can make something out of them.

Early Years in the New Country

The Journey

THE advice of their young relative expressed in his last letter was followed by his older kinsfolk in Prague. Their departure was hastened, their ultimate destination was left open for decision, and they embarked from Hamburg on April 8, 1849.

It was no small move. There were in all twenty-six persons in the family party. There were, to begin with, Gottlieb and Eleanore Wehle, their twelve children and the governess, Ida; there were Gottlieb Wehle's two brothers, one unmarried, the other the Moritz with whom Frederika had lived in Prague, his wife, young daughter, and a cousin Fanny; there was Gottlieb Wehle's sister Amalia, who had brought up Frederika; there was Frederika herself soon to be married, with her still adventurous father and her brother Lewis; there were, finally, two young men engaged to be married to two of the Wehle daughters, one of these young men being Semmi Brandeis, a brother of Adolf.

The impedimenta carried along were worthy of the hegira. Two grand pianos and a cheval glass head the list. Eleanore brought no furniture, but all her cooking utensils, copper pots and pans, her china, her silver, her featherbeds, a copper warming pan, the dowry chests of the two engaged daughters and of Frederika; two of the six silk dresses of her own dowry of 1830; books and music. The Moritz Wehles brought furniture in addition, and to civilize the wilderness, some of the amateur paintings and sketches which he had made in Italy. Altogether there were twenty-seven great chests or packing boxes, formidable in the eyes of the astonished mid-westerners when the clan moved to a little town on the Ohio, instead of the farmlands of their imagination. One of the dowry chests fell off the wagon and burst open as it was being carried into the house, displaying to the amazement of the neighbors, as

they afterward said, what seemed the contents of a prospective linen store.

The journey to America was made in the steamer *Washington*, the same vessel in which Adolf Brandeis had made the journey eight months earlier. The passage of two weeks seemed rapid enough at a time when sailing ships were still taking seven; it was but dimly remembered by Regina and Julia Wehle, the memories of whose childhood the writer recounts. Nor was the stay of two weeks in New York on arriving much clearer in their remembrance, except for the boarding house, near the city hall, kept by a queer man who sported the uniform of an Austrian colonel; and the horrifying theft of their Aunt Emma's box of precious laces at this place.

The children's first vivid memory was of the journey by water through New York state, at the beginning of May when peach orchards were in full bloom. Adolf Brandeis had met the group in New York and had set forth the impracticability of the farm project, for which his letters had prepared them. They were now bound for Cincinnati where Adolf had rented a four-story house for a month's stay, so that, in the dawning prosperity of the Middle West, alternative plans might be considered as to business openings, location, family needs.

The trip up the Hudson to Albany and westward to Buffalo on the slow-moving canal boat took eight to ten days. Strange, in the eyes of their fellow travelers, must have been this assemblage of German-speaking people, at a time when foreign languages were still comparatively unknown in the country. Here was a group, foreign-looking and foreign-speaking it is true, but with men of fine presence and girls and women of considerable beauty among them, absorbed in the observation of the changing landscape and conspicuously armed with the English dictionary. The strange language offered difficulties enough to the newcomers. The sign "Spring-water" for instance, put out at farms bordering the canal, mystified them greatly. "Spring" they knew to be the season when orchards were in bloom; but "Spring-water" challenged their resources and must be looked up in the dictionary.

Sometimes, as the boat made its slow way through the fertile

land or was slowly lifted up through the many locks of the Mohawk Valley, members of the party got out and walked and the children enjoyed the novelty of following the mule path. Some adventures of the trip there were too, and once at least three of the party were ludicrously lost, even before they reached the canal boat.

For, as it chanced, Aunt Amalia, Frederika's father, and her brother Lewis, in their admiration of the scenery, were carried on to Troy, when the others all left the Hudson River boat at Albany to take the train to Schenectady where the canal journey began. Dr. Dembitz, clad at the moment in long Turkish smoking jacket and a becoming embroidered cap, and smoking a long meerschaum pipe was no doubt a surprising sight on the streets of Troy. It was probably due more to the five-dollar gold piece carried by the prudent Aunt Amalia than to the small amount of English spoken by the handsome man so strangely arrayed that the three wanderers caught up next day at Schenectady with the rest of the family, who were anxiously awaiting them at a hotel and greeted their reappearance with relief and amusement.

The trip from Buffalo to Sandusky was made on Lake Erie and thence to Cincinnati by rail. While the journey was interesting and even exciting to most of the party as their first introduction to American scenes, it was further memorable to two of the group as their reunion after a long separation dating almost from the day of their engagement.

Remember the hours of our first meeting again [writes Adolf tenderly to Frederika at a moment of later discouragement]; remember our little walks in New York; remember Schenectady and the precious time on the steamboat at Niagara; remember the time in the train between Sandusky and Cincinnati.

The month spent in Cincinnati was, for the girls and women of the family at least, a first introduction to pioneer conditions. It was here, with a family of twenty-seven persons to be provided, and a four-story house to be cared for, that the change from the old established order of Prague made itself tangibly felt. In place of the five servants, there were none.

The good Ida, it is true, did her full share of work. The daughters all helped with the housework, down to Regina and Julia, aged respectively thirteen and twelve years. The relentless housekeeping standards of an older generation could never be lowered; and during the seven years in Madison which followed, years of necessarily strict economy, the copper cooking pots and utensils had daily to be cleaned with salt and vinegar outside as well as inside, to keep them shining; the flour for the weekly baking had to be weighed in cumbrous scales, since measuring was considered careless and inexact.

One day when Aunt Amalia was weighing the flour the heavy weight fell from her hand on to Regina's little left foot. All her self-reproachful care could not prevent the little girl from having throughout her life a flattened third toe, which she used humorously to exhibit to her children as a memento of those pioneer days.

At Cincinnati, the project of a farm colony was definitely abandoned. The choice of a home fell upon Madison, Indiana, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, destined in the belief of its inhabitants to rival the already large Ohio Valley cities of Louisville and Cincinnati, midway between which it is situated.

Adolf Brandeis had explored the possibilities of Madison as well as other river towns in his journeys up and down the Ohio during the summer of '48—"living like an amphibian" as he wrote Frederika from Pomeroy, Ohio, late one night in October—traveling on the river by night and driving his buggy every day to the back farming country. His experiences and inquiries had convinced him not only that farming was out of the question for his family group but that their best chance lay in the opportunities afforded by the great river traffic of the Ohio Valley.

River Traffic

RIVER traffic in the United States—its fall before the railroads and its recent renaissance—is a fascinating chapter of our national history. In 1848, when Adolf Brandeis first jour-

neyed across the Alleghenies to the Ohio, river traffic was in its heyday.

Following the canoe, the raft, and the flatboat on the Ohio, in the decade 1840 to 1850 the development of passenger and freight steamboats reached its height.

Nowhere [says a historian of the Ohio River], has the old adage "Necessity is the mother of invention" been illustrated more excellently than just here in the history of Ohio River navigation. The growing commerce of a rich empire innocent of roads gave zest to the struggles of ingenious men. . . . Active and resourceful brains gave themselves to the problem of fitting the steamboat to the needs of the time. . . . The early boats were built to run *in* the water, but at last some level-headed schemer decided that they could run *on* the water better than *in* it.

Thus in a moment's time a great change and a great advance was made; steamboats were built as flat on the bottom as the flattest old-time "broadhorn"; the difference was as great as though the volume of water in the Ohio had been trebled, for the new boats drew only one-third as much water as the old. With this discovery, the complete success of the western steamboat was assured.¹²

We may note, in passing, the eighteen-inch draft of the *Fanny Brandeis*, a freighter which the firm of Brandeis and Crawford was to own on the river only a few years later, witness to Adolf Brandeis' excellent judgment in his choice of a location.

During the forties the passenger steamboats are described as "veritable palaces for their time."

The prosperity of the lower Mississippi plantations was very great. . . . Money flowed northward in vast quantities to St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. The opulent upper class travelled much on pleasure and business, and the steamers' deck by 1845 was the fashion plate of the day. . . . Large sums of money were carried and the gaming tables were one of the requisites of every fast-flying, fashionable packet.

Speed records were made in those days which have never

¹² Archer Butler Hulbert, *The Ohio River* (New York: Putnam's, 1906), p. 336.

since been equaled in these waters, such as the famous run of the *J. M. White* from New Orleans to St. Louis in three days, twenty-three hours, and nine minutes. River captains were great figures; and even twenty years later in river cities such as Louisville, where the little Louis Brandeis, Adolf's son, was growing up and playing on the docks, river captains were still the boys' heroes.

The revolution in this sphere began in 1807 [say the Beards in their absorbing study of American civilization], with the successful trip of Fulton's little *Clermont* up the Hudson. Within four years there were steamboats on the Mississippi, inaugurating the age of thrilling adventure made epic by Mark Twain. The races, explosions, comedies and tragedies of the mighty waterway, while they furnish color for the drama, were not the essence of the story, however. More fundamental was the prosaic fact that cargoes could now be carried up stream and to the eastern markets as well as to New Orleans.¹³

Madison's access to new markets seemed in 1848 to assure its future prosperity. For Madison had the distinction of being the terminal of the first railroad to be built in the state, the recently completed Indianapolis and Madison Railroad. This road ran from Madison to Indianapolis, a distance of eighty-six miles. It thus supplied to central Indiana the southern commodities, such as sugar, rice, coffee, molasses, etc., which were carried north by steamer to Madison, and it brought back from the inland, Indiana farm products to be distributed down river to New Orleans and way towns.

The influence of the railroad as a factor in the making and unmaking of localities is well illustrated by the rise and decline of Madison. Throughout the '40s, when the first railroad in the state brought the business of the interior to the favored city on the Ohio, she became, as one of her citizens expressed it: "the first city of Indiana, first in commerce, population, wealth, literature, laws, religion, politics and social enjoyment."

The Ohio River traffic here made connections with the railroad traffic and we hear stories of the big river steamboats lying in lines beside the wharves, where the bags of wheat were piled high,

¹³ Beard, *op. cit.*, I, 636.

and the wharves were filled to their capacity with miscellaneous freight while countless barrels of mess pork packed for shipment to the South as far as the Gulf and to the East as far as Europe, occupied all the river front and reached up into the by-streets. . . .

Because of its importance as an entrepot it became known as the "Gateway to the State." The wealth that accumulated there has left its traces in the quaint old mansions that stand to the present day.¹⁴

Besides these promising commercial prospects and its pleasant setting on the river bluffs, another of Madison's assets in the spring of 1849 was its total immunity from cholera in that year of the dread epidemic. It was reported that not a single case had developed there, due, it was thought, to the exclusive use of rain-water cisterns for drinking water. In Cincinnati there were at the time 120 deaths a day.

To Madison, then, at the end of the month in Cincinnati, all but two of the party turned. Dr. Dembitz decided to practice medicine in Cincinnati and his son Lewis to study law there, which he did in the fashion of the day by obtaining employment and reading law in the office of a rising lawyer, John Bernhard Stallo.

Stallo had recently been admitted to the bar in Ohio. He was himself a newcomer, a young German from the duchy of Oldenburg who well illustrates the career open to talents in the new world. He had been an eager student of the sciences at home, had become suspect to the authorities and had made his way to America. After ten years of science teaching he decided to take up a new profession and read law. Within a few years he became judge of the Court of Common Pleas, an influential citizen of Cincinnati, and later United States Minister to Italy.

Madison, Indiana

WE have seen that Adolf Brandeis in his last letter to his uncle before the family departure from Prague, had mentioned

¹⁴ George S. Cottman, *Centennial History and Handbook of Indiana* (Indianapolis: Hyman, 1915), pp. 131-132.

three business possibilities for their future: the manufacture of sugar, or soap, or starch. He had, moreover, recommended that they investigate, before embarking, the Bohemian process of manufacturing starch from corn.

In the United States, at that period, starch was ordinarily made of wheat. Cornstarch was, however, considered better. After due deliberation, therefore, the family council decided to abandon the farm project, to settle in Madison, and to build a cornstarch factory there. In order to supplement their income they decided also to open a grocery and produce business under the firm name of G. & M. Wehle, Brandeis and Co.

Storekeeping was a means of livelihood not at all uncommon among German settlers who found farming beyond their physical powers. In the *Pionierjahre* of the Frank-Kerler family, for instance—a volume of 461 letters of four related German families who also came to the Middle West in '48—there are various examples of the abandonment of pioneer farming and recourse to storekeeping. One of the group named Edward Barch, for instance, bought his first farm in the Saginaw Valley of Michigan. After five years' desperately hard work on the virgin soil, he opened a small grocery store. Later, with an enlarged grocery, and a yearly salary of \$100, as treasurer of the county, he was able to abandon the too arduous struggle on the land. Other members of the family had similar experiences.

Adolf Brandeis of our family group had acquired considerable experience in *Kolonialwaaren* both in Hamburg and in England; and among the possibilities which he had examined when his hopes of farm life had received a definite check, was the grocery business in the United States. As told in one of his letters he had, indeed, done more than investigate. He had taken employment in a retail and wholesale grocery store in Cincinnati and had done so well that when the time came for him to leave for Madison, his employer offered him, as the best inducement for him to remain in Cincinnati, a promising partnership. This offer he declined in order to fulfil his obligations to the relatives who had dispatched him to the new world. But his experience—as the only one of the partners practically

acquainted with the business—proved invaluable during the two years of the firm's life.

These decisions having been arrived at, Adolf Brandeis and Gottlieb Wehle left the party in Cincinnati and went down the river to Madison to search for a factory site, a store, and a house.

The search was evidently more protracted than had been expected, and Frederika was depressed at the unwelcome delay in Cincinnati. Adolf writes from Madison alternately playful and grave, to encourage her.

This morning I received your lovely lines, inexplicably dated the 8th, while Uncle Gottlieb's are dated the 10th—and the postmark bears the date of the 11th. If I were President, I would appoint only lovers in the general post office. They would know the pain of waiting for letters and would surely see to prompt deliveries. . . .

I keep writing you of my feelings and not of my work. I am still looking for a store and a suitable site for the starch factory and have not yet found either. I am experiencing the curse of the Metternichian system "wait" in its entirety, and am dying of impatience. But what can be done? If I find anything before tomorrow night, I shall return to Cincinnati before you leave. Otherwise we shall meet here. We must bear these little separations, my Fritzchen, one moment of reunion rewards us so richly. Do be happy again—I know you will for my sake.

On first coming to Madison the whole family lived together, with the exception of the unmarried men. A few months later, in September, 1849, two of the family romances culminated. Adolf Brandeis married Frederika, his brother Semmi married Lotti, a daughter of the Wehles, on the same day, and the two young couples started life together in a small two-story house near the Wehles.

The starch factory proved unsuccessful; it had been built at too great a cost. The partners had sunk a substantial sum in building a brick factory of the European style, instead of the usual frame factory. After two years it was sold at a loss. None of the partners was sufficiently experienced in the management of a factory of this kind, though other cornstarch

mills started up in southern Indiana which prospered and which were bought up thirty years later, by the starch trust.

The grocery and produce business of the family firm was fairly prosperous. Besides dry groceries the firm dealt in farm products such as butter, eggs, and all sorts of vegetables. Adolf Brandeis continued to travel in the back country as did many another business and professional man, in the traditional mode of the fifties, riding on horseback or driving his buggy. He was buying produce, extending his knowledge of the country and its resources and of the people who lived along the Ohio. Often business took him up the river to Cincinnati where he used to see his wife's father and brother Lewis. His letters to Frederika from these little business trips give us glimpses of the shifting panorama of the Middle West to which, in '49, and the early fifties, refugees and immigrants from abroad were pouring in.

The Fifties in the Middle West

ACCORDING to the census of 1850 there were in the United States over a half million Germans (including the handful of Austrians who had come at that time), and a million Irish.¹⁵ In the decade 1850 to 1860 over seven hundred thousand more Germans came and a somewhat smaller number of Irish. The proportion of Germans among the foreign born rose from 25 to 31 per cent, while the proportion of Irish fell from 43 to 38 per cent.

During the decade following 1850 they [the Germans] came at the rate of ninety thousand a year [write the Beards] and when the United States was to be tried by fire near the middle of the century over a million Germans were among the foreign born, some living in the towns as mechanics and merchants, others as farmers in the interior—even far and wide on the frontiers of Wisconsin and Minnesota.¹⁶

¹⁵ Population of the United States in 1860. Compiled from the original returns of the Eighth Census by J. G. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census, Washington, 1864. Pp. xxviii-xxxii.

¹⁶ Beard, *op. cit.*, pp. 642-643.

It was such farmers and merchants and mechanics in the interior whom Adolf Brandeis saw and learned to know in the back country along the Ohio. He would ride or drive inland in the early mornings; he would buy a standing field of ripe produce and then remain in the vicinity several days in order to attend to its packing and shipping. He would fraternize with the farmers, playing dominoes, talking German, and drinking beer, interested always in human relations and in the observation of the human species. In one letter he writes of a completely Catholic German village sixty-five miles cross country from Louisville. He has not heard a single word of English since he left the steamboat. He misses in this village an element of German life most gratefully remembered by him, music.

The Germans outnumbered all the other immigrants in the Ohio Valley. Naturally the language had to be reckoned with by those who knew no German and who had dealings with these newcomers. Abraham Lincoln, for instance, who was at this time driving his buggy through the fourteen counties of the Eighth Judicial Circuit in which he had law cases, "carried a German grammar and studied the language in a night class."¹⁷

Adolf Brandeis' letters to his wife in the same fall of '49 show something of the variety of the new inhabitants of the Ohio Valley.

A month after their arrival in Madison he writes her of a serious though short attack of illness which detained him in Cincinnati, and of the company in the house where her father lived:

I cannot complain of boredom as there are six or eight German students in our house, some of them from Vienna and some from Saxony, who have just come over here. As they do not know what else to do for a living, they think of travelling about and giving vocal concerts. Some of them are excellent musicians with good voices, and we have singing and music all day long. Besides that, they are fine fellows.

¹⁷ Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years* (New York: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1926), p. 449.

A longer letter from a little place called Ferdinand, Indiana, describes the German Catholic village already mentioned.

I had already started homeward yesterday when an opportunity presented itself to buy a portion of beans which will delay my return for several days. How I should like to kiss away the disappointment from your face, my darling sweet Fritzchen, for you will certainly be disgusted with me, my dear. But remember that I am always torn between longing for my "Sweet, sweet home" and my so-called business conscience.

I have made arrangements with a store keeper here to take over all the beans which he will receive this week; but I have to stay here for this purpose as he does not want to have anything to do with the packing, shipping, etc. I think this will be excuse enough for my delay, dear heart, and you will forgive me.

Now let me tell you something about my life here. I am in a part of the country inhabited, for a distance of about 60 to 80 miles, exclusively by Germans and since I left the steamboat I have not heard a single word of English.

The place I am describing is a completely Catholic German village protected and governed by the church that crowns the hill-top. In the evenings the men come into the village bars of which there are three, to drink and talk. They cast lots or play domino to decide who is to pay the reckoning for the beer; and as I always take part in the game and pay, and then leave my beer, I have made many good friends.

But one of the main features of German life is lacking here and that is music. Moreover, I have as yet seen few women, so that the whole reduces itself more or less to an improved version of barroom life. Auerbach would be unable to write his *Dorfgeschichten* here, for the simplicity of his characters would be spoilt by the attempts at American smartness. So, dear heart, if I want to be poetical, I had better return to my dear little wife and sweet children.

To give you an idea where I am, I must tell you that I went from Louisville on the boat to Troy and then rode twenty miles inland. The cross country distance from Louisville to here is sixty-five miles.

With the influx between 1850 and 1860 of all these newcomers, English and Irish as well as German, the country grew

by leaps and bounds. In these ten years the nation increased from twenty to twenty-seven millions. "Little towns peep up on the prairie where there used to be only gophers and jack rabbits. Cities swell from little towns," writes Sandburg in his account of Lincoln's prairie years. "Cincinnati grows larger every day and every day new business men come here," wrote Adolf Brandeis to his wife in July, '49.

It was a decade momentous for the future; a decade which was later, in a large perspective of history, to appear "the most changeful, most creative, most spirited epoch between the founding of the colonies and the end of the 19th century."¹⁸ Issues of world-wide consequence were coming to the fore. Industry and its gigantic future; the new and revolutionizing transcontinental lines of transport; the opening of the vast West; above all else, slavery and all its implications, moral and industrial—these were some of the things seething in American life. The gold rush to California was over; but its aftermath remained. Manufacture was growing in the North at a rate unprecedented in history. Unprecedented also the labor required and streaming in from abroad, as earlier the slave labor needed by the southern planters had been brought from across the sea. For ten years more, after 1850, the conflict raged over the extension or curtailment of slavery. The Mexican War was just over, precipitated largely by the annexation of Texas. This huge slave territory was to offset for the South the recently admitted free states of the Northwest. The people of our story still heard echoes of that military exploit. The girls always remembered a Mexican War song the chorus of which ran:

With your shako on your head,
And your bayonet by your side
You'll be winning some fine lady
And be making her your bride.

Another song which they remembered was sung during the long and heated "free homestead" campaigns of the decade. This was a chorus with a mighty rhythm:

¹⁸ Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 632.

Come a-long, come a-long, come a-long,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough
To buy us all a farm!

The great West—limitless, bountiful, awaiting only the pioneer's axe and the plowshare—had captured the imagination of the eastern seaboard as well as of the immigrants from abroad. For coincident with the huge growth in population and in northern manufacture, the northern factory workers were becoming increasingly restive under the rising cost of living, low wages, and long hours. Congress could provide for every workingman a farm out of the newly charted national domain, where the gallant Frémont and other discoverers were penetrating. At every session bills opening the West to settlement were pressed. "Vote yourself a farm" was a familiar campaign slogan of the fifties, and the midland chorus "come a-long, come a-long" echoed far and wide across the prairies.

Public Affairs

Two years after coming to Madison, in 1851, the two Brandeis brothers moved with their families to Louisville, one to build up a large medical practice, the other to develop a wholesale grain and produce business. A few years later Adolf formed the partnership of Brandeis and Crawford to which we have already referred. This young firm gradually expanded its operations to include river traffic as far south as New Orleans, and prospered until the industrial depression of the years preceding 1873 obliged it to suspend.

In the course of time the firm included beside their grain business, extensive other operations such as a flour mill, a tobacco factory, an eleven-hundred-acre farm taken over for a debt, and their own river freighter, the *Fanny Brandeis* already alluded to.

Frederika's first child, a beautiful and gifted little girl, named Fanny after Frederika's mother, the first Fanny, was born in Madison. Her three other children, Amy, Alfred, and Louis Brandeis, were born after the move to Louisville where

they enjoyed, during those early abundant years, a happy and carefree childhood.

Adolf Brandeis' business trips in Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky continued to bring him into contact with all sorts and conditions of persons. Politics and public affairs naturally figured in his intercourse. It was a period when political discussion flourished in the corner grocery of towns and villages. Adolf Brandeis, as well as all his kinsfolk, were still fresh in their enthusiasm for American institutions and took the genuine pride of new citizens in participating in the political interests of the day.

Thus, for instance, in 1851 Kossuth, the champion of Hungary, made his memorable journey through the United States. One of Henry Clay's great speeches in Congress, which had won him his devoted following, voiced America's concern in the European revolts in general, and Kossuth in particular. So great was the popular enthusiasm for a martyr to liberty that by joint resolution of the two houses of Congress Kossuth was convoyed to these shores in an American man-of-war sent to meet him in the Mediterranean by the President.

It was not only Kossuth who was thus acclaimed. It was what he stood for: the struggle for freedom against absolutism. Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, in the famous Hülsemann letter expressed America's concern for free institutions. The letter was addressed to the Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires*, in answer to a protest from the Austrian Government complaining of "the step taken by the President to ascertain the progress and probable result of the revolutionary movements in Hungary."¹⁹

Webster's letter is written in the rhetoric of his day; but it stood manfully for freedom and the rights of a minority:

When the United States behold the people of foreign countries . . . spontaneously moving toward the adoption of institutions like their own, it surely cannot be expected of them to remain wholly indifferent spectators.

¹⁹ *The Austro-Hungarian Question*, correspondence between Mr. Hülsemann, Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires*, and Mr. Webster, Secretary of State of the United States. (Washington, 1851.)

Mr. Hülseman and the Cabinet at Vienna may rest assured that while performing with strict and exact fidelity all their neutral duties, nothing will deter either the government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, their rights as an independent nation and of forming and expressing their own opinions, upon the great political events which may transpire among the civilized nations of the earth.

Meetings were held in Kossuth's honor throughout the country. He came in the hope of enlisting aid against the reactionary Austro-Hungarian government. "His . . . romantic history, his picturesque and impressive presence and the intellectual richness of his oratory, poured forth with the most melodious of voices and peculiarly captivating accents, . . . fascinated all who saw and heard him," writes a brilliant contemporary.²⁰

Even the little town of Madison was included in Kossuth's tour. The arrival of this distinguished visitor, witness to the unhappy fate of the land which they had left forever but which was still the home of many dear to them, greatly moved the men and women of our story. Gottlieb Wehle, as the senior among them, was invited to introduce Kossuth at the public meeting which he addressed in Madison.

Kossuth was on his way to the Kentucky home of Henry Clay, reëlected to Congress at seventy-three, and still the beloved leader of multitudes. It was Henry Clay who disabused the Hungarian of his hope of material aid from the United States. The political and social reaction in Europe, in particular Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of 1851

teach us to despair [said Clay] of any present success for liberal institutions in Europe. . . . Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary and for the cause of liberty that, adhering to our wise pacific system and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this Western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen and falling republics in Europe.²¹

²⁰ Carl Schurz, *Life of Henry Clay* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co.), Part II, p. 392.

²¹ Quoted in *ibid.*, p. 395.

Henry Clay had long been the great, the dominating political figure of Kentucky. His long career closed, amid widespread demonstrations of grief, in 1852. Adolf Brandeis and his brother-in-law, Lewis Dembitz, who were among Clay's ardent admirers, both named their eldest sons after him.

Lewis had married in 1857 and had opened a law office in Louisville. There one of his friends was James Speed, brother of Joshua Speed, Lincoln's closest friend and roommate in Springfield. Lincoln often visited the Speed home near Louisville, and "frequently," says James Speed's biographer, "he rode into Louisville on horseback to sit in James Speed's office and chat with him about slavery and the questions of the day."²² In 1860 Lewis Dembitz was one of the twenty-three delegates from Kentucky to the Republican Convention at Chicago which nominated Lincoln.

Congress had then, we must remember, under the existing constitution, no control over slavery within the existing states. Extension or curtailment of the area of slavery with the admission of every new state was the vexed, soon to be the burning, topic of debate. In a border and slave-owning state such as Kentucky this issue was naturally sharply drawn. And here Clay, himself the owner of slaves, threw all his weight, devoted his most telling eloquence to the side of the Union. For the preservation of the Union, he would compromise even on slavery. Had not the Union been formed at the cost of all manner of compromise?

This loyalty to the Union the men of '48 naturally shared. But with their background and history they were no less bound to be antislavery in sentiment and conviction. It was not chance that Adolf Brandeis in one of his first letters from the United States had referred to the Free-Soil party. The reference had been in a playful vein. But his alignment and that of his kinsfolk with antislavery sentiment had been, from the first, consistent. The sight of slavery, even in its mildest forms, revolted them. When, for instance, the Wehle girls went across the river from Madison in free Indiana to pick blackberries

²² *James Speed* by James Speed, His Grandson (Louisville: Morton & Co., 1914), p. 50.

on the Kentucky side, they were horrified at the sight of slaves at work in the fields or in the households there. A black mammy whom they used to see at the home of friends who lived on their country place near Madison, the slave of a visiting sister-in-law from the South, likewise filled them with amazement and pity.

In Kentucky where the Brandeis' lived it took courage, as the years passed, to be abolitionist. For while union sentiment was strong there during the war and in fact more men joined the Union than joined the Confederate colors, yet during the fifties most of the leading families were slave sympathizers and in a sense set the fashion. Kentucky was, it is true, one of the four slave states which in '61 remained loyal to the Union. But so southern in sentiment was its governor that he drew on himself a cutting reproof in Lincoln's inimitable vein.²³

A letter written by Lewis Dembitz to his cousin Julia Wehle in 1856 shows the ardent political interests of these young people at a time when the new Republican party was in process of formation with Frémont for its presidential candidate as against the Democrats and Buchanan, who stood for the slaveholders. A glance at the politics of the period may serve to make more intelligible the references in the letter to contemporary issues.

The German-born voters of the fifties had belonged largely to the Democratic party. For various reasons they distrusted the Whigs. The Whigs were "nativists" prejudiced against foreigners, while the Democratic party was the immigrants' friend, cordial to their almost immediate citizenship. The

²³ In August, 1861, Governor Magoffin wrote to President Lincoln protesting against the U.S. Camp Dick Robinson in Kentucky and urged its disbanding. The President replied:

" . . . Taking all the means within my reach to form a judgment, I do not believe it is the popular wish of Kentucky that this force shall be removed beyond her limits; and with this impression, I must respectfully decline to remove it.

"I most cordially sympathize with your Excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my own native state, Kentucky. It is with regret that I search and cannot find in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union." Quoted in Capt. Thomas Speed, *The Union Cause in Kentucky 1860-1865* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1907), p. 135.

Whigs stood for the bleak Puritan Sabbath detestable to the German born.

I found [writes Gustav Koerner²⁴ in his *Memoirs*] that the Democrats had far more liberal views than the Whigs; for instance, as to the tariff and the rights of naturalized citizens. The Whigs in the main represented the money power, what they called the "Respectability"; the Democrats, the interests of the masses. Under these impressions I became a Democrat.²⁴

With the development of the Black Republican party in 1856, the Germans were split in their sentiments. Many mistrusted the new Republicans because of the large Whig element of the party. Here the influence of the Forty-eighters made itself tangibly felt. Carl Schurz and other less prominent men toured the country for Frémont. For them the slavery issue was paramount, central. They threw all their weight, all their influence with their fellow Germans on the side of the Republican party, against the extension of slavery.

The first national convention of the Republicans was held in Philadelphia in 1856. The logical candidate was Seward. But he, for various reasons, withdrew and Frémont was nominated.

Frémont's name, it is asserted, was first brought forward by the Germans and the German press.²⁵ He was a man known for his daring explorations in the Far West, the "Pathfinder," forty-three years old, a hero of romance. And as romantic as his western exploits had been the story of his attachment for the lovely Jessie Benton, Senator Benton's daughter, a girl of only fifteen years when they met and loved at first sight. Jessie Frémont threw herself into her husband's presidential campaign; she became herself almost an issue, an idyllic issue, hardly related to the grim events impending, but nevertheless of palpable influence on her husband's chances.

The reminiscences of Jacob Mueller, himself a newly come Forty-echter, give a humorous picture of this episode:

²⁴ Gustav Koerner, *Memoirs* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Torch Press, 1909), I, 332.

²⁵ James Ford Rhodes, *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850* (New York: Harper's, 1896), II, 177.

It need hardly be said that the romantic legend of the Frémont campaign added much to the enthusiasm with which the young Germans entered it. Frémont had been their choice; he owed his nomination to their influence and urgency, and now it was a point of honor with them to work for his election. The skillful use of the American Egeria in the election, the combination of gentleness and strength gave the election a truly idyllic flavor. Shy boys and obstinate elders who had never cared for politics before flung themselves into the campaign to hear Jessie's charms extolled. Her praise was on all lips, knights enrolled under her banner. There was a romantic glamor over the Jessie Clubs in which the Jessie culture was carried to a high pitch by pretty girls who kept alive the sacred fire for the knight voters.²⁶

Notwithstanding the Jessie Clubs, Frémont was defeated. But four years later the Republicans—and among them a million German-Americans—elected Lincoln.

Lewis writes as an ardent Frémont man, with hearty contempt for the "Dough-face" or Douglas party. It was Douglas, Senator from Illinois and Lincoln's opponent in the famous debates who had, in 1854, secured the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. This established "squatter-sovereignty" or local option in slavery and thus precipitated the terrible border struggles in Kansas. Hence the animus against Douglas in Greeley's characteristic volley, quoted in the letter to Julia which follows:

Dear Julia:

Do write me a long letter and give me a good description of every single member of the family. . . . Tell exactly what you think of the political parties. I am glad to know that you are a good Republican: perhaps you belong to a "Jessie-Circle," Auntie, alas, reads only the "Staats-zeitung," so she can hardly understand things aright. I note that your father is "all right on the goose."²⁷ But how Uncle, as an old Carbonaro and revolutionary can have wandered into the Dough-face or Douglas party, in company, as Greeley puts it, with ballot-box-stuffers, baggage-smashers, shoulder-strikers, pothouse-brawlers, etc., is

²⁶ Jacob Mueller, *Aus den Erinnerungen eines Acht und Vierzigers* (Cleveland: Schmidt, 1896), pp. 169-170.

²⁷ According to Rhodes, political slang of the day.

beyond my comprehension. Even here in Louisville the most intelligent, most honest and most cultivated people are all more or less openly on the side of Frémont.

Domestic Affairs

IN 1851, as we have seen, the two Brandeis brothers moved to Kentucky; but the Wehle family remained in Madison five years longer.

The letters of the Wehle sisters which survive from the Madison period afford us a glimpse of their domestic affairs, the "endearing trivialities of home life" which they confide to one another with engaging affection—their sewing, their reading, the ways of the household, their few visitors and visits away from home.

They lived, on the whole, an exceedingly quiet and retired life. The younger children who went to the public school mingled freely with their schoolmates. The two older girls, Regina and Julia, and their parents were on friendly enough terms with various neighbors, calling on one another and even exchanging Christmas presents. But they were to a large extent engrossed in their necessary domestic activities. Their scanty leisure they devoted to voluminous correspondence with the relatives in Prague and Vienna, to practicing on the piano and to the eager reading of any books, English, German, or French, which fell into their hands. For much social intercourse, other than with a few neighboring families, neither time nor inclination, at least during the early years of adjustment, sufficed.

During the seven years of their life in Madison the Wehle family lived in three different houses, each one a little higher than the last in the scale of comfort and convenience. Comfort and convenience, however, are relative terms and the joy with which the possession of a second cistern in their last and most comfortable home is announced by Julia in one of her letters to Regina, then translated to the great world of New York on a memorable visit, shows the modesty of the prevailing standards. The cistern to be sure was an eminently important fea-

ture, a first charge upon everyone's thought. Upon its state depended the difference between comfort or sharp anxiety, ease or hardship. With the cistern full, the fortunate householder could look forward with equanimity to the yearly drought; when it ran dry he had recourse only to more fortunate or more provident neighbors; the yellow, muddy river water, bought by the barrel, was unfit for drinking.

The cistern stood beside the house and was filled by rain water from the gutters of the roof. The spout leading down to the cistern was ordinarily closed, so that at the beginning of every rainfall the roof might be washed off before the rain water was allowed to enter the cistern.

So ingrained in childhood was the preciousness of the rainfall, of "every slanting silver line," that even toward the end of her long life, when Regina heard on awakening in summer the patter of raindrops on her roof, her first conscious thought was to jump up and connect the cistern. Over the vicissitudes of seventy-five years the subconscious habit persisted even when mountain brooks, crystal clear, flowed near her, instead of the yellow Ohio.

Necessity conspired to give first place in the girls' lives to the household duties. In the Middle West of the early fifties servant girls were almost unknown. Ireland was—before the arrival of any considerable numbers of immigrants from Germany or Scandinavia—almost the sole provider of domestic labor for the northern states; and the advent of an Irish newcomer on the streets of the little town was almost immediately spotted. Any prospective employer made haste at once to accost and engage the stranger, and for the sum of \$1.50 per week her not unwilling but usually quite unskilled services were obtainable.

If the servant girls who lived with the Wehles were typical, these were indeed pure products of the Irish bogs. The first good blunderbuss whom Regina and Julia with affectionate amusement remembered, spoke only what was known as "Irish," and communication was confined chiefly to sign language. Whether this "Irish" was actually Gaelic or merely an unintelligible brogue, is uncertain. The girl's foreignness, at

any rate, was impregnable. She never learned to come downstairs otherwise than backward, a habit reminiscent of the ladder to which she had always been used in the old country. She never advanced beyond the habit of chalking a line in the cellar to keep count of each week's service. But her good will was valued in scrubbing and cleaning, though quite ineffectual in the more skilled arts of cooking and laundry work.

It was not unnatural that after the departure of their relatives from Madison, Gottlieb Wehle and his family should feel somewhat lonely and isolated. A year after the two Brandeis brothers left for Louisville Gottlieb's brother, Moritz Wehle, and his family moved to New York. The knowledge of Italian which he had acquired on his semiannual trips to Italy—"Italy where my happy youth was spent," as he puts it in a later letter—procured for him a good post as secretary at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, known officially as the Exhibition of the Industries of All the Nations. In New York the Moritz Wehles remained until ten years later they removed back to Prague.

Another member of the family had preceded them. This was Ernestine, the oldest daughter of the Wehles. She had married, immediately on reaching Madison, the *fiancé* who had accompanied the family from Prague. Owing to an auspicious business opening for her husband they returned to the old home in 1851. The solicitous affection with which they were received in Prague, the esteem and honor in which she found her father still held, moved her greatly. But the simpler, more austere standards by which she had lived in Madison, the freer atmosphere she had breathed, had left their marks upon her, and she missed them as she missed the family she had left. The cousins in Prague could not understand how the girls endured the primitive conditions of the bleak prairies, but Ernestine thought with longing of every familiar household activity.

You can hardly imagine how strange life seemed to me here [she writes]. I had to become accustomed again to a life of comfort, but I can assure you that I do not care for it and shall never live in this way.

All acquaintances and friends remember you, dear Father,

warmly. All the girls whom I left children have grown up. A. is a great flirt. I hold up my Regina to her as an example, and tell her of your life over there. She cannot yet understand how any one can do her hair in the morning without a maid or how any one can live without the afternoon promenade. . . .

A glimpse of the household which Ernestine thus missed, shown in a letter of Regina to Ida, the favorite governess, who had also married and returned to the little town of Cassel in Hessen, is worth quoting for the cheerfulness of the family picture:

Dear good Ida,

“Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde.” I am up bright and early to wish you, dear Ida, good morning. A beautiful, glorious morning it is; the sun is scarcely up; the dew is still shining on every little flower and grass blade. I have taken a turn through our pretty, green yard planted with many different kinds of flowers. I went up to the lilac bush and lo! to my delight just today the first blossom has opened which we had intended and destined for you.

Your last letters as usual gave us great pleasure. You can imagine what a surprise your beautiful presents were. I thank you warmly, my dear friends. This sign of your friendship, this token of your friendly remembrance pleased me immensely. The earrings are very, very beautiful. I have already had my ears pierced for them, and I leave it to your imagination to say whether they are becoming.

You will see from Father's lines that we are now, thank God, living very cheerfully and comfortably. Mother's birthday was celebrated even more elaborately than usual. How much we missed you that night, my dear, how often we thought of you. You will receive the manuscript, giving you more details and can see from it that Father's former calmness, charm, and good spirits are re-established.

A little later Regina was invited by her uncle Moritz to visit him and his family in New York. To her latest year she cherished the good fortune which inspired the visit and took her to her life's happiness.

This week we are awaiting a real pleasure [writes Julia to

Ida]: A visit from good Uncle Moritz who is going to take our Regina home with him. We are doubly busy now sewing to get Regina's things in order so that we can really enjoy his visit when he comes. Today we are busy making over the rose-colored lawn dresses; how often we think of you and of how we sewed them, together. The brown ones we cannot do much with, as we have no more goods. The next things to make will be Father's shirts!

Sewing

IN the lives of the girls and women of the family, as shown in their letters during these years, a striking feature is the prominence of sewing. To it most of their spare moments were devoted. Sewing constituted a formidable if accepted part of women's activities when, before the general use of the sewing machine, they sewed by hand, not only their own clothes—that is, their dresses, their underwear, their cloaks, mantillas, hats, and bonnets—but also the men's underwear, shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, and ties. In addition, they hemmed the bed and table linen.

I have been as busy as possible [writes Julia to Regina in a letter written later in 1855, which reads quaintly enough]. I have finished the two little blue dresses and Fritz's trousers which have turned out very well. Also collars for Father made by a new pattern which he *buttons*; and two ties of blue striped lawn left over from the children's dresses. I have made myself a so-called "spencer" (is it spelled right?) of the calico like your dress and an apron for E.

A somewhat grim if humorous light is thrown on the difficulties of male attire by a postscript in another of her letters of the same year.

P.S. I hear that someone has taken out a patent for standing collars of white tin; let us hope and pray that someone will make a similar invention for men's shirts as Taylor's pattern doesn't fit again.

The constant preoccupation with sewing is indeed no more marked in the letters of the Wehle girls than in the letters of

many of their generation, necessarily practicing a like economy. A contemporary entry in the diary of a New England girl who was spending the winter of 1856 in Boston shows the same diligence in sewing, by which she, indeed, was eking out her living.

March, 1856 [writes Louisa M. Alcott]. Sewed a great deal and got very tired; one job for Mr. G. of a dozen pillow-cases, one dozen sheets, six fine cambric neckties and two dozen handkerchiefs at which I had to work all one night to get them done, as they were a gift to him. I got only \$4.00.²⁸

Even with regard to a somewhat later period, the middle sixties, a fearless pioneer, Anna Howard Shaw, writes:

In those days . . . and in a small pioneer town, the fields open to women were few and unfruitful. The needle at once presented itself, but at first I turned with loathing from it. I would have preferred the digging of ditches or the shovelling of coal; but the needle alone persistently pointed out my way and I was finally forced to take it.²⁹

In the middle of the century it must moreover be remembered, the wide, flowing fashions of the day with their flounces, ruffles, and full sleeves, as well as the more economical standards of living encouraged a kind of saving to which we are strangers. Fashions, moreover, did not change with the rapidity of the present. Hence "making things over" was an accepted custom, long since relegated to the past.

In spite of the outfitting at home, Regina appears to have found herself but scantily provided in New York and writes in something of an apologetic tone:

As you know I have had a rose colored lawn dress cut out and basted. It is made high, with the lining cut out and very wide sleeves. It cost 36 cents to have it done and at that there was not a stitch sewed. As I made the skirt with four tucks, you can imagine what work it was to sew it alone. It has turned out very nicely. How much I thought of you the while, and of the past weeks in which you did so much for me.

²⁸ *Louisa May Alcott. Her Life, Letters and Journals*, ed. Edna D. Cheney (Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1889), p. 84.

²⁹ Anna Howard Shaw, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

For my blue dress I had a dressmaker in the house as I disliked to spend so much time on my clothes, and I paid her a dollar for the day. You will understand that again I had to do much sewing on it myself. I had a perfectly plain waist made with short ruffled sleeves and three ruffles on the skirt. I made myself a very pretty chemisette with lace set in. Uncle has brought me a very beautiful mantilla so now I am well fitted out to compete with the finest Broadway ladies, that is if I try to appear *en grande toilette*.

My sheet is at an end so I will just tell you of the pleasure I have already had here. With Mrs. S. and Uncle to the Italian opera, a real delight for the soul [*ein wahrer Seelengenuss*]. I really begrudged it to myself alone. I was quite enchanted, excited. With Mr. Brandeis to a concert, one of a series for which he subscribes. They have been uncommonly kind to me.

Julia responds:

I am very glad that you have finally gotten your clothes in order. I can imagine how unpleasant it is to have to attend to your things [*mit sich zu thun zu haben*] the minute you get somewhere. . . . Are they wearing basques in New York? Mother and I were talking over your clothes yesterday and she said the little green waist fitted you so well it was a pity that the material would tear so quickly. I want to ask you whether the lining could not be used again with new goods. Can you make over your brown dress for a skirt? Mine is ripped up and washed and seems to stretch out its tatters eagerly to be made over.

Books and Reading

It must not be supposed that the sisters' letters were all devoted to confidences, however absorbing, with regard to spencers and basques. Indeed Julia, in one of the letters already quoted, breaks off abruptly from her inquiries as to the lining of the admired little green waist to exclaim:

But enough of these things: If anyone happened to catch sight of our letters, he would think us young ladies who were not only prosaic—even for practical America—but who have lost all sense of poetry, if they ever had any.

The sense of poetry, the love of reading, was natural to the

girls. They came of a family which had always cared for books. They were used to seeing their father absorbed in his volumes. It was not for nothing that the five-year-old Julia and seven-year-old Regina had recited their little French poems for the family party in 1842. Regina and Julia had been too young in Prague to be fully admitted to Frederika's more grown-up literary circle. But they had been well taught by Ida, herself a cultivated reader. They lived in a day when books were more precious than now because scarcer, and not yet displaced by other easier appeals to the eye and imagination; when not only young girls copied cherished poems into their own commonplace books.

During the long quiet evenings in Madison books and reading were the chief resources for pleasure, the open sesame, as they have ever been, to fairyland and romance. And in New York too, despite the Italian opera and the beautiful concerts which she almost "begrudged to herself alone," Regina fell back upon reading as one of her chief delights. She writes:

Uncle is busy all day and often even in the evenings, so that we do not go out much. My chief pleasure in the evenings here too is reading. Uncle has recently gotten so many books that I have no lack of them. All of Goethe, Shakespeare, and Heine at my request. I am just reading the "Reisebilder" and am reveling [*ergötze mich*] in every line of that glorious work. I meant to quote some beautiful passages to you when I remembered that you have the book too. Really, that was a wonderful present. Why don't you write me anything about it?

Through the "Reisebilder" I have been completely converted to Heine. I have grown untrue to Lenau and am wild about [*schwärme für*] Heine. What lovely, charming, little lyrics there are in that book! Look and you will find them. Then tell me the first lines of the ones which you specially like and I will see whether we agree in our favorites.

A little while ago I happened to read a splendid novel called "Shakespeare's Youth." I advise you to get it out of the library if you can. I do not know the author's name.

And again a few months later she writes more playfully:

You are probably reading little, dear Julia. I do not get much

time for it either but I make use of every free minute. Reading is one of my chief pleasures here too. Recently, I have read Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," his masterpiece. Also "Börne's Letters from Paris" mostly political. They are so brilliant and witty that I am quite in love with him; only it is a pity that the dear man was so fearfully ugly. I am reading Hartmann's "Kelch und Schwert" too, with much pleasure. Many of the poems in it are really great and beautiful. I still think of him as that ideally handsome man we knew.

Julia responds:

Mr. W. brought me from the library the book of poems that S. once brought over here, the most famous German poems with English translations. There are some among them which we do not know and which are very nice and I have copied some of them. The song that mother sometimes sings "Ich hat ein kleines Hütchen," "Schöne Minka," Körner's "Slumber Song," are among them. Are you reading much, Regina, and what papers and books, English and German? Have you overcome your shyness and are you playing the piano?

The book in which Julia copied the poems to which she here refers is now in possession of the writer. It was owned jointly by the two sisters and regularly used by them for copying the poems they most cared for. It is not an ordinary copy book, but a bound volume of heavy handmade paper, still strong and undiscolored though now well over a century old. The book was one of a number which had been bound up in Prague in the time of the girls' grandfather, when books were excessively expensive and circulating libraries did not exist. For those who loved to read and could not afford to own many books it was customary to copy whole volumes. Thus Gottlieb Wehle, as he told his children, had in his own youth copied all of the Arabian Nights in one of the little books which his father had had bound for the purpose. He could still in Madison recite to his children the Arabian Tales almost verbatim, thanks to this youthful exploit, and he gave to his two eldest daughters at home the last of the empty copy books which had chanced to survive from his boyhood in Bohemia, to serve young ladies of another generation, by the turn of fortune, in Indiana.

In the clear fine handwriting of their day, the change of sentiment from Lenau to Heine is as abruptly indicated as in Regina's letter quoted above. When they "grew untrue" to the poet of sentimentality, they eagerly copied Heine's lyrics, interspersed with Byron. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" appears among the English poetry.

Somewhat later in the same year Julia writes:

I am very curious to know how you enjoyed yourself at the Bohemian party [*im Böhmischen Kränzchen*] and what it was like. Is it a kind of ball and what did you wear? I am glad to hear that you are working at your French again so well. Have you given up Italian entirely or don't you want to write Father about it? I am really afraid to meet you again. You will be a real learned lady [*eine ganze Gelehrte*] in comparison with me. The best thing about Mr. W. is that he has subscribed to the "Criminal News" again, that he brings me Harper's Magazine, and has given me his library ticket. There was a charming essay in the "Criminal News" this week about "Goethe in Sesenheim." Uncle Wilhelm sent me a French book "Les Romans du Jour" consisting of short stories, and I am glad to see that I have not forgotten the little I knew. I was so absorbed in reading the book that I sat up until twelve o'clock two nights in succession.

If Heine was the girls' favorite German poet, the English poet whom they most cared for was Byron. They had at least opportunity for learning to know Byron's poems better than those of any other English poet and under conditions which seemed to them singularly romantic. To girls who loved nature and being out of doors, who, when they wrote to Ida of "longing for the fleshpots of Egypt" innocently meant to express their longing for the long, slow European spring—to these girls in their too constant round of duties, a long afternoon on the hills overlooking the little town was the epitome of joy. To this enjoyment of nature was added a flavor of romance when the companion of their rambles was a young man who not only provided the occasion for their outing but further embellished it by reading aloud to them, and reading aloud the poems of Byron. It was the girls' cousin Lewis Dembitz, Frederika's brother, who during his years of reading law in Cincinnati was

not infrequently their companion. This young man had inherited his father's brilliant intellect and charming personality. Like many law students of the time, he was very poor. But he was warmly attached to his cousin's family and to Aunt Amalia who had brought him up. If the price of a ticket on the river steamer was too much to spend, any eager young fellow could slip on to one of the flatboats which carried freight up and down the river, and for a dollar take the night trip to Madison, sleeping anywhere and returning in the same fashion twenty-four hours later. He would surprise the family sometimes at five o'clock in the morning, "like a meteor," as his deeply attached aunt once wrote in mingled gratification and annoyance at his rapid appearance and disappearance.

A letter to Julia written shortly after the family's removal to New York in 1856, from which we have already quoted, shows the affectionate relations existing between the cousins and something of their literary interests.

My friend and partner B. in tender moments still raves over a certain young lady whom he saw here last April and who now lives in New York [writes Lewis]. Of course I always laugh at him until he keeps still. . . . Apropos—have you ever read Childe Harold or anything else of Byron since you went to New York? Knowest thou the land of the cypress and myrtle? Or do you now content yourself with the land of shops and salons? Probably now you can get all the new books to read. How do you like Alfred Meissner's sketch of Heine's life? And what other new things have you people in this field?

Do write me a long letter and give me a good description of every single member of the family, of your way of living, a description of all your different beaux, a sketch of whatever balls and parties you may have attended. L.

Besides their cousin Lewis, various young men who were acquaintances of the family used to stop over in Madison to see the girls, on their way up or down the river from Louisville or Cincinnati. But the best times they had were in Louisville whither they went occasionally to visit Frederika or Lotti Brandeis.

Compared to the quiet life of Madison, Louisville was, even

in the fifties, a large and flourishing town. Moreover both of the Brandeis brothers, Adolf through his business connections, and Semmi through his medical practice, naturally had many friends and acquaintances. Here the girls on their visits enjoyed the novelty of visiting and some agreeable variety. An occasional theater or concert was a gala event. There was even a Casino or club which gave monthly parties to which, as Julia notes in a letter to Ida in Cassel, ladies were invited:

The first party was given in March, and Regina was invited to it and went with Father. A second party was given in April to which I received various invitations but I did not go. Father had to go to Louisville that week on business and had the pleasure of going to the party again. On his return he gave us what he called a package of books and when we opened it—imagine our surprise—it contained splendid black silk for two dresses!

The Decline of Madison

SHORTLY after Regina's departure the question of abandoning Madison altogether seems to have arisen. After a trial of seven years it was evident that the prosperity of the little town was not increasing, but rather declining, and that more and more people were moving away.

"Every day families are leaving, and every day Madison is growing quieter," Gottlieb Wehle writes to Regina in July, 1855. "You cannot imagine what excitement it causes in our house now if a guest comes, for now no travelers pass through Madison any longer," Julia informs her sister. And in another letter she says: "Madison is daily growing more monotonous and quieter and soon not a soul except of course ourselves, will be left here."

We have already told how the prosperity of Madison had seemed assured by the opening, in 1847, of the new railroad to Indianapolis, which connected the Ohio River and inland traffic. But when in the course of a few years rivals of the Madison and Indianapolis road were built, the competition of the stronger roads gradually carried traffic away from Madi-

son to the other Ohio Valley cities, leaving the smaller town stranded, as it were, on its river banks.

The prosperity of Madison continued to increase so long as the Madison and Indianapolis had no competition. The first roads to reach out from Indianapolis were feeders rather than rivals of the Madison and Indianapolis, but when the Bellefontaine and Indiana Central made connection with the East, the tide began to turn, while the connection with Cincinnati and the Falls cities by the Indianapolis and Lawrenceburg and Jefferson roads were the beginning of a swift decline for the M. and I.

It fought desperately against its fate, and one of the curiosities of railroad literature is a report of 1854 in which it complains that the State was instrumental in inflicting serious damage on it by passing a law which "opened the door for the construction of other roads."

The city of Madison suffered proportionately and from being the first city in the state it has long since taken rank far down the scale as an Indiana centre.⁸⁰

For Gottlieb Wehle the choice of a new home lay between Louisville and New York, and for several months the pros and cons were debated. He consulted Regina, for whose judgment he appears to have had considerable respect, as well as his brothers in New York and Kentucky. In the end a fortunate opening in the leather and hide business which his brother Moritz procured for him in New York inclined the scale for that city. The prospective move was naturally discussed in detail by the girls and their mother in their letters to one another.

Julia's native liveliness of temperament again finds expression in her version of the momentous decision to be made:

We are leading a queer life nowadays. If we need anything we always say that we will not get it because perhaps we shall leave here. This is said only among ourselves of course, because we are not talking about it openly as yet. But I must tell you that I begin to believe in it, myself. As I used to say in our Hill St. house: "We will surely move next year because we have everything so well arranged now." This winter we have fitted up our rooms

⁸⁰ *Centennial History of Indiana*, pp. 131-132.

so comfortably, so prettily, we have added so many conveniences, that is, a second cistern, a sink, the stable closes tight and locks, all our doors have good keys. This would be too good to last!

Unlike her sister, Regina at the time could not look upon these uncertainties with a humorous eye. She had a private, an urgent private reason for desiring to see her father and mother. At times, during her year's absence, she had felt very far away from home, especially if letters did not come often and regularly. Now, by February, 1856, she was consumed by a fever of impatience to know the outcome, or at least to have regular letters. She writes to Julia:

Sunday has come again. I kept my letter hoping from day to day for news of you. Today finally I must send it off without having received your longed-for letter.

I cannot describe to you, my dear sister, how many sad hours your long silence has again occasioned me. Heaven send that my anxiety be groundless. . . .

Write to me. I shall wait impatiently to hear. I cannot write more today. My eyes hurt. Write me in detail. "Oh, were I a bird." [*Wär' ich ein Vöglein.*] If I could only fly to you for a few hours.

Regina Wehle was at this time in her twenty-first year. From a slim young girl she was blossoming into a woman of rare beauty. "She is the delight not only of my heart but of my eyes," writes her susceptible uncle of his young visitor after their arrival in New York.

Regina possessed, even at that early age, the distinction of looks and of presence which marked her throughout her long life and which made singularly appropriate the name which her parents had given her. Her dignity was flavored, however, by a lifelong humor, a gift of irony which was to be the enjoyment of younger generations. She was fairly tall and well proportioned; she had gray eyes, dark waving hair, and a delicate rose color. She had a nature that felt deeply and even in her girlhood she could not tolerate the sentimentality of her era.

But now Regina, the austere, she whom Ernestine had held

up to the flirting cousin in Prague as a model of maidenly deportment, had encountered what had conquered her austerity and had melted her reserve. She had fallen deeply, passionately in love. And love had appeared to her in its fairest guise, radiant, eloquent. Her nature, always reserved in the outward expression of emotion, did not permit her to express to her dear ones at home much of the change which was coming over her. Her father, hearing of several admirers who were paying her their addresses, wrote to her in the kindest, most affectionate terms, bidding her lay aside her modesty and write openly to him. Her mother contented herself with expressing her joy that her child who she knew could "win all hearts" was "appreciated," and she postpones until their meeting in New York the proffering of any advice. Only in Julia, her almost twin sister, does Regina seem to have at all confided; a letter from the latter exists, at least, in which she expresses her sympathy with the difficulties of a decision and her own repugnance at the thought of ever leaving the parental roof.

But if Regina's new emotion remained locked within her own young breast, hardly at first recognized even by herself, it is unwittingly betrayed during the latter part of her stay in New York in her letters home. In these a new inner excitement is unmistakable. All her old affections are heightened; the aureole of love surrounds everything. She looks upon her old world and finds it inexpressibly sweet. Even Madison becomes dearer in retrospect.

I couldn't resist the friendly invitation of the Brandeis's, and I have just come from a glorious concert [she writes to Julia in March, 1856]. The beautiful solemn music enchanted me, transported me and so I am hurrying at this late hour to send you these poor lines as tokens of my love to reach you on your birthday. . . .

That your birthday as well as Mother's will fill me with longing for you again, you can imagine. All the memories of the years that have passed seem to pass before me in heightened beauty; I can hardly wait to have you and live with you again. How I shall rejoice to share all my sentiments with you again; to share joys, and sometimes tribulations and troubles with you, my dear J.

with whom I have grown up from childhood in such intimate and sisterly relations. . . .

Last night we had company that stayed late, so that the sweet wiles of Morpheus beguile me not in vain and I must stop for to-day. But just as soon as we are together again, we can gossip of everything, can't we? How lovely that will be. Sweet dreams, my dear girl. The gentle god of dreams is well disposed to me. He sends me such frequent and such lovely dreams that I adore him! Again my warmest good wishes, beloved J. The Lord send you His richest blessing and make you as happy as is the dearest wish of your

R.

Write to me soon. Of course I know that your time is very full and yet I do *beg* you to write. I never needed it more than now. Don't show this letter to anyone.

On May 8 the Wehles reached New York; and on June 3 Regina became engaged to Dr. Joseph Goldmark.

Only once had she mentioned him in writing home. In a letter to Julia, already quoted, she says of the poet Hartmann whom they had, as children, known and admired in Prague: "I still think of him as that ideally handsome man we knew; but even he, as Dr. Goldmark tells me—and they lived together in Switzerland—has fallen off in his looks."

* * * * *

How Dr. Goldmark happened in the fateful year 1849 to be living in Switzerland, refuge of political exiles; how with other compatriots of '48 he had fled from his native Austria and had sought in America the freedom for which the youth of Europe had faced death, we already know.

Eight years had passed since those bloody days of '48 in his beloved Vienna, years during which Joseph Goldmark had tasted the bitterness of disillusion and eaten the bread of exile. Now he had put the past behind him; the cup of life was filled again, fresh, sweet, and sparkling. Would it again be dashed from his lips? "Will you give your daughter to a murderer? A man condemned to death for high treason," Gottlieb Wehle's relatives wrote in anguished protest from Prague. Reaction had reared its hateful head anew on the ashes of '48, and—it

was quite true—in March, 1856, had by imperial decree condemned to death *in absentia* for the crimes of high treason and murder, the revolutionist, Joseph Goldmark. What manner of man was this for Regina to marry?

The elders of the family might hesitate, might indeed shake heads ominously. Regina's contemporaries, it is pleasant to know, were of a different mind. For them Joseph Goldmark's proscription, before which the elders blanched, was a badge of honor, an unworldly distinction which might well fill a spirited girl with pride in her lover. Two letters Regina preserved to the end of her life in which her cousins Frederika and Lewis expressed themselves in no uncertain terms upon her engagement.

I rejoice so deeply with you, for you are happy! [writes Frederika in June, 1856]. You are betrothed to a man whose name is held in respect by every cultivated German-speaking person; who can meet all your expectations, all the ideals you have dreamt of, as you can his.

Monday morning. Lewis, who interrupted me, added the last two lines without my knowledge; but I will let them stand as they express my thought as well as his.

Yes, my Regine, I am indeed delighted that you have chosen so cultivated, so highly honored and so brilliant a man; and he too will know how to value the rare pearl he possesses in his—and may I add, still forever my—Regine.

Frederika adds a bold postscript which she is aware may bring a blush to the cheek of her young correspondent. It is put at the very end of her letter, so that Regina, a well-brought-up girl, can read and destroy a reference of so delicate a nature.

We all were out at a farm yesterday; we talked constantly of you and made all sorts of plans how we might see you.

The best way I should like to whisper to you very softly, for it will make you blush a little. Have you guessed it? See I will modestly write it at the bottom of my page so that you can quickly tear it off: "Take your wedding trip to Louisville!"

Joseph Goldmark's Initial Experiences

JOSEPH GOLDMARK, whom we left at Havre in June, 1850, ready to embark, had then reached New York and was already established there. To retrace our steps for a moment, we may address ourselves in turn to his first letters from the New World, describing to his friends in Switzerland his forty-day voyage and initial experiences.

If the letters are cast in somewhat lower and more subdued key than the letters which we have cited in an earlier chapter, from Adolf Brandeis newly come to New York from Prague just the year before, we must bear in mind the essential difference in the mental and emotional status of the two young men. The one looked forward to the immediate consummation of his hopes. America was the dawn after darkness, the vision of love fulfilled, opportunity promise-crammed. To the older man any place but Vienna was exile. He—who had been a leader, flushed with the triumph of great ideas—was now in the vernacular of his new country a “greenhorn.” He quotes the word more in humorous mockery of himself than in bitterness. Only the knowledge that the Vienna of ’48 was dead and all its hopes in the dust reconciled him to banishment.

In the vigorous youth of the western continent, however, despite its crudity, Goldmark felt at once the hope of a new society. American family life, American schools, command his admiration. For in both he sees that stress upon freedom of the individual which it had been the vain effort of the Revolution to establish. A new hope rises within him. “Unformed,” “uncultivated,” the New World may be. Medical education and medical practice he was soon to find deplorable. Science teaching was only in its infancy. There was “not a single eminent physiologist in the United States and few biologists.” But far more significant than any of these cultural lacks in American society was its recognition of a basic principle; its recognition of individual rights. In family life, in the education of children he observes this respect for the individual and the development of individual will power. And therewith the horizon

widens. New forces are released. For frustration he sees action. For suppression of free will its deliberate fostering: "Herein," writes Goldmark to Frau Valentin, "I see the greatness of America; the misery and misfortune of Germany."

Goldmark realized however, he says, that the "great and often contradictory complexities" of his new environment "require years of observation as a basis for sound judgments." Let his friends, then, take his report as the "wholly subjective impressions of one still quite 'green.'" The letter is addressed to Frau Valentin and begins by describing in some detail the vicissitudes of the voyage.

A Sailing Voyage to New York

MY dear friend:

I hope you will not take amiss my delay in writing. Besides other causes of postponement, the necessity of looking about a little, so that I might have something more to report than my mere arrival, delayed me further. . . .

After a stay of 9 days in Havre, finally, on June 16th, I shook the dust of Europe from my feet and despite persecution and banishment left the old world with a heavy heart. Had I not, in the sympathy of dear friends found compensations more than I could have hoped for?

The first week we were detained by calms in the channel, sailing so close to the English coast that we could make out houses and people. Finally we reached the open sea. A strong south-east wind drove us so quickly across the ocean that on the 22nd day of our journey we came within a few hundred miles of the American coast. However, we had had to sail too far north, near Newfoundland where all my winter clothes were scarcely enough to protect me from the quite Bernese cold. On the average, the temperature was much lower than I thought it would be. It was never hot, on the contrary often really cold and the nights were for the most part damp and cool.

From now on the favorable weather was at an end. Fog and calms, rain and opposing winds prevented our reaching the splendid harbor of New York until the 40th day.

Thus I would have had ample opportunity to observe my travelling companions, 400 passengers, if hateful seasickness had not

robbed me of any desire to do so. The society in the first class was quite pleasant, so far as the lack of any intellectual intercourse permitted. Two very coquettish gay French girls, a blond young Englishman, an attractive American, two young merchants and my dry, truly Swiss cabin mate, with whom I passed more than six weeks without the least increase of intimacy.

The remaining people, whose bodily weal, or rather woe, was entrusted me, were crowded into two holds which if they had been known in Dante's time, would have furnished him with a much more terrible picture of Hell.

In the very first night, in the lowest of these submarine quarters, I had the pleasure of bringing into the world an American young lady. It was just past midnight, the sea ran high, the waves struck the groaning sides of the ship with resounding blows as though demanding the surrender of the new young life. And far down below, amid the moans of those who were seasick and the snoring of those who slept, in the narrow, steaming hot space I stood at the bedside of a poor laborer's wife, oblivious of my own discomfort, alarmed lest I might need to resort to operative measures rendered impossible for lack of instruments. But nature came to the rescue, the whole performance passed off happily and at two o'clock I was able to go back to bed.

Goldmark's first introduction to American observances was the celebration on board of the Fourth of July, with "Yankee Doodle" and other national airs, saluting of the Stars and Stripes, dancing, music, and noise.

Finally on the 28th of July [he continues], we saw a long white strip of land—Long Island—a long, well-settled island which bounds the harbor of New York on the south. But even then Aeolus raged; we had to sail out to sea again, in a few hours losing sight of the beautiful country which we did not finally reach until the next day. We had the finest weather for landing. Early in the morning a tug took us in tow and quickly towed us twenty miles up to New York, on the Hudson River.

Like magic the appearance of our ship's company changed. Dirty figures and cross faces disappeared; everyone put on his best clothes and trembled with joy and impatience to disembark onto the beautiful land. . . .

The first impression of the country is enchanting: the beautiful harbor dotted with lovely islands which with their green hills and

pleasant villas delight the eye grown weary of the monotony of the sea. It makes one forget the perils and troubles of the long journey. Animated by new courage, the pilgrim looks upon his new home; its blooming appearance arouses his hopes anew.

But arrived in New York, the stranger even of eighty years ago was soon overwhelmed by its size and, above all, by its pace.

The appearance of the city is very fine; an impenetrable forest of masts, broad pleasant streets, an enormous amount of business; everywhere keen calculating faces, obviously intent upon their business.

This magnificent, intense life, this wholly unfettered individuality at first makes one breathe more freely, but soon oppresses the spirit of a German unused to such size. The thought of having to swim unaided in this huge stream, if one does not want to sink, is terrifying. . . .

Happiest are the modest farmer and the skilled artisan who are not oppressed here by taxes and other burdens, but may satisfy their material needs and see all their wishes fulfilled. But the cultivated German, still bound to his old home by a thousand ties, feels isolated and cannot compete with the bold practical genius of the Yankee or with his charlatanry.

The man of European culture who has fled from the old world in its ossification and decay, is alienated by the still unformed, uncultivated conditions of the new. Only in its new principles, in the brilliant promise of its vigorous youth does he find hope of a new and better organization of society. The most important factor in this new order I find in American family life and the system of education, so totally opposed to the European.

In the treatment of children Goldmark is struck especially by the recognition of their rights. What he admires in American education is its

insistence upon respecting the personal freedom even of minors and not subduing a child's will, through fear of punishment, into slavish obedience. No doubt the young are often wild and rough. But they are not pale sick hothouse plants, whom the first rough wind of life will wither. This respect for free will and the development of the will results in independent characters, bold enterprising spirits.

Agassiz and Medical Education

BESIDES the introduction to their friends in Strasburg, Goldmark owed to Professor and Frau Valentin a letter of introduction in the United States to a unique and fascinating personality. Only four years earlier, in 1846, Louis Agassiz had himself come from Switzerland to America to continue the studies in zoölogy and geology which had already given him an international reputation. But it was not only his scientific achievements that drew all the world to this rare human being. It was his human qualities that made him, as William James said, "absolutely irresistible." "He came, in Byron's words, with victory beaming from his breast, and every one went down before him."

Goldmark, like all the world, immediately felt Agassiz' power and charm. He had been commissioned by his friend Valentin to go to Agassiz for advice. Agassiz himself had come to the United States on a small grant for research, obtained, through the good offices of Alexander von Humbolt, from the King of Prussia.³¹ Four years later, in 1848, at the founding of the Lawrence Scientific School associated with Harvard College, he was appointed professor of zoölogy and geology there. What more natural than that Valentin should appeal to his friend and compatriot for advice as to the status of physiology in the United States and the possibility of his obtaining a physiological post in some American university or medical school?

It was on these points that Goldmark was commissioned to obtain Agassiz' opinion. Upon learning that the Association for the Advancement of Science was to meet in New Haven in September, 1850, Goldmark took the opportunity of seeing Agassiz there. In the last quoted letter to Frau Valentin he added a postscript briefly describing the meeting but reserving his fuller account for a subsequent letter.

September 6th. I am to send you and all friends and acquaintances hearty greetings from Professor Agassiz, from New Haven.

³¹ Neuchâtel, where Agassiz had his first appointment, was Prussian until the Confederation of Switzerland in 1848.

I saw him there at the meetings of the American naturalists. I am very grateful to you for the introduction. Agassiz is a genuine human being in mind and feeling. I met him when he was overwhelmed with engagements; he was the centre of the whole association, unwearied, always surrounded by a circle of attentive hearers. His department was always the most crowded, and even many ladies took notes when he spoke. I first met his wife at a soireé given in honor of the Association. I had a longer conversation with her on an excursion to the surroundings of the city though even then my broken English made it difficult to converse. She is a slim, blackhaired, pale lady of about 27 or 28, very pretty and charming to look upon.

In company with various other ladies and gentlemen, among them Professor Silliman with his very charming wife, Professor Dana, etc., we climbed West Rock, a hill of over 1000 feet, whose polished surface suggests a glacial origin. This supposition was confirmed by the erratic blocks of stone on the summit.

In reporting to Professor Valentin in a longer letter Agassiz' advice and all the pros and cons of the situation, Goldmark has set down an interesting account of American medical education in the fifties and, indeed, of the general tenor of American university life of that period. It is an account surprisingly comprehensive after a sojourn of only six weeks in a new environment. While too detailed to quote in its entirety its main points may be indicated here.

Goldmark reports Agassiz as heartily in favor of Professor Valentin's candidacy for a physiological post. But Valentin must plan to come over in advance of an appointment to meet colleagues and influential persons and to become known to the public by lecturing.

Appointments are influenced just as in Europe by secondary considerations: private preferences, relationship and above all by national pride. The direct call of a European professor without his personal presence in America is very unusual.

I am convinced [added Goldmark] that Liebig, who according to the newspapers is about to come here to give lectures will receive the most splendid offers, while not an invitation will have been sent to him to Europe.

Goldmark did not conceal from his friend the low standard of scientific and medical education in the United States. The commercially run institutions—such as Crosby College in New York—filled him with dismay, as did the state of medical practice. There were no pensions, no life appointments. “Even Agassiz’ appointment is for only five years.” But, adds Goldmark, “the professors usually continue to teach to advanced old age, as long as they are fit to teach, since the good name of any institution is bound up with the reputation of its teachers.”

Moreover in various states subsidies were granted to private institutions endowed through the generosity of private individuals, and eminent medical men increased their income by supplementary work:

Salaries at the endowed universities are not high, even Agassiz receives only \$1,500. a year. In many others, the teacher’s income depends on the number of pupils, which at Crosby College here amounts to about \$2,000. a year.

But the better known professors have a second very important and easy source of income in their popular lectures which are very well attended. It is customary here, through the whole United States, for the more famous scholars to visit the larger cities and give popular scientific lectures, partly at the invitation of the scientific associations and clubs, and partly on their own initiative. Thus Agassiz on arriving here gave six lectures, which brought him in \$2,000. His yearly income is thus increased to about \$4,000.

A third considerable source of income for medical professors is medical practice. For a well-known consultant, practice takes little time and is very remunerative.

Medical instruction, according to European standards, Goldmark describes as deplorable.

The actual instruction is very superficial. It consists first in accompanying a practising physician at the bedside. Then the student, without any scientific preparation, attends a four-month’s course, divided into 2 semesters, in anatomy, chemistry, pharmacy, therapy and surgery; and after a very easy examination he obtains his doctor’s diploma. But this is not required for

practice as anyone can call himself doctor and practise without the slightest medical knowledge.

Here in New York there are three medical schools: the medical department of the university where the professor of chemistry is going to give lectures in physiology, too; Crosby College where so far as I know physiology is not yet taught at all and the newly organized New York Medical College from the catalogue of which you can see that they propose to teach physiology, organic chemistry and microscopy. It is still questionable whether they will do so.

But in spite of all this there are very competent specialists here, such as the anatomist Knight in New Haven, the surgeon Mott here and the excellent mineralogist Dana. All of them have studied in Europe. General scientific or philosophical culture is rare. Philosophy consists of theological controversies in which even Agassiz is involved owing to his attacks upon the biblical story of creation.

At the same time there are in most of the States excellently planned and publicly supported public schools,—called free schools, free academies—in which the pupils are supplied free of charge with all the necessary books and writing materials.

Goldmark was struck, moreover, by the respect and recognition accorded to foreign scientists in the United States.

European and especially German science is being increasingly recognized here; scientific men are honored and very welcome, for Americans are very well aware of the fact that the rapid development of the country is wholly due to intelligent direction. Hence he has a high regard for intelligence [*jede geistige Kraft*] and seeks to attract it.

Summing up all he had learned from Agassiz and from his own observations, Goldmark therefore advised Valentin to continue his study of the English language and to come over the next summer—"A mere pleasure journey of 11 days now by steamer, costing about \$200 from Berne."

During the two summer months he can

learn to know the country and its customs, give lectures in some of the larger cities, meet the scientific world at the next two scientific meetings in Cincinnati next spring and in Albany next fall and then decide where you would like to obtain a post which will

not be difficult to manage owing to the large number of medical schools.

Valentin can count on an income of \$4,000 from tuition and public lectures, writes Goldmark, increased if he desires by consultant practice. Household expenses will require \$1,500 to \$1,800, as food is cheaper than in Vienna. Housing and clothes are dearer. "A presentable house costs \$300 to \$350 per year."

One final warning as to teaching conditions in the United States Goldmark evidently felt it incumbent upon him to add.

As to any future position and work, I must not conceal from you, my dear friend, that you will have to talk down very much to the standard of your students, and may then gradually educate them up to a higher level as Agassiz has done. However you will certainly find a large field of activity and much recognition. The difficulties of lecturing in a strange language are readily overcome after a short sojourn. Agassiz read all his first lectures here and even now, after four years, while his language is entirely grammatical he still speaks with a markedly foreign accent. But this only makes his lectures the more piquant and attractive.

Goldmark ends as he began with appreciation of the great man he had met. He had gone to the New Haven meeting because it gave him the opportunity of seeing Professor Agassiz sooner than if he had waited to go to Cambridge. His passing comment on New Haven is flavored by a Viennese turn of humor:

New Haven is a very friendly, quiet University town, lying on Long Island Sound, inhabited by pious Puritans, where theatres are forbidden as irreligious and Sunday boredom has taken up its permanent abiding place—[*wo die Sonntagslangweile ihren Ursitz aufgeschlagen hat*].

He concludes:

Agassiz was the centre of this years' meeting; he far overshadowed all the other members, was unwearied, a member of almost all the committees of the convention, busy all day, and yet made several addresses at each session, always in easy, flowing language. He is known and highly honored throughout the whole

Union, partly through his lectures, partly through the wonderfully powerful public press.

Professor Valentin, for reasons unknown to us, did not come to the United States and the further correspondence of the friends has not been preserved. Goldmark soon lost the nostalgia of his first months and more quickly than he could have anticipated found congenial friends and colleagues.

Two letters of the following year to Goldmark from London show that the Austrian exiles kept in touch with one another. One was from Moritz Hartmann, the poet who in the old Prague days had read his romantic verse to Frederika and the Wehle children, and who later had shared with Goldmark the exaltation and the defeat of Vienna. Hartmann was at this time, after various vicissitudes, living in London. Some flavor of the man and his still gay, unbroken spirit is conveyed in a letter of his, written in 1850, touching on the temperamental reactions of a new friend of his exile, Thomas Carlyle:

Carlyle is rich in humor, wisdom and poetry. But the last few years have shaken up everything so madly that the resultant chaos is terrific. His writings, as well as his conversation, are full of it. And so, he—once the glorious historian and poet of the French Revolution, who stood up high and smiling above partisanship . . . even he has been as much terrified by the past few years as though he were a neurotic German professor or privy councillor and sees God and civilization going to pieces, when they are only fulfilling themselves—not like a summer breeze, to be sure, but in a thundering whirlwind. He despairs of mankind. But despairing of mankind is just taking an easy way out. [*heisst denn doch nichts anders als sich die Sache sehr leicht machen.*] You don't have to be Thomas Carlyle for that. I told him the other day that I could do it myself if I tried a bit.³²

In an unpublished letter to Goldmark of June 9, 1852, from London Hartmann writes:

Dear Goldmark,

Hearty greetings and a word to remind you of the Lake of Geneva, of Berne and of myself. I hear that things are going well

³² Wolkan, *op. cit.*, p. 41.

with you and I congratulate you. If things continue as they are here, probably we shall all gradually come over to you. How are all the others?

You have no doubt heard that I have been wandering about in Great Britain and France and that I was thrown in prison in Paris. Now I am visiting in London. News from Austria is such that one can thank one's stars to be an unfortunate exile. When you see Fröbel, Wesendonk, Zity, Kapp, Claussen and all the other old friends, remember me heartily to them. The bearer of this is Dr. Frankel. You may be able to be of service to him and I hope you will do so.

Another letter was from Max Schlesinger, another old comrade:

Dear old friend,

In memory of old days which can hardly bear thinking of, old conflicts, marches, old fights on the barricades, joys, hopes and disappointments, I send you through Dr. Frankel my warmest greetings!³³

You were grey when I saw you last and you will find me bald if we ever meet again on European soil. For I shall go to America only as a last resource [*wenn alle Stricke reissen*]. I live in London, have a wife and two children, am correspondent for German newspapers and have enough for a modest livelihood. Friend K. lives with me, old friends come and go; old interests are ever young. I have many new connections. So you see I still have resources enough to keep me in the old world.

And you, as I hear, are now getting along well, too. Keep well and jolly; get yourself some nice children and bring them up as honest Yankees. For on this side of the water everything is so rotten that we shall not see a change and perhaps our children will not either.

Let us hear from you some time and don't forget me, for I have always thought the world of you [*war Dir immer gut*]. I hope you are still the same old brick that you always were. Do what you can for the bearer and farewell.

Except for such occasional communications from old friends, Goldmark made the break with Europe complete, not even corresponding with his dearly loved father and step-

³³ In the Viennese idiom, *Ein dutzerl brüderliche Grüsse und Händedrucke*.

mother in Budapest. Fear of compromising them by correspondence with a man proscribed and later sentenced to death for high treason kept him for many years from communicating with them.

That this was not an unwarranted precaution, the subsequent action of the imperial government showed. The Austrian secret service reached far, even across the Atlantic. Reports to the home government from Paris and from New York on the activities of the fugitives of '48 are contained in the court archives.³⁴ A report from America for instance under date of 1853 was transmitted to Vienna by the same Baron Hülsemann, *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, to whom Daniel Webster addressed his noble defense of America's interest in liberty and revolution, quoted in an earlier chapter.

The activities of Fuster, Violand, Dr. Schilling, Goldmark, and others were reported to Hülsemann by the consul general in New York. Some of these reports were quaintly fabricated, Goldmark being, for instance, called a manufacturer of matches. This report must obviously have been based on echoes of Goldmark's controversy with Schrötter over the discovery of amorphous or red phosphorus, used in the manufacture of safety matches.

As a matter of fact Goldmark had meanwhile hung out his shingle and practice came to him both as a general physician and in his specialty of the skin diseases. He had studied in Vienna under Hebra, famous as a skin specialist, and found this special branch of medicine more to his liking than general practice. But medical practice of any kind was distasteful to him, chemical research and invention always his preference. During his stay in Switzerland he had had the opportunity of examining a chemical industry there. This was the manufacture of percussion caps filled with fulminate of mercury, and universally used at that time for charging guns and pistols. The process aroused his keen interest and was later to become his means of livelihood in the New World. For though

³⁴ Haus, Hof und Staatsarchiv, *Der Oesterreichische Generalconsul in New York an den Geschäftsträger Ritter v. Hülsemann in Washington. 18 März 1853.*

he first turned to the practice of medicine, he seems almost at once to have rented an extra room in New York where he experimented with fulminate of mercury and worked at the invention of punching presses for cutting out the tiny brass containers. In 1857 he took out a patent for his mercury compound. The manufacture of these explosives, when he had perfected his process and erected his factories in Brooklyn and later near Bayonne, New Jersey, enabled him to supply to the Federal Government a substantial proportion of the safety caps and cartridges needed in the Civil War, which was soon to enlist the ardent support of all the Forty-eighters.

Some Episodes of Old New York

WITH the Wehles' arrival in New York, in 1856, their pioneer experience was over. In place of the isolation of Madison they again had the companionship of relatives and friends, a return to greater ease and amenities of living. Gottlieb Wehle found a means of livelihood which led to comfort if not to wealth, and removed the strain of anxiety for the future.

With the passage of years, five daughters beside Regina married, and the two sons made places for themselves in social and in business life. The older son, Theodore, a man of intellectual distinction but delicate health, devoted to study the enforced leisure of years, writing papers from time to time on scientific and historical subjects. His lifelong absorption in scientific literature as well as his intellectual caliber is indicated by the fact of his having won honorary mention, when over eighty years of age, for a paper on the Einstein theory in a competition conducted by a scientific journal.

The New York of 1856 to which the Wehles came, and especially the lower part of Manhattan Island, was in appearance as well as in manner of life as different from the New York of 1930 as though situated upon a different planet. The Rivington Street on which they joined the Moritz Wehles, next to which today the elevated roars, and near which the mingled races of men are crowded closely together, was then a pleasant residential street, at about the center of the city.

Above Twenty-third Street the rocky, wooded hills and valleys of Manhattan Island still sloped down in undisturbed beauty to its broad river boundaries. A horse-car line on Third Avenue ran almost to the end of the island; at Jones's Wood, which is now Sixty-third Street, passengers paid a second fare to be carried farther north to Yorkville and Harlem.

Julia was, soon after the arrival in New York, to take this long journey by horse car as far north as the Harlem valley, now 125th Street, stopping at many of the Dutch farms which bordered Third Avenue on an adventurous quest. She was

bound on a search, which proved successful, for a flower, a blossoming myrtle, without which the bridal array of her sister Regina, whose marriage followed in September, 1856, would have been quite incomplete.

Old New York, as she had known it in her girlhood, lived unforgotten in Julia's remembrance long after its farms and woods, its brooks and valleys had vanished as before a spell. She loved to recall, as a very old lady, the picnics and expeditions of her youth. Jones's Wood on the East River was a favorite resort. Here the girls of the family with their mother would go in the late afternoon with books, it might be, and baskets of supper. And in the evening their two brothers and perhaps a friend would join them to walk down through the woods to the river, and if it were moonlight to go rowing close to the wooded shore. Then, as now, the current was too swift to venture far out.

Occasionally there might be a supper party as far north as the new High Bridge across the Harlem River, the completion of which, to carry across the Croton water mains, had been so magnificently celebrated by the whole city with fireworks and processions. There were beautiful little steamers which ran up the East River from Peck Slip near Fulton Street, and part of the pleasure of the expedition was the trip on the boat up to the high slopes overlooking the river.

Or again, they went across the Hudson on the Hoboken ferry to Union Hill, where there was a fine view and a good German restaurant. Once there was a great joke when their brothers offered to provide coffee from the restaurant for the party and then discovered that they had not money enough with them to pay for the treat. Fortunately there was a friend in the party who was better provided.

I feel sorry that you should have given up your Fourth of July excursion to "Bella Vista." (In confidence, I don't though) [wrote this young friend of the family in July, '63, from camp in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania].

Though but two weeks have rolled by, it seems to me an age since we have seen each other. To make amends please arrange a picnic for some day next week. Then on the green sward, under

the waving trees, drawing inspiration from the sweet presence of you all, you shall hear more of the military experiences of your friend.

Julia loved also to recall the bus rides she often took with Regina's first baby, after Regina had married and was living uptown in a fine house on West Fourteenth Street. A bus ran all the way down to Castle Garden in the Battery on Broadway, the pleasant street which may be seen bordered with trees and lined with shops in any picture of the period. The whole ride cost only a "half bit" ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents), a coin which, with the bit and the two-bit piece, was still common. In Castle Garden, which had once been a fort and which today is New York's aquarium, Jenny Lind had burst like a meteor upon the New York public. Regina's husband had heard Jenny Lind before Regina came to New York and like all the young men, indeed like those of all ages who heard her, he never forgot or lost his enthusiasm for the voice which transported multitudes.

With Regina and her husband lived the latter's friend, Gen. Elijah Ward, who at this time was elected to Congress. And the girls coming from Madison's narrow restrictions were to sit out one evening on the little balcony which may still be seen on the front of the house on Fourteenth Street, and hear General Ward's constituents in a great crowd below them cheer their Congressman. "Hurrah for General Ward! Hurrah for General Ward's ladies!" cried the crowd. What wonder was it that the girls seemed to themselves to be living in a play in which they occupied the honored, the exhilarating place of heroines?

But the young host who stood beside them had other thoughts when he remembered another grimmer crowd on which he had looked down in another city, once the dearest spot on earth to him, now the home of reaction where his name was proscribed, a price on his head. He thought of Vienna and the high hopes with which he and his friends had stood watch on the barricades together and had seen a new order arise. But all had come to naught. Now on the grave of his early youth new flowers were springing up, new joys blossoming with

the fair girl at his side. With infinite tenderness he looked at her and turned his mind from the intolerable past to the future.

"Shall I give up my bachelor's estate?" Goldmark had written jestingly, not long before his marriage, to an old fellow student of the Vienna Medical School, Dr. Semmi Brandeis, of whose presence in Kentucky he had just learned.

How are you? What of the joys of parenthood? I was most pleasantly surprised to hear of your being over here. Who of us former inhabitants of the Schloesselgasse ever dreamed of such a meeting? During my wanderings in the old world, I thought of you as a busy practising physician and budding Philistine in the land of the Czechs, and now I find you a budding Yankee! . . . Shall I give up my bachelor's estate? But on that point you will no doubt have to consult your dear wife, and then your judgment will not be quite unbiased.

Now he had given up his bachelor's estate, and found in marriage joy undreamed of.

All my happiness and peace lies in your dear hands [he wrote to Regina one day shortly after their engagement when a slight illness kept him from her]. All the hopes of my youth, all the desires and expectations of my manhood I have laid at your feet. I should be stripped and bare of love if your heart had not enriched me a thousandfold, if you had not made me infinitely richer and better. Have no anxiety about me, my beloved Jinny, for now, you know, I have a talisman which will cure me more surely than all my medicines.

The position of women, and social standards in the New World among his new friends in New York had aroused the young revolutionist's enthusiasm.

Nowhere in the world do men devote themselves more to their families than in America [Goldmark wrote, soon after arriving in the United States, to the dear friends and hosts of his exile in Switzerland], and yet nowhere is the patriarchal pasha-like masterfulness of men less in evidence than here. Women are treated with chivalric consideration, which may be called as much the consequence as the cause of a fine standard of manners. The ladies are more than emancipated here; they are the mistresses.



Regina Goldmark

About 1860

I wish that H. S. were married to a real American woman for just an hour [Goldmark continued, evidently giving rein to an old indignation], so that he might accompany her to market one morning to carry her basket, as one can see many distinguished men do here every day. I believe it might cure him of grudging his charming wife an afternoon walk.

And yet, notwithstanding the quite unrestricted freedom of women here, there is much more social purity and strictness than in Europe.

After General Ward was elected to Congress, some friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Morris, came to live with Joseph and Regina in the Fourteenth Street house. Mr. Morris was a literary man, one of the editors, with N. P. Willis, of the *Home Journal*, and perhaps best known as the author of various stories and poems, the most familiar of which was "Woodman, Spare That Tree."

Joseph and Regina greatly enjoyed the companionship of the Morrises, reading aloud with them and going out together. The Morris' own home was in Cold Spring on the Hudson. They came to town only for the winter.

In 1859 the Goldmarks moved to Brooklyn. After some searching and journeying as far as Tuckahoe, New York, to look at appropriate sites, Joseph bought property on the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn on which he erected a factory for the manufacture of percussion caps and cartridges. He likewise bought in the residential section of the city on Second Place a large house and garden, where he was to spend the remainder of his days.

The Wehle family, meantime, continued to live in Rivington Street until 1862. Then they and their children moved quite far uptown to a house on East Twenty-third Street, one of the attractions of which was its back yard with four blossoming lilac bushes. Twenty-third Street was by this time for the most part built up, each house having a front yard and rear garden. The Wehles had also an arbor on which Julia grew hop vines. She was one of those people who are born gardeners. After her youth she never had a garden of her own, but she was never without plants, and under her hands any-

thing and everything grew. The most pinched geranium plant thrived and blossomed; the rubber trees, which her generation cherished, under her care never shed their leaves as other rubber trees always seemed to do. "I reveled in that garden," she used to say in reminiscence of Twenty-third Street. "I spent hours working there. It was a beautiful place. Everybody kept their gardens beautifully at that time and the whole block was green."

Opposite the Wehles on the north side of the street, between Second and Third Avenues, there were still open meadows. In the field opposite them a large family lived in a little white house set back from the street. This family recalled earlier pioneer days, for every Sunday the grandparents came to visit, driving all the way from their farm on Long Island in a white, covered prairie schooner.

The Wehles moved to Twenty-third Street about a year after Fort Sumter had been fired on, when the shadow of the war lay black over the land. Like practically all the Forty-eighters they were ardent abolitionists. Physical disabilities kept the two sons out of the army, but they all followed every ebb and flow in the fortunes of the war with alternating hope and despair.

I am happy to know that you are filled with such patriotic sentiments and are so deeply concerned for the fate of the Union. It is a great struggle, fateful for the whole of mankind, which in spite of all rascalities, stupidities and treacheries is bound to end in the triumph of freedom.

So wrote a medical friend to the Wehles in July, 1862, in the course of describing his work among the sick and wounded in Fort McHenry and the hospitals of Baltimore.

"I have been rejoiced to find love for the Union and readiness to make sacrifices for it everywhere," writes Joseph Goldmark in March, '61, to his wife from Philadelphia in one of the few letters of this period. "Sometimes this sentiment is expressed only in private, but even that is better than the treacherous inclinations of some of our New York business men."

Lincoln's great Cooper Union speech of 1860 had fired their enthusiasm to a high pitch. No public speaker or preacher ever seemed to them, in after years, to have reached the heights which Lincoln reached that day. "Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us . . .," ran the great peroration. "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." What heart but vibrated to that string?

To the Forty-eighters it was a bugle call. How passionately associated the two great conflicts—the revolution in Europe and the war for the Union—always remained in the emotional experience of that generation, Dr. Abraham Jacobi expressed at a later memorial meeting in honor of his and Joseph Goldmark's closest friend, the distinguished physician, Dr. Ernst Krackowizer.

If there be any here who remember the trembling excitement . . . the courage, the wild enthusiasm, the holy fire of that far-off day, when every brick in our northern cities was covered with flags, when there was no trading, and cheating, and note-shaving in New York City, but a sacred rage in the hearts of the people, and the consciousness of great deeds and the approach of great deeds—I speak of the day after the fall of Fort Sumter was known to have occurred—if you remember that time, when the Crusade for the restoration of the Union was preached on all corners and from all roofs—you have an idea of the spirit which animated and emboldened the youth of Germany and Austria.³⁵

The Wehles' intensity of Union sentiment was heightened by the terrible Draft Riots of July, 1863, of which later generations have scarcely heard, but which no New Yorker who lived through them ever forgot. While the disorder was general in all parts of the city, the Wehles' house was in the center of the worst scenes of violence and murder. A thousand persons lost their lives in the anarchy which broke loose, and property to the value of one and a half million dollars was destroyed.

To comprehend the terror of those days and the intensity

³⁵ Dr. Abraham Jacobi, "The Most Eminent American Physician of European Birth," *American Medicine*, May 6, 1905.

of feeling which prevailed, including as it did a sense of horror at treachery to the Union cause, we need to bear in mind the great events of the war antecedent to July, '63, with which men's minds and hearts were filled.

The summer and fall of '62 had been a period of profound gloom throughout the North; it was perhaps the darkest moment of the struggle. From a war of offense the federal forces had been driven almost wholly to the defensive. The campaigns and battles of '62—Bull Run, Richmond, Fredericksburg—all had been defeat and failure. The terrible losses at Fredericksburg (over twelve thousand Union troops fallen to about five thousand Confederates) filled the North with mourning. While Lincoln was trying one general after another to lead the Army of the Potomac, Lee with Stonewall Jackson was waging his brilliant campaigns in Maryland and Virginia.

The state of feeling at the North [writes Rhodes of the autumn of 1862] now approached consternation. That Lee should threaten Washington and Baltimore, then Harrisburg and Philadelphia, while Bragg threatened Louisville and Cincinnati, was a piling up of menace that shook the nerves of the coolest men.

Indeed in June, '63, so pressing was the danger of Lee's invasion of the Cumberland Valley that nineteen regiments from New York, soon to be dearly missed, were sent to join in the defense of Harrisburg.

By the end of 1862 volunteering had practically ceased, and a Conscription Act was passed by Congress. The clause of the Act which was to have consequences so tragic allowed any man who was drafted to buy himself off for \$300. It was this provision which was responsible, in large part, for the outbreak of the riot in New York. By July, '63, the sum of \$300 was, owing to the decline in the value of paper currency and the rise in wages and cost of living, no longer a sufficient bounty to obtain a substitute. The provision was denounced as a device to enable the rich to escape at the expense of the poor.

The two great Union victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, had "come as a deliverance" to the North, but the war was still to continue for almost two years longer.

Conscription was a new measure of compulsion which needed for its success the full force of public opinion. Prominent Democrats declared it unconstitutional. Yet the draft proceeded quietly in the eastern states where it was begun on July 7. Indeed, even in New York, on Saturday, July 11, the first day of the draft, the drawings of names at the provost marshal's office took place without disturbance. But on Sunday the publication in the newspapers of the names of the conscripts revealed the practical effect of the draft. Nearly all were mechanics and laborers.

Those who had already been drawn or were liable to be drawn on the following days became excited, then angry. Crowds gathered to discuss the provisions of the law. . . . At the end of this day of busy rumor and seething agitation, the populace was convinced that the draft was unjust and ought to be resisted.⁸⁶

On Monday morning the provost marshal resumed the drawing for the Ninth District at the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Third Avenue, about a mile north of where the Wehles lived. A crowd of several thousand persons, chiefly workmen who had gathered along Third Avenue, arrived with bricks, stones, axes, and other tools, and forced their way into the building. The draft lists were torn to shreds, the wheel and furniture wrecked, and the building finally set on fire.

From these first acts of violence directed against the draft, the riot grew and spread over the city. Abolitionists and the unfortunate colored people were specially hunted down, shot, and hanged. The Colored Orphan Asylum was burned down. Moreover, under cover of the original motive of the rioters, thieves and ruffians of the underworld broke loose and soon dominated the mob. Houses and stores were indiscriminately plundered and burned to the ground. The police were powerless alone, and most of the militia regiments which might have restored order were away, during the early part of the riot, in the mountains of Pennsylvania. "The second day of the riot,"

⁸⁶ James Ford Rhodes, *History of the Civil War, 1861-65* (New York: Macmillan, 1917), p. 202.

says a contemporary account, "closed with unabated gloom and was followed by a night of wakeful anxiety, for the constant tolling of the fire bells, telling of repeated house-burnings, foreboded a general conflagration."⁸⁷

Like other families the Wehles were obliged to stay within doors, behind closed shutters, while pistol shots flew on Twenty-third Street and lodged in the tree in front of their house. They all slept in the back rooms. Not two blocks away, at Twenty-first Street and Second Avenue, the mob attacked and burned down a Federal depot of firearms. A crowd forced its way into the house of their next door neighbor, whose sympathies were no more pronouncedly abolitionist than their own, carried out all the furniture and set fire to it in the yard. Was their house to be attacked or catch fire next? With some misgivings, but quite ignorant of the danger to all colored folk, they had allowed their colored washerwoman to leave on Monday night. She was never seen again.

It must have been no little relief to Gottlieb and Eleanore Wehle when on Tuesday morning their son-in-law, Joseph Goldmark, drove over from Brooklyn in a closed carriage to take as many members of the family as possible to the safety of his house in Brooklyn. The five younger daughters, then ranging from sixteen to twenty-one years, went with him to stay with Regina. Julia hastened to wrap up the silver, and sent it along in a large carpetbag for safe-keeping.

Joseph Goldmark's house was a safe refuge for his wife's family. But the fate of his factory caused him keen anxiety. As one of the few manufacturers in the country making percussion caps and cartridges for the Federal Government, and refusing large financial rewards to supply the Confederacy, his plant was naturally open to attack. The Federal authorities were themselves no less anxious than he, and two detachments of soldiers were sent to guard the factory, camping in front of it until order was restored. A few men were detailed to guard the house. Regina had turkeys roasted and pies baked for the soldiers.

⁸⁷ William L. Stone, *History of New York City* (New York: Virtue and Yorston, 1872), p. 553.

The draft had been temporarily suspended. Not until the return of the New York troops from Pennsylvania was the mob suppressed. "Ordered back to New York to quell riots," says a penciled postscript in a letter from the Wehles' young soldier friend, written in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on July 15.

The great flag which flew from Joseph Goldmark's factory, sewed by hand under stress of deep emotion by Regina and Julia at the outbreak of the war when the supply of flags gave out and none could be bought, bears to this day the marks of the rioters' bullets.

Draped in black, the flag hung on its staff on the day when the terrible, the incredible news came of Lincoln's assassination. No other tragedy of public life, even of the World War, ever seemed to the makers of that flag so to have struck home to their hearts, and to have darkened their private lives, as the death of Lincoln. To their last days they preserved, each one, the bow of red, white, and blue covered with crêpe which, in the fashion of the time, they had worn on the day of Lincoln's funeral.

It was for their generation, they felt, for all those who had experienced that unparalleled sense of loss that Whitman had written:

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

Exult O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Vindication

ON June 20, 1867, Joseph Goldmark was well established in his Brooklyn home when a turn of the political wheel in Austria offered him a long-sought opportunity. Emperor Francis Joseph promulgated a general amnesty for political offenses. Thereupon Joseph Goldmark immediately took steps to have his case reopened. While he was by this time a naturalized and devoted American, whose bond with his new country the Civil War had forever sealed, he could not rest for his children's sake as well as his own, until his name was vindicated. His conviction on the double charge of high treason and complicity in the brutal murder of the aged Minister of War Latour, on October 6, 1848, had long rankled. Though the amnesty of 1867 covered only the conviction for treason and did not annul the second conviction for murder, Goldmark, confident of the honorable part he had played in the tragedy, was determined to stand trial a second time.

He sailed for Europe in August, 1868. But being still under sentence of death in Austria he remained in Dresden, Germany, until a safe-conduct granting him entrance into Austria for the purpose of submitting to a second trial, could be obtained by his old friends. On arriving in Vienna bail was fixed at ten thousand crowns, later reduced to five thousand. The liberal ministry in power at once granted facilities for the case of a Forty-eighter, an American citizen, who had crossed the Atlantic to obtain justice in his old home where freedom had first shown him her enchanting visage, so quickly veiled and quenched in night.

To glance at the legal record in this case, it appears that directly after the disruption of the Reichstag of '48 the Viennese Military Court had transmitted to the Criminal Court, in March, 1849, the evidence it had in hand relative to the acts of Goldmark and his friends during the Revolution. There the matter rested until June, 1854, when the imperial Prosecutor's office was directed to take up the cases of Gold-



Joseph Goldmark

About 1865

mark, Fuster, and Violand. A "bad effect on public opinion" had been produced, according to the Government, by the failure to strike these names from the rolls, respectively, of the nobility and the doctorate. Sentence of death for high treason had already in 1853 been passed against Kudlich who, however, had made his way to the United States.

An indictment of the three accused followed on October 22, 1855. A secret trial was ordered by the Ministry of Justice, and in March, 1856, sentence of death, on the charge of high treason, was pronounced against the three.

We have already in an earlier chapter quoted Kudlich's accounts of the summary sentences of the Criminal Court and its accumulations of perjured testimony incriminating members of the Left. What, precisely, this testimony consisted of—how the spies of the Government were themselves spied upon and what both sets of spies reported to their government employers under the old *régime*—we shall now never exactly know. For the secret archives of the Austrian Empire in which these reports were contained, kept secret for generations and opened to the world only on the establishment of the present Austrian Republic, were unfortunately lost in the fire of July, 1927. The Palace of Justice containing the documents was largely burned in the riot precipitated by a series of judicial decisions markedly hostile to, and bitterly resented by, the Social-Democratic party. In 1868 Goldmark's counsel, Dr. Hermann Knepler was, however, allowed access to some of these documents.

In imposing sentence the court of 1856 drew on an earlier Government Report on the murder of the Minister of War, Latour. In this Report one main charge which the Government sought to establish was the complicity of the Viennese liberals in Hungary's uprising. And in the case of both Fischhof and Goldmark the facts lent some color to the charge. Both had lived and been educated in Hungary until they came to the University; both sympathized with the liberal Hungarian movement. But that either of them worked with the small radical republican movement in mid-Europe their record disproves.

The Report of 1850 maintained that both Goldmark and Fischhof "were leaders of the democratic clubs of Vienna which

were madly working for the downfall of Austria." Their reputed aim was to transform the mid-European states into a federated republic and to cast out the royal dynasties. "In case of success, it was planned to set up a provisional government made up of members of the Extreme Left, among them Goldmark, Fischhof, Violand, and Fuster, with Fröbel as president."³⁸

Of the evidence directly implicating Goldmark in the murder of Latour, the court of 1856 laid most weight on the testimony of two special witnesses, Michael Pauly, superintendent of the War Department Building, and Carl Höchsmann, a government messenger.

Flimsy, even trivial, as the evidence of these witnesses in retrospect seems, unworthy of serious attention, it must be remembered that it sufficed to fix upon an honorable man the brand of a common crime. For sentence of death *in contumaciam* on the charge of murder as well as high treason was imposed upon Goldmark and widely published, together with the garbled facts. Across the Atlantic it threw a dark shadow on Goldmark's private life. His engagement to Regina Wehle and their lifelong happiness was for a time seriously endangered. Their marriage and identification with American life did not alter Goldmark's determination to clear the stain, whenever opportunity offered.

Michael Pauly, superintendent of the War Building in 1848, swore to the following: that on October 6 when he had tried to disperse the mob in the courtyard of the War Building by assuring them that Latour had left, a well-dressed man in civilian clothes had contradicted him and had roused the mob to renewed violence by exclaiming: "Don't believe him. Latour is in the building."

Quoting this evidence, the later court of 1868 disposed of the point summarily, saying that Pauly had never identified Goldmark as the civilian in question:

The witness does not mention a word of the conspicuous mark which distinguished the deputies sent to the rescue of the Min-

³⁸ Ergebnisse, p. 149.

ister, that is, their white scarfs. Goldmark, as Doctors Smolka and Löw state under oath, had on one of these. The man quoted by the witness wore neither legionary uniform nor the white scarf.

The second special witness against Goldmark, Carl Höchsmann, swore that he had seen him and Fischhof at the Aula directly after the murder of Latour celebrating the crime with the mob assembled there and crying out that it was "worth more to Hungary than a million."

In reply to this charge Goldmark's counsel Knepler marshaled witnesses to testify to his client's actions on October 6, his record, and the views he had expressed with regard to the murder.

They came forward willingly, these witnesses, "voluntarily, touchingly," as Goldmark wrote his wife from Vienna. They were his comrades of the March days, companions of the ill-fated Left, fellow members of the Constitutional Committee, "that strength which in old days moved heaven and earth."

There was Fischhof first of all, "personally and politically one of the noblest and most significant figures ever produced by Austrian democracy," according to Redlich; to whose Castor Goldmark had played Pollux in the old medical school days. There was Smolka, now leader of the Left in the Galician Assembly, at whose side he had stood on October 6, facing the mob on the staircase over the shaft of Smolka's white flag; there was Dr. Hoffer, his successor as president of the Student Committee, now a deputy in another Reichstag; there was Brestel and Schuselka and Dr. Löw, editor of the *Reichsblatt* in 1848 who could testify from his stenographic notes in rebuttal to Höchsmann the exact hour of Goldmark's return to the Riding School after the murder.

There were others, too, to testify, of more conservative kind. Doblhoff, Minister of the Interior in '48; Lasser of the Constitutional Committee, now governor of the Tyrol; there was Hofrat Mayer V. Mayrau, now director of the Viennese Trust Company. There were humbler folk, too, such as the landlady with whom he and Fischhof had lived in '48. It was she who told the facts confirmed by Doblhoff himself, as to the

minister's rescue by Fischhof and Goldmark, on the wild night of October 6, when anarchy had ruled the city.

One and all these witnesses testified to Goldmark's liberal and very advanced political views in 1848, but his no less open abhorrence of the murder and its inevitably fatal reaction on the cause of liberty.

From the opening of the Reichstag to its violent dissolution in the years 1848-49 I was Dr. Goldmark's roommate [said Fischhof]. I therefore had opportunity to observe him in the most intimate way and I am expressing my deepest conviction in saying that I know Dr. Goldmark to be a man of a high sense of duty and of strict honor, totally incapable of committing a dishonorable deed, not to speak of a common crime. Even his political opponents of that time could not question his candor and honor.

Fischhof told of the rescue of Doblhoff the same day:

Proof of Dr. Goldmark's readiness to expose himself to danger on behalf of other prominent men who were threatened, is shown by the following fact. As soon as we learned that Minister Doblhoff had taken refuge in our rooms and wished to make his escape from the city, Goldmark and I hurried home together, helped the minister to disguise himself, and accompanied him to one of the suburbs, through the barricaded Franzensthor, if my memory served me aright.

Doblhoff himself confirmed the story. "There is not the least doubt that Dr. Goldmark not only consented to my escape from Vienna but aided it," he testified.

A friend had conducted him to Fischhof and Goldmark's rooms in the recognized meeting place of the revolutionary leaders called Zum Roten Igel (At the Sign of the Red Hedgehog) where he remained until late at night, until the two doctors learned of his concealment there and returned to contrive his escape through the turbulent and burning city.

Two by two, arm in arm we made our devious way through Teinfalt Street to the Franzensthor [concluded Doblhoff]. It is obvious that Seidlitz who was well acquainted with Goldmark's sentiments certainly would not have taken me to his rooms, if he had reason to suspect any danger in that quarter. . . . These

recollections I hope may perhaps contribute something to erase the black stain from the life of a man who was held in high respect by all who were acquainted with him.³⁹

Höchsmann's charge that he had seen Goldmark together with other deputies celebrating the murder at the Aula directly after it had been committed, the court of 1868 dismissed as false.

For Latour had fallen just as the clock on the War Building was striking quarter to five. Dr. Löw, as stenographic reporter of the Reichstag, testified that he had noted the hour of opening the session as 4.45. It was five o'clock, he added, when the impeachment of the President of the Reichstag was demanded. "At that time Goldmark was already present and made his powerful plea for harmony." "The time was much too short for him to have gone to the Aula, to have joined in the cheering, and then to have reached the Assembly Chamber at the time I gave him the floor, as shown by the stenographic report," agreed Smolka, presiding officer on October 6 of the Reichstag.

In view of the facts established by these and other witnesses, "facts which, if they had been known at the time of the indictment, would have led to a different decision," said the court of 1868, "the indictment is hereby dismissed for lack of evidence."

* * * * *

Thus the wheel had come full circle, and in the country which he had quitted with a heavy heart, his hopes blasted, a price on his head, Goldmark received the vindication he craved. His name was cleared. A meeting of his old friends and constituents celebrated the victory with speeches. Best of all, the University gave in his honor the traditional token of its regard, a torchlight procession. He had been greatly moved at his first sight of the scenes of his youth with all its glorious hopes. "When we walked through the old General Hospital where he had studied and had his medical service, I saw the tears run down his cheeks," wrote his brother Carl Goldmark of their first tour of the city together. The recognition of the

³⁹ Knepler, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

old Aula was balm to his spirit—testimony to his friends' contention that he could never have been guilty of brutally attacking an old and helpless, though hated adversary.

Once more he attended a session of the Austrian Reichstag, this time as a guest of honor. Old friends of '48 and younger members pressed around him with congratulations. "I am a well-known and popular figure again," he wrote his wife with mingled humor and pride, "and could easily get back into politics if I were ambitious and wanted to stay here."

In Budapest he saw his old friend Pulski, Kossuth's ambassador to Vienna in 1848, and went with him to a meeting in honor of the revered Hungarian statesman Francis Déak.⁴⁰ Déak responded to a speech by the President of the Hungarian Chamber, "then he came right over to Pulski and me," wrote Goldmark to his wife, "seized both my hands and engaged in the most cordial conversation."

Opportunities of returning to Vienna followed. Both the Austrian and the Hungarian ministries held out offers, if he would remain in Europe, of business contracts. His percussion caps and cartridges were well known to military men from the Civil War. Branches of his American factory might be built near Vienna and Budapest; capital was offered to assist the projected enterprise.

One strong incentive for remaining in Vienna and one of Joseph Goldmark's chief pleasures during his stay there was his renewed intercourse with his brother Carl. Carl Goldmark was now a man of thirty-eight years, a composer of acknowledged standing in the musical world. His compositions for strings—trios, quartets, and quintets—his then recently published *Sakuntala* overture, had brought him recognition throughout Germany as well as in Austria. He was now at work upon his first opera, *The Queen of Sheba*, which was to have its triumphant *première* in the Vienna Hofoper in March, 1875. By the following November it had been performed fifteen

⁴⁰ "To understand fully Déak's great position in European history of the nineteenth century, an Englishman should remember the great leaders of the Puritans, maintaining common law against Prerogative, or an American might compare Francis Déak to Abraham Lincoln" (Redlich, *Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria*, p. 301).

times in Vienna. To this day it remains one of the favorites of the Viennese opera stage, played each season to crowded houses.

The two brothers had scarcely known one another before the year '68.

"I am really just learning to know my brother and he me," wrote Carl Goldmark to his sister-in-law. "I was too young to appreciate the true worth of his character when he left and mine was undeveloped. I am all the happier now, realizing to the full all I possess in him."

In the summer of 1844, as told in an earlier chapter, Carl Goldmark had come, at fourteen, to join his brother in Vienna from the little Hungarian town of Keszthely where Joseph's father and stepmother were living with their large family. In the delightful reminiscences he wrote seventy years later, Carl describes his carefree and untrammelled childhood, free even from confinement in school, roaming the fields and woods, sensitive to every sound of nature.

For about two years after coming to Vienna Carl lived with his brother, then working for his medical degree and supporting himself in part by teaching chemistry. The young boy, scarcely able to read and write, transplanted to the circle of ardent young revolutionaries who met and read together in Fischhof and Goldmark's rooms, listened and absorbed what he could as he ran errands and performed small household duties for his older brother. His musical talent was already unmistakable; he was taking violin lessons, going to all the free concerts he could hear, and writing constantly for the violin, without possessing the least knowledge of harmony or counterpoint.

But to the older brother this entire absorption in music held out no promise of any future general education. How could an ignorant and untaught boy hope to aspire to the career of a violin virtuoso? At whatever cost Carl must study for the Polytechnic. Joseph's impatient remonstrance had its effect.

Your words "a second-rate musician, a wandering gypsy" made a deep impression on me and were the strongest kind of stimulus

[wrote Carl to Joseph in 1866 in one of the first letters exchanged by the brothers after Joseph's silence of almost twenty years]. The greater part of my compositions have been published. I was delighted to hear that you have secured some of them, proof to me that you still affectionately remember the naughty and perverse young lad who lived with you.

Carl did not, however, need his brother's admonitions to stimulate his efforts to obtain an education. After Joseph's flight from Austria, from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year, he suffered almost unbelievable hardships and privation in his efforts to support and educate himself and continue his musical career. That he succeeded in becoming a composer of international reputation as well as a cultivated human being was the triumph of an iron will and great gifts over the most difficult odds. The buoyancy and geniality which made him so delightful a companion was a natural endowment, typically Austrian.

To Joseph Goldmark the prospect of remaining in Vienna was in many ways tempting. Vienna had grown in the twenty years of his absence to be a world center. A parliamentary career easily open to him, his brother's companionship, government contracts, the music, the charm and gaiety of Vienna, a European education and society for his sons and daughters; for a moment he wavered. But only for a moment. The European environment was precisely what he did not want for his children. He would seek to make European business connections, and he did in fact after months of negotiations conclude with the Hungarian premier Andrassy a five-year contract to supply the Hungarian *Honved* army with cartridges.⁴¹ But for him the die had long since been cast. He had breathed a different atmosphere and was now at home in it. His wife, whose good judgment he always consulted, wavered never a moment. She waved aside as of no account the possibility of life in Vienna. She knew that his heart now lay in their ample American home, where children were playing in a garden in Brooklyn, where grapes and pear trees grew.

We saunter through the old streets together [wrote Carl to

⁴¹ The contract was dissolved at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

Regina], a thousand memories of glorious youth awaken, every house, every stone is a reminder of some historic moment in which he played a conspicuous part. Friends recognize him and come up to shake his hand, others pass by with respect and admiration in their eyes. It makes me sad to think that he will soon leave us and I can find consolation only in the thought of the happiness which awaits him in his own home.

But before he left the Old World, Goldmark published a letter of thanks to all those who had assisted him in his trial before the court of '68:

The noble readiness of men from the ranks of my political opponents as well as my political friends to bear witness for me, vastly aided my efforts, and I am deeply moved to record the fact that the voluntary testimony of persons totally unknown to me recalled incidents which had escaped my memory, that noble-hearted women came to my assistance with important evidence and that a workingman from his bed of sickness dictated to my lawyer some lines which contributed to my exoneration.

The letter was written from the depths of the writer's feelings: "In the midst of all that has changed in Austria, nothing has remained the same except the loyalty and essential goodness of the people of Vienna. May this people," he ended—ignorant of the terrible irony of his unconscious words—"may this people be forever blessed."

Merciful brevity of human vision! For just fifty years later the people of Vienna, led into aggressive warfare by their military leaders, were after defeat and armistice to suffer at the hands of the victorious Allies hardships and starvation more terrible, says one of their historians, than "during the Turkish menace, the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic invasion or the Revolution of '48."⁴² And in the infliction of these sufferings through the blockade upon a conquered and helpless people, the United States, to which Goldmark had returned after his vindication, was content to be a participant.

And yet, in the very midst of a distress almost unparalleled in its circumstances, there was developing a movement from

⁴² Bettelheim, *op. cit.*, p. 5.

out of the heart of the people themselves, not unworthy of the spirit of '48. Where in the old imperial days, the working population lived in great part huddled in sunless, swarming tenements, today the municipality builds its thousands of workmen's apartments with air and light and beauty and communal features. In the new-old Vienna amid the loveliness of the ancient architecture the spirit of humanity which the Forty-eighters voiced and for which they died, has had a wonderful flowering.⁴³ "In the midst of all that has changed, nothing has remained the same except the loyalty and essential goodness of the people of Vienna," Joseph Goldmark had written in 1868. In 1930 he might have echoed the saying and seen it once more exemplified.

⁴³ Vienna under Socialist Rule, 1928. The Labor Party. Transport House. Smith Square, London.

Last Years.

IN the felicity of home life the years passed. Goldmark was urged to accept public office in Brooklyn, but young as he was, for him, he felt, a public career was over. The failure of '48 had cut too deep.

In the King's County Republican Club which he helped to found, in the Chemical Society of which he was a charter member, in the Society of German-American Physicians, where old student friends met, now distinguished Americans—Dr. Ernst Krackowizer, Dr. A. Jacobi, Dr. Hans Kudlich, Dr. Hans Zinsser, and many others, Goldmark found congenial companionship. "Come home, dear Doctor, we are all weary to see you, as the Scotch say," one of the newer friends of American days, Dr. Munroe Smith, had written him to Vienna. "Pity that you cannot project yourself back on one of your own shells."

The passionate devotion of his impulsive nature to his wife—the girl whose beauty had first enchanted him—never lessened. No activity could be complete without her. Many a winter in the late sixties and seventies did she meet him regularly, three evenings each week in his New York office on White Street, journeying all the way over from Brooklyn in the horse cars and across the ferry that they might dine together and spend an enraptured evening at the Italian opera in the old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street, or listen in rapt enthusiasm to the wonderful Rachel or the great Rubinstein. The return home at ever so late an hour never detracted from their mutual delight in these excursions. Their dearest concern lay, however, in the education of their growing family of boys and girls which filled their days with the care, the interest, and the stir of young life.

And during these same years in another home, in the South, Adolf and Frederika Brandeis were spending their middle years, educating their four children, enjoying with the young people an open house, the sociability of the South, the music and reading, the horseback and buggy riding of a southern

town. Frederika preserved the generous and romantic spirit which had enriched her life from her early youth. She shared with her children and her circle the eager literary interests which had been prominent in her girlhood. She and her husband, like the other Forty-eighters, had been ardent abolitionists. When her brother Lewis Dembitz went as a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860 which nominated Lincoln, it was a family event, of pride and excitement intermingled. In a border state like Kentucky where northern and southern sentiment clashed and divided brothers, all the emotional stress of the war was heightened and intensified. Frederika, like Regina, baked pies and made coffee for northern soldiers as they passed through the city. A southern general, Bragg, had invaded Kentucky and threatened to take Louisville only a few months before the New York Draft Riots. The war was the background of the children's earliest remembrances.

I remember helping my mother carry out food and coffee to the men from the North. The streets seemed full of them always. But there were times when the rebels came so near that we could hear the firing. At one such time my father moved us over the river. Those were my first memories.⁴⁴

So wrote in after years, Louis Brandeis, the younger son. Adolf Brandeis' business, like Joseph Goldmark's, brought him in constant contact with the Federal Government and with the war. The firm of Brandeis and Crawford was well known as the "pioneer grain firm" of Kentucky. They became purveyors of grain and other produce for northern armies. It was later to seem, as it were, an inheritance, a time-honored trust, when in 1916 Adolf's older son, Alfred Brandeis, in his turn became chief of the Cereal Export Division of the United States Food Administration in the dark days of the World War.

Public affairs had for these adoptive children of America always been the familiar concerns of the household. Throughout his long life Adolf Brandeis enjoyed that gift of easy and humane intercourse with his fellow men of all degrees which had

⁴⁴ Louis D. Brandeis, *Business, a Profession* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1914), Introduction by Ernest Poole.

been marked when he first, during the fifties, drove his buggy or rode on horseback to buy standing crops from the farmers in the back country along the Ohio. He was in the true sense of the word democratic, for he enjoyed all human relations. And in all his intercourse, as in the country grocery store of the fifties, the first topic of interest was the "state of the nation," the politics of the day. Adolf Brandeis never lost that sense of personal identification with the success or failure of democratic institutions which he had, on arriving in the United States, felt to be a distinguishing trait of the Americans. "It is the normal, natural relationship which delights me in America, in this, as in many other matters," he had written home regarding the position of women in the United States on first arriving. And of these normal, natural relationships man's relation to public affairs and the country was one. It was integral, essential. "I have got to the point where politics over here interest me much more than European politics," he wrote in another early letter during his first months in America; it was an interest which never subsided.

To this early influence, not unnaturally, the set of the sons of the house may be ascribed—the older, Alfred Brandeis, in his native Kentucky, the younger, Louis D. Brandeis, in Massachusetts, where he made his own home, from the first identifying themselves in their different ways with community concerns, civic and social.

The pioneer grain firm of Louisville meantime had grown and prospered. It was accounted one of the important factors in the growth of Louisville into a great grain center. Yet there had been times of stress, as when in the business depression which followed in the wake of the Civil War, southern clients of the firm of Brandeis and Crawford failed and involved them in heavy losses. Before the financial crash of 1873, Adolf Brandeis with characteristic good judgment had decided to close up his business and await the return of prosperity rather than hazard more in the general economic debacle.

In the fall of 1872 accordingly, he and his family sailed for Europe. There followed school days in Germany, tramps in the Alps, a winter in Vienna where the rich treasures of Italian

art prepared the travelers for Italy itself, Italy of the seventies, Italy of the post road, before the day of the modern tourist.

But in the midst of these delights, something was lacking: the time came to take up again the threads of life temporarily dropped. For Adolf Brandeis and his wife, as for Joseph Goldmark, a return to Europe and European life—savored to the full as travel, change, incitement—brought home to them as nothing else their now essential Americanism, native, as it were, to that soil. For life abroad was exile.

One night coming home late and finding I had forgotten my key, I whistled up to awaken my roommate, and for this I was reprimanded by the police. This made me homesick. In Kentucky you could whistle. . . . I wanted to go back to America and I wanted to study law. My uncle, the abolitionist, was a lawyer, and to me nothing else seemed really worth while.

So the boy Louis later expressed it, who went home to find the liberty he craved, and enter the legal calling in which he was to find his life's work.

In Louis Brandeis the early influences of his home reinforced what was perhaps his strongest natural bent. In public affairs for a quarter century he found his major interest, before entering upon the judicial career in which his ripened experience was to bear fruit. The pattern of American life had, however, in the decades following the Civil War, undergone fundamental change. As early as 1860 manufacture had already outstripped agriculture in value: the change had already set in. Toward the end of the century it was complete. Economic issues dominated in a sense unknown before. Huge aggregation of capital, the vast potential power of industry for good or for ill—these had become primary economic issues underlying American life. To his early realization of this formidable truth Louis Brandeis owed the vigor of his public work.

In the early nineties he married one of the daughters of Joseph and Regina Goldmark. So the old bond between Frederika and Regina was strengthened by a closer tie. Long, long before, in Prague, the older cousin had sketched a portrait of

her little favorite, Regina, in the graceful verse which always flowed so easily from her pen, even after the days of her romantic girlhood:

*Als die Rose ward geboren
Hat der Herr sie auserkoren
Zu der Blumen Königin.*

*Bist der Rose zu vergleichen
Jener schönen anmutsreichen
Und Regina nennt man Dich.*⁴⁵

It was a picture of Regina in her prime and in her old age, as well as her childhood.

But when their children married, the rose bloomed lonely and alone. Joseph Goldmark had died at the early age of sixty-one years. In the incalculable chances of human fate Regina was destined to survive him by nearly a half century. Before her death, from the vantage ground of her almost ninety years, she would review her life with the keen objectivity natural to her, as though it were a landscape spread out before her or a long, long journey taken by someone she had known well, not herself. The old days in Prague when she and her sisters took their prim afternoon walks with the governess to the edge of the town until they could run out beyond the walls to gather flowers and learn their names; Moritz Hartmann, the handsome young tutor, the center of Frederika's circle whom they all adored; the exciting journey over the water and west on the Erie Canal; the quiet life of Madison where rain was so precious—all these things were as clear in her remembrance as her first buggy drive with her lover on a country visit in New Jersey, or Lincoln's Cooper Union speech, or the terror of the Draft Riots of July, '63. Scene after scene unrolled

⁴⁵ When God fashioned the rose
Her of all the flowers, he chose
To be their queen.

Like unto the rose thy face
In charm, in beauty and in grace,
And Regina is thy name.

Translated by Susan Goldmark.

itself before her as to a deeply interested spectator in a play, while she lived the life of the twentieth century, never too old for new thoughts and new experiences.

Near the end, a curious reversion took place. She had been deeply influenced in her young prime by her husband's scientific agnosticism. In her very old age, her father's deep-lying belief in immortality reawoke within her.

"Towards the end of her life a change took place in her attitude towards death, which became more particularly evident after the death of the beloved daughter,"⁴⁶ wrote the philosopher who had been her mainstay in the dark days of her early widowhood and who remained forever her close counselor—as of how many others:

As happens also in other cases, by way of recoil from the brute fact of the physical rupture of the tie, the spirit entered more deeply into its own profundities, and there found the assurance that though the extrinsic ties may be dissolved, the intrinsic ties that bind soul to soul are incapable of dissolution, however incognizable and inconceivable may be the conditions under which the relationship is perpetuated. In my last interview with her she expressed eagerly and somewhat anxiously this faith, and was content to know that in substance I shared it with her.⁴⁷

On her ninetieth birthday Regina fell asleep, well contented by the thought that she was about to cross into the great unknown.

⁴⁶ Emily Goldmark, died October 3, 1922.

⁴⁷ Dr. Felix Adler, who in 1881 had married Helen, oldest daughter of Joseph and Regina Goldmark.

Epilogue

AMONG the Forty-eighters of our immediate story were men and women distinguished by the special characteristics of their group; they came to this country imbued with a love of the old-world culture in which they had grown up, and possessed by the passion for liberty. These characteristics were marked in their lives and it was these guiding impulses which they sought consciously and unconsciously, in words and by unspoken example to impress upon their descendants.

They loved liberty and democratic institutions with the enthusiasm of adoptive sons and daughters. They preserved to the end a belief in their efficacy.

Whether that conviction was justified or whether obstacles to freedom which the Forty-eighters scarcely divined—"Riddles of death Thebes never knew"—shall in the end dominate, is hidden in the taciturn future. Certain it is that for the future as for the past the best hope lies in that free play of the mind and of the heart which the Forty-eighters crossed the seas to find, and which they handed down to their descendants as the desideratum of free men and women in a free land.

The continuity of the tradition and its—may we say—permanent place in American life two quotations, from the pens of a father and a son, may serve to illustrate. The first was written in 1848 naïvely yet from conviction, by the young and ardent Adolf Brandeis, newly come to these shores:

I already love our new country so much that I rejoice when I can sing its praises. . . . I have gotten hold of a book which contains the messages of all the presidents. This week I have been reading of the progress made in Washington's day, and I felt as proud and happy about it as though it had all been my own doing. . . . I feel my patriotism growing every day, because every day I learn to know the splendid institutions of this country better.

Side by side with this first ingenuous exclamation may be set

another utterance written seventy-nine years later, invoking once more the tradition of '48, the spirit of an earlier, liberty-loving era. It seeks to redefine, to recapture for the American people that spirit of freedom and of fearlessness which once underlay the "splendid institutions of this country" and without which—if it were finally lost—they would be no longer splendid.

Those who won our independence by revolution were not cowards [says a concurring opinion of Justice Brandeis in a famous recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States]. They did not fear political change. They did not exalt order at the cost of liberty. . . .

Those who won our independence believed that the final end of the State was to make men free to develop their faculties; and that in its government the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth; . . . that the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people; that public discussion is a political duty, and that this should be a fundamental principle of the American Government. They recognized the risks to which all human institutions are subject. But they knew that order cannot be secured merely through fear of punishment for its infraction; that it is hazardous to discourage thought, hope and imagination; that fear breeds repression, that repression breeds hate; that hate menaces stable government; that the path of safety lies in the opportunity to discuss freely supposed grievances and proposed remedies; and that the fitting remedy for evil counsels is good ones.⁴⁸

In these words there spoke a son of the Forty-eighters.

⁴⁸ Mr. Justice Brandeis, concurring. *Charlotte Anita Whitney vs. The People of the State of California*, 274 U.S. 357.

Appendix^e

The Discovery of Red or Amorphous Phosphorus

ON August 14, 1847, Goldmark read a paper entitled "On the Production of Red Phosphorus" before the Convention of Hungarian Physicians and Naturalists held at Oedenburg.¹

At that time it had long been known that yellow phosphorus becomes red when exposed to light. It was also known that this change takes place without demonstrable change in weight in the absence of oxygen. It had already been asserted that red phosphorus was an allotropic form of the yellow variety. "The proof however was wanting," says J. W. Mellor in his recent authoritative treatise on inorganic and theoretical chemistry.² Moreover, red phosphorus had not been produced in its pure form.

Goldmark gave a precise description of the apparatus and process whereby ordinary yellow phosphorus could be transformed into the allotropic red phosphorus. He explained how to obtain the red from the yellow phosphorus, described the appearance and the properties of the purified red allotrope, and its re-conversion into the yellow variety—all of which seems to constitute the proof which Mellor refers to as wanting at that time.

Seven months later Schrötter read a paper before the Mathematico-Scientific Section of the *Akademie der Wissenschaften* in Vienna on "A New Allotropic Form of Phosphorus." This report, while longer and more comprehensive, differed only in detail from the report earlier given by Goldmark at Oedenburg, on the production of red phosphorus.

The Convention at Oedenburg was attended by 483 physicians and scientists. According to the minutes of August 14, 1847, Goldmark's paper was received with applause and ordered printed. But fifteen years elapsed before the proceedings of the Convention were published.

That the conflict of claims between the two men was, however,

¹ "On the Production of Red Phosphorus. By Dr. Josef Goldmark of Vienna," Geyza Halasz [ed.], *Historical Sketch of the Convention of Hungarian Physicians and Naturalists Held at Oedenburg, Aug. 11-17, 1847* (Pest: G. Emich, 1863), p. 178.

² J. W. Mellor, *A Comprehensive Treatise on Inorganic and Theoretical Chemistry* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1928), VIII, 745.

well known from the year 1848 on, is evidenced by references in contemporary and later writings. Thus, for instance, the popular *Sonntagsblätter* of L. A. Frankl says (No. 11, 1848, p. 110): "*Red Phosphorus*. Two chemists are named as the discoverers of this product, each one of whom claims the discovery. Which of the two men, Schrötter or Goldmark, really did it?" Goldmark's reference to his "claim of priority in a matter of scientific investigation" (*wissenschaftlichen Prioritätsstreit*) in the course of a speech in the Austrian Reichstag (September 11, 1848) likewise shows that it was a matter of common knowledge. In a letter to Joseph Goldmark in New York from his brother Carl Goldmark in Vienna, written in 1866, the following passage appears: "Professor Schrötter has succeeded in having ascribed to himself your splendid discovery [*deine glänzende Entdeckung*] of amorphous phosphorus, but Professor Hebra has repeatedly and publicly declared it to be yours."³

Schrötter was, however, professor of chemistry in the Polytechnic, head of the laboratory in which Goldmark had worked. In March, 1849, Goldmark was obliged to flee from Vienna and for eighteen years had no communication with Austria. Schrötter continued to work and publish papers on phosphorus. The discovery of red phosphorus was ascribed to him in the textbooks and still continues to be so ascribed.⁴

The production of red phosphorus was followed by the development of a great industry essential to everyday life and comfort, the manufacture of the modern safety match.

The invention of the safety match had been preceded by that of the ordinary friction match. Friction matches were first made in 1827 by an Englishman named John Walker. They were made of wooden splints or sticks of cardboard coated with sulphur and tipped with a mixture of gum and two chemicals (sulphide of antimony and chlorate of potash).

A few years later phosphorus was first used as the principal ingredient in the igniting mixture of matches. In 1833 J. Preschel of Vienna had a factory in operation for making phosphorus matches.

The phosphorus used for friction matches was the ordinary white or yellow phosphorus. This chemical is a deadly poison and

³ The original copy of this letter has been placed with others in the Goldmark Room in the *Musikhochschule* in Budapest.

⁴ Mellor, *op. cit.*, VIII, 745.

its use led to many fatalities both among the users and the makers of the matches. Workers who are exposed to phosphorus vapor are subject to the dreaded "phossy-jaw" or necrosis of the jaw-bone. For the "strike-anywhere" match this poisonous yellow phosphorus has during the last twenty-five years been displaced throughout the civilized world by sesquisulphide of phosphorus, a compound without any deleterious effects.

The safety match, meantime, had from the first been made on a different principle from that of the "strike-anywhere" match. In the safety match the oxidizing agent, chlorate of potash, is on the head of the match while the inflammatory portion is applied to the box side, and the chief igniting ingredient was, from the first, not the poisonous yellow phosphorus, but the amorphous red phosphorus. As is well known, red phosphorus is in itself a perfectly innocuous substance and no evil effect arises from freely working the composition of which it forms an ingredient.

The use of red phosphorus for the manufacture of safety matches was patented by a Swede, G. E. Pasch, as early as 1844. He, however, thought it an oxide of phosphorus. In 1852, J. E. Lundström of Sweden utilized red phosphorus in the manufacture of safety or so-called "Swedish" matches for the first time on a larger scale.

In 1922 the old controversy between Schrötter and Goldmark was brought to public notice again when it was proposed that one of the streets of Vienna be named Goldmark Street. The question was raised whether the street was to be named in honor of Carl Goldmark, the composer, or his brother Joseph, a leader in the Revolution of '48 and discoverer of amorphous phosphorus. In consequence of some comment in the newspapers, the Mathematico-Scientific Section of the *Akademie der Wissenschaften* was asked to render a decision as to the relative claims of Schrötter and Goldmark in the production of red phosphorus. A Committee of three was appointed by the *Akademie* to report on the matter and in December, 1922, reported in favor of Schrötter.

The evidence on which the Committee based its findings has never been made public. The question therefore arises whether the Committee had before it Goldmark's original paper of 1847. It is quite possible that the Committee of 1922 did not have access to that report, since, though well known to contemporaries, it was delivered in Hungarian and was not published until 1863, in a Hungarian publication.

While it still remains doubtful whether the Committee took into account the crucial evidence, as contained in Goldmark's report at Oedenburg, this scientific controversy cannot be held to have been set at rest.

In connection with Schrötter's claims to the discovery of red phosphorus, the recent publication of secret documents contained in the *Haus, Hof, und Staatsarchiv* of Vienna are of significance for the light they throw on his methods of scientific research. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, one of the best known and most highly considered newspapers of Germany, on July 3, 1930, published an article making public for the first time documents entitled: Cabinet Archives. Secret Documents 36. On a Project to change Silver into Gold under the direction of Anton, Ritter von Schrötter, professor of the Polytechnic Institute, 1867-1870.

For almost three years, as these documents prove, Schrötter lent himself and his reputation to the age-old alchemist search. The facts, given on the authority of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, are briefly as follows:

On September 19, 1867, Emperor Francis Joseph was offered a so-called chemical "discovery" to change silver into gold, by three foreigners: the Spaniard Conte y Landres, chief of the former Carlist army; the Sicilian de la Rosa; and the Roman Catholic archpriest Roccattini. According to this "discovery" five millions of silver amalgam were to yield eighty millions of gold. The discoverers were to receive half of the net proceeds, that is "a payment of five million gulden and the remaining thirty five millions to be guaranteed by the state, payable in ten years." An added condition was "that a certain proportion of the future gold was to be reserved for his Holiness the Pope, without his knowing where it came from."

On September 28, 1867, Schrötter was appointed by the Emperor to investigate and report on the discovery.

On April 22, 1868, Schrötter reported a successful outcome of his investigation. To his "not inconsiderable surprise" the amalgam submitted to him and subjected to fourteen weeks of continuous heat had yielded a black powder "which on further investigation proved to be pure gold." Schrötter dismissed the possibility of fraud in the amalgam because "no one but Herr Roccattini had had access to the experiments" ("*ausser Herrn Roccattini hat nämlich Niemand den Arbeiten beigewohnt*") though the latter was one of the persons who stood to gain most from the

results. Schrötter adds in the same letter: "I must mention the fact that some other containers filled with amalgam, one of which I took to my house without the knowledge of Herr Roccattini on December 18th showed no content of gold, after a sufficient length of time for the experiment had elapsed."

Yet shortly afterward he writes to the office of the Imperial Cabinet:

The truth of Roccattini's claims are thus substantiated. This constitutes the most important discovery ever made in chemistry [*welche überhaupt je auf dem Gebiete der Chemie gemacht wurde*]. I must therefore count it among the most fortunate experiences of my life [*der glücklichsten Ereignissen meines Lebens zählen*] that his Majesty thought of me when the truth of the fundamental facts claimed by Herr Roccattini were to be tested. This has now been done and the preliminary studies have so far succeeded that it is now a question of making this discovery profitable [*gewinnbringend*].

In the *Elaborat* prepared at the imperial command, Schrötter proposes that the production of gold from silver be carried on in the imperial mint on a factory scale, and that the mint be rebuilt for this purpose.

In order to secure the necessary secrecy for this undertaking the Director of the mint, Ministerialrat von Hassenbauer, was retired, and shortly afterward, in October, 1868, Schrötter was appointed in his place. "It is painful to me that a deserving official like Ministerialrat von Hassenbauer must be retired (*in Pension gehen muss*) to make place for me" writes Schrötter to the office of the Imperial Cabinet.

Almost a full year later, on October 2, 1869, Director Schrötter writes to de la Rosa who was again asking for money, that the undertaking had until then had "no practical results," and that de la Rosa was therefore to receive no more payments (*von hier aus keine Subvention mehr*).

Not until June 30, 1870, did the farce end with the following letter from Ministerialrat von Schrötter, Director of the mint, to Roccattini:

All my efforts have yielded either a totally negative result or minimal quantities of the desired substance, though carried on with so much trouble and care and under as many different conditions as possible. Negative results were the more frequent. . . . After repeated analysis, during eighteen months and more, I found not the least trace of the desired substance in the bottle which I kept and which was

filled with the same substance as yours. I am therefore very much surprised that you, as you write, have found this substance in the bottle which you took away from here.

I cannot but believe that you have deceived yourself or that the calm sky of Italy has worked a miracle [In the Italian original: *o che il cielo sereno d'Italia abbia operato il miracolo*].

Whatever the miracle, it had redounded to the advantage of the "discoverers," as well as placing Schrötter in the position of Director of the mint. Roccattini had received sums "which," writes Schrötter to him, "must long ago have enabled you to dismiss all care."

Thus ended an episode of almost three years' duration in the life of a man whose international reputation rests largely on his reputed discovery of red or amorphous phosphorus.

AUTHOR'S NOTE. For assistance in obtaining information contained in this Appendix, I am greatly indebted to my cousins, Friedrich Eckstein and Hofrat Ludwig Karpath, both of Vienna.

Books and Publications Quoted

OF the copious literature of the year '48 consulted, I have quoted in this volume only such books, pamphlets, and public documents as lent themselves to my special purpose of portraying the lives of certain individual persons, projected against the background of their time. This special purpose may serve to explain the omissions and the inclusions of my list.

In quoting, preference has been given to those writings which might best clarify the course of events, without retarding the narrative by too much detail or involving the reader unduly in the extraordinary complexities of the era.

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